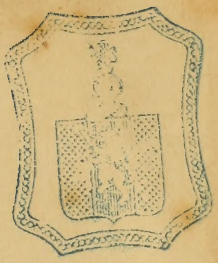
# CHINA.

YEH.



# CHINA:

BEING

"THE TIMES" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CHINA

IN THE YEARS 1857-58.

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WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS BY THE AUTHOR,

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# PREFACE.

THE letters collected in this volume have been received with so much favour by the general public that I am desirous they should live a little longer in the world's notice. Whether they have any value in a literary point of view I am not careful to inquire: I shall value them only by the effect they may have upon the minds of my countrymen; and their success towards this object must be entirely due to that great organ of public opinion which created them, and gave them currency. It is, to my thinking, no small privilege to have been allowed to take a rather prominent part in the most noteworthy enterprise of our age. If the treaty which has just been concluded open the interior of China to Western commerce, it will open it also to Christianity. How long it may be before these two elements of civilization leaven the whole lump, we must not rashly reckon; but it is impossible that our merchants and our missionaries can course up and down the inland waters of this great region, and traffic in their cities and preach in their villages, without wearing at the crust of a Chinaman's stoical and sceptical conceit. The whole present system in China is a hollow thing, with a hard, brittle surface: we try in vain to scratch it; but some day a happy blow will shiver it. It will all go together. A Chinaman has no idea of surrendering a part to save the rest. The only question with him is, how long can it be resisted? how can it be evaded? The shrewdest among the

Chinese feel that everything depends upon a steady and unyielding resistance to change. The king of Cochin, whose work I shall cite hereafter, is in accord with all the governing classes of China in believing that concession is always fatal. They who have intercourse with the mercantile and emigrating classes among the Chinese may think they see progress at work ; but the brokers who deal with British merchants, and the emigrants who come back from Australia or California, have no influence upon the government of China. Yeh, and men like Yeh, are the only exponents of imperial policy.

It was this knowledge which induced me to sacrifice so much in order to be able to study the character of one great Chinese statesman. They who read the anecdotes I collected during my voyage in company with this important, but not agreeable personage, may see why it is the Chinese go on using bows and arrows, and exploding rusty match-locks. It is plain that Yeh is the Eldon of China—Eldon intensified, and omnipresent and omnipotent in Chinese official life. It is "bows and arrows, and the wisdom of our ancestors"—"no barbarians, and the Chinese constitution." It is plain that young China, from Singapore or California, and even middle-aged China, in the person of the Howquas and Minquas, can do nought against this obese old China.

Lord Elgin was well rid of Yeh. He must be the despair of all diplomacy. He is one of those things to which nature has given great inert force, and no other power. He is like a landslip or a fallen avalanche, blocking up a pass. You must tunnel through it, or you must wait till it melts away ; push it from your path you cannot. It is his duty and his destiny to lie there, and there he will lie. That "Taoli," of which we read so much, is, among its many

meanings, not quite destiny, but it is something very like it. It often approaches to that rooted notion which untutored minds mistake for conscience,—an ill-defined and fanciful rule of right, which they are prepared to enforce by the bloodiest tyranny over the weak, and by passive resistance to the strong.

I have, in these letters, introduced no elaborate essay upon Chinese character. It is a great omission. No theme could be more tempting, no subject could afford wider scope for ingenious hypothesis, profound generalization, and triumphant dogmatism. Every small critic will, probably, utterly despise me for not having made something out of such opportunities. The truth is, that I have written several very fine characters for the whole Chinese race, but having the misfortune to have the people under my eye at the same time with my essay, they were always saying something or doing something which rubbed so rudely against my hypothesis, that in the interest of truth I burnt several successive letters. I may add that I have often talked over this matter with the most eminent and candid sinologues, and have always found them ready to agree with me as to the impossibility of a Western mind forming a conception of Chinese character as a whole. These difficulties, however, occur only to those who know the Chinese practically: a smart writer, entirely ignorant of the subject, might readily strike off a brilliant and antithetical analysis, which should leave nothing to be desired but Truth.

Some day, perhaps, we may acquire the necessary knowledge to give to each of the glaring inconsistencies of a Chinaman's mind its proper weight and influence in the general mass. At present, I at least must be content to avoid strict definitions, and to describe a Chinaman by his most prominent qualities.

The Chinese philosophers teach that man is born with a perfect nature; that is to say, that men at their birth are by nature radically good. "In this they all approximate, but in practice they widely diverge. For if not educated, the natural character is changed, and surrounding circumstances corrupt the perfect intelligence." I think I have said in these letters, that the Chinese, like the Greeks, have a ceremonial religion and a thoughtful philosophy. The emperor and his officials, following the ancient traditions of the Chinese dynasties, adore Heaven and Earth; the people burn incense to the Buddhist idols, and all worship their ancestors. But in their universities and in their public examinations, which are the only portals to rank or official power, they teach no superstition. The Chinaman can bow in the temple of Buddha, or join in the Latin Romish mass, sacrifice to Heaven and Earth, or sit in an American conventicle, or jump through the fire with the priests of perfect reason. Hauling the god of rain out in the sunshine, to make him feel how parched the ground is, is a practice which shows the cynical half-belief with which the Chinaman regards his idols. Their Confucianism comprehends no immortality in the soul, no future rewards and punishments; it is a bare groundwork upon which any superstition may be embroidered.

I was visiting a Buddhist temple once in company with a remarkably intelligent Chinaman, a teacher in one of the consulates, and who could speak a little English. While we were there, a military mandarin of no very high rank, but a Tartar, came in and burnt a little incense. Having made his kotoo to the god of war, he was going out, when he saw us, and availed himself of the license common throughout China of introducing himself. In the usual form, he asked my "honourable age," then my "honourable name," then

the name of my "honourable nation;" all which queries were duly answered through the interpreter. This is generally the full scope of a Chinaman's courtesies; but when I had, as in politeness bound, reciprocated that question, I saw that my new friend was inclined to have a little badinage with the stranger. He asked me, "How large is your country?" and I answered, "The British empire is about three times as large as the eighteen provinces of China." The interpreter looked incredulous, but translated. The Tartar evidently thought I had told him a very tall lie. Then he asked me whether our land was fruitful. I answered, "It was neither so rich as China nor so poor as Tartary." My friend was a little nettled, and, as the Chinese nearly always do when they want to be uncivil, he asked why the barbarians do not wear tails. The answer I give a Chinaman when he asks this question is, that we have never been conquered by the Tartars; but as this would not do with a Tartar, I replied, pointing to the gods, "We are of the race of your gods, and you see they wear no tails." I thought I had said rather a smart thing, but the mandarin tapping the plaster head and belly of the hideous pot-bellied idol, asked, "And are you made of the same materials as your ancestors?" Both the celestials laughed. He had not hesitated a moment to extricate himself at the expense of the god to which he had just been sacrificing, and I found I had "caught a Tartar." One of the Jesuit missionaries tells us a very similar anecdote illustrative of a Chinaman's small respect for his gods. Seeing a priest smoking his pipe before the image of Xam-ti, he remonstrated with him for want of respect to his own idol. "Nay," said the priest, "Xam-ti smokes his jossticks (incense), and is glad enough to get them, why should he think it an indignity to him that I smoke my tobacco?"

The Genoese have a proverb, "He lies like a tooth-drawer;" no doubt a Greek, or a tooth-drawer, or an Italian picture-dealer will tell lies; but he knows that he is doing a mean, dirty thing, and that he at least ought to be ashamed if he is found out. He knows that lying is in the abstract a public offence reprobated by all men. John Chinaman is taught no such sentiment. With him a particular lie is a particular offence to the party lied to; but lying itself is a lawful thing. It is with him what a smart *repartee* is with us. The immediate recipient may wince and retort; but the world applauds, and the sayer of the *bon-mot* chuckles. John Smith assures you that leather has risen to such a fabulous price that he is obliged to charge you five pounds for a pair of boots, and is at that price considerably out of pocket. Now you know, and John Smith knows, that this is a monosyllabic mistake; but if you roughly tell John Smith he is a liar, he will infallibly raise his tradesman fist and fell you. So in weaker degree Simonides or Mendosa would feel it necessary to affect to be unjustly treated if you call them habitual liars. But if you say the same thing to a Chinaman, you arouse in him no sense of outrage, no sentiment of degradation. He does not deny the fact. His answer is, "I should not *dare* to lie to your excellency." To say to a Chinaman, "You are an habitual liar, and you are meditating a lie at this moment," is like saying to an Englishman, "You are a confirmed punster, and I am satisfied you have some horrible pun in your head at this moment."

Much has been said and written about Chinese politeness. There is no nation in which in public places you see habitually so little of it. The Chinese peasant has no notion of courtesy. He never makes you a salutation in passing; he never moves out of your way, or even deflects from his

straight course, without looking to see whether you will get out of his way. The higher classes keep all their politeness for great occasions. For those occasions they have a ritual of ceremonies, and this ritual is a sharp satire upon their daily practice. As their stage plays recall the events of extinct dynasties, so their ceremonial politeness are histrionic representations of extinct virtues. Humanity, self-denial, and that true courtesy which teaches Western nations that it is a part of personal dignity to respect the feelings of others, is in China dead in fact, and alive only in pantomime. The life and state papers of a Chinese statesman, like the Confessions of Rousseau, abound in the finest sentiments and the foulest deeds. He cuts off ten thousand heads, and cites a passage from Mencius about the sanctity of human life. He pockets the money given him to repair an embankment, and thus inundates a province; and he deplores the land lost to the cultivator of the soil. He makes a treaty which he secretly declares to be only a deception for the moment, and he exclaims against the crime of perjury. The meaner sort imitate at a distance the same qualities. They will put you to death if you innocently cause a death, yet they will not draw a struggling man out of the water, because it would spoil such a capital joke. A Chinaman laughs when he tells you of the death of his most intimate friend—I mean acquaintance, for John Chinaman does not know what friendship means. Mr. Meadows, who is always an unwilling witness against the Chinese, tells us of a Chinaman who laughed until he held his sides, when telling of the funny death of his most constant companion.

Yet there is one virtue left in China. We say of an unhealthy man, that he is "run to belly;" of an unproductive crop, "that it is run to stalk:" so Chinese morality suffers emaciation in all its parts but one, in order to swell

and fatten that one to unnatural magnitude. It expands a single duty and a single sentiment into a code of morals and a system of religion. The only god of a Chinaman is our fat friend Paterfamilias. If the fact of paternity operated to purify a man's mind and make him just to all men, this would be as good a heathenism as we could hope to find. But when opportunities offer, a Chinaman prefers to "sacrifice to his ancestors" other people's goods, and it is consistent with all experience that the same individual may be a most obedient son and a most noxious ruffian.

We are told by a received authority on Chinese ethics, that the morality of the Chinese is the morality of the Decalogue, and that in Confucius we find the fundamental Christian command, "Do unto all men that ye would that they should do unto you." Both these positions are, to speak mildly of them, inaccurate. Whatever may be twisted from the books by Western commentators, a Chinaman has no notion of duty beyond the sphere of his own family, wherein, for form's sake, the prince is included. Of course he knows that it is dangerous to steal or to commit murder, and in commercial transactions you may trust to a Chinaman's knowledge that honesty is the best policy, and that he must not "lose face" among those with whom he deals; but I cannot find that robbery or piracy is looked upon as a disgraceful profession,or that a man in high office who has embezzled a few millions of taels is a disreputable person. We have just seen an instance in one of our own settlements, of a Tartar who was supposed to have accumulated four hundred thousand taels by unscrupulous extortion: the Chinese government took away two hundred thousand, and removed him to another province. This man is a useful sponge, to be squeezed occasionally,—not a

discreditable person to be punished and dismissed. The offences which the law of nature points out as crimes are not in Chinese ethics offences against Heaven or against the state, but only offences against the individual. No Chinaman ever yet thought that by stealing or bearing false witness he was offending against the King of heaven or Buddha.

So with respect to the suggestion that the great precept of Christianity is to be found in Confucius. The Chinese philosopher goes only half-way; he says, "Do not do to others what you would not have done to you." Our great Teacher comprehends in one short sentence an admonition against offences, and a complete code of duties. The Chinese philosopher stops short when he has forbidden crimes.

It is not always safe to foretell a man's actions by reference to his theoretical opinions; and when I am tempted to speak of Chinamen as *practically* destitute of honour and honesty, I am warned from my general proposition by the facts that Chinamen have been found to sell their lives for the benefit of their family, and that large sums of money are annually intrusted by European merchants to Chinamen, who go up the country to purchase teas and silks upon commissions, which are always faithfully executed. We must not, however, expect to find that in a people educated as the Chinese have been, those higher principles of conduct which govern us are prevalent or to be counted on. We must not in dealing with them fall into the error of supposing that words are things, or that our morality is their morality. Material guarantees and present force, or obvious self-interest, are the only bonds that will certainly bind them.

I am tempted to quote a state paper confirmatory of some of the foregoing observations. It was found among Yeh's archives, and is a report addressed to the emperor in 1842, by Kei-ying, at that time engaged in negotiations with

the English. It throws some light upon the nature of Chinese civilization, so far as that word may be supposed to comprehend good faith and a respect for women. Kei-ying says :—

"Right, as it doubtless is, to act on them [the barbarians] by fair dealings, it is yet more needful to keep them in hand by stratagem.

"It is the wont of the barbarians to make much of their women. Whenever the visitor is a person of distinction, the wife is sure to come out to receive him. In the case of the American barbarian Parker, and the French barbarian Lagrêne, for instance, both of them have brought their foreign wives with them ; and when your slave has gone to their foreign residence upon business, these foreign women have appeared and saluted him. Your slave was confounded and ill at ease, while they, on the contrary, were greatly delighted at the honour done them.

"The truth is, that it is not possible to regulate the customs of the Western state by the ceremonial of China, and to break out in rebuke, while it would do nothing to cleave their dulness, might chance to give rise to suspicion and ill-feeling. With the English barbarians the ruler is a female ; with the American and French a male. The English and French rulers reign for life, the American is elected by his countrymen, and is changed once in four years ; and when he retires from his throne, he takes rank with the non-official classes.

"With a people so uncivilized as they are, blindly unintelligent in styles and modes of address, a tenacity of forms in official correspondence such as would duly take place, the superior above and the inferior below, would be a riving of the tongue and a blistering of the lips. The only course, in that case, would be to affect to be deaf to it. Instead,

therefore, of a contest about empty names,—which can be of no practical utility,—it has been held better to pass by minor details while following out a great policy."

Upon this report there is an imperial comment, written by the vermilion pencil :—

"It was the only proper arrangement to be made. We understand the whole question."

The shrewd Tartar who made this report to his emperor takes a much more sensible view of the proper method of maintaining intercourse between the authorities of the two nations than has been generally taken by our officials. It is the policy which I advocated in these letters long before I had seen the document just quoted. If we had sometimes "affected to be deaf,"—if we had avoided "contests about empty names,"—if we had passed by minor details and followed out a great policy, our dealings with this country would not be so one-sided as they now are. The Chinese ignorantly believe that their true policy is to sell and not to buy, and that policy they have hitherto, to our great inconvenience, succeeded in carrying out.

This paper may also instruct us that we have very much underrated the knowledge possessed by the Chinese of foreign countries. The normal Chinese mandarin—whereof Yeh is the living type—may be contentedly ignorant of everything but his own vague and barren philosophy ; but men like Kei-ying always crop up when occasion calls them forth ; and although we do not, at present, know them by name, we may guess from antecedent facts that there is a reform party even at Pekin. A very eminent Chinese statesman, with whom we often came in contact, collected and published, some years ago, a universal geography, which is described to me as by no means contemptible in its execution.

It is a common belief among the English, that the Chinese are ill-informed as to the events that pass upon the coast, and that the officials conceal all their reverses from the emperor. The papers which have fallen into our hands at the capture of Yeh will disabuse us of many errors on the subject of China, and of this among others. Mr. Wade is at present, with laborious zeal, sinking shafts and driving adits through this formidable mass: but awaiting these more perfect revelations, I cannot resist citing in this place a royal work, which shows how closely a king of Cochin-China reads his history, and how little good his studies do him.

Yuen Fuh-siuen, Mr. Wade explains, ascended the throne of Cochin-China in January, 1841; receiving his investiture the following year from the emperor of China, according to custom. In the sixth year of his reign he completed a "Summary of the Histories of the Dynasties by the hand of Royalty." This is very succinct. The story of from thirty to forty centuries preceding the invasion of the Manchus is packed into two chapters, of some forty pages each; the proceedings of the Manchus themselves up to 1847 occupy the third and last chapter; and it is worthy of remark, that two and a half of its forty-two pages are devoted to a condemnation of the errors the royal author conceives the court of Peking to have committed in over-condescension to the English barbarians in 1816 and 1842.

The book is written with the usual pretension of like works in China. It is somewhat in the manner of Bayle's Dictionary; the chronicle proper, in elaborate style and large text; the commentary, in double columns of small type, and more diffuse. The copy in Mr. Wade's possession was obtained in Cochin-China by a French missionary, about the beginning of 1849, two years after the death of the royal writer.

After an unusually detailed account of the serious attempt made on Peking, in Kia K'ing's reign, by the White Lily faction, the chronicle proceeds :—

TEXT.—"What do we hear? An envoy coming in from the outer nation *Yingkili* [England], deceives the emperor; presented, he keeps his person erect, and departs without performing any obeisance. Is this the form of things that should be?

COMMENTARY.—"In the 20th year of Kia K'ing [1815-16], an envoy, with tribute from England, arrived at T'ientsin. Sugogheh and Kwang Hwui were commanded to signify to him that the emperor was pleased to bestow on him a banquet. They desired him to return thanks for it, falling on his knees thrice, and striking his head nine times, as the rite requires; which done he was to enter the capital. The envoy refused. Sugogheh and his colleague attempted to constrain him, but did not succeed, and without representation on the subject brought him on at once. When he reached the capital, Hoshiht'ai was commanded to exercise him in the ceremony [*sc.*, of prostration]; but the envoy said he was quite perfect in it and when presented would be sure to be able to perform it according to the rite. Hoshiht'ai, believing his words, hastened to apply to the emperor for permission to introduce him. But when the day came on which the emperor desired him to appear, the envoy made no obeisance [or did not salute, did not pay his respects], but departed. The emperor thrice inquired for him, and Hoshiht'ai thrice replied that he was ill. The emperor, enraged, commanded a physician to visit the envoy; but the envoy was already gone some distance. He was pursued to Kwang Tung, and there escorted on board the ship in which he returned to his country. Now the emperor of China is the common ruler of the empire;

England is a single, small barbarian state: and was it the form of things that should be, that when the envoy of the latter gave himself such airs as these, the government of China, so far from being able to punish his crime, should actually go the length of escorting him home? Herein we find the origin of the pride and intractability of the barbarians of the seas.

TEXT.—"The effect of this was bequeathed to the present day. Tàu Kwang being emperor, the *Ying* [English] barbarians crossed the sea, and made incursions into seven provinces. Widely and madly did they kill and slay. During three years they were not suppressed. So far from it, there was a tendering of bribes and treating for peace; a cutting off of territory to be presented to people. In what respect did this differ from the '*humble words and rich gifts*' of Kàu Tsung, of the Sung dynasty, to the Kin [Tartars]? And will not the feebleness of his power in the 25th year of Jin Tsung, of the Tsing dynasty, bring discredit upon his predecessors of the Tsing?

COMMENTARY.—"In the commerce of the English with the men of the Tsing [the Chinese], their only profit was on opium. The men of Tsing had been much injured by it; families had been broken up, estates ruined, life lost, health destroyed; so great was its mischief. In the 20th year of Tàu Kwang, the emperor of the Tsing issued an interdict against it, ordaining that offenders should be put to death and their property confiscated. Lin Tsih-sü was made governor-general of the Two Kwang to take order with the English barbarians, and to put a stop to the opium trade. Tsih-sü [*sc.*, Lin] from the time of his arrival showed himself pure and determined. Of the English barbarians he merely demanded the whole of their opium, which, when he had received, he destroyed, and he made

a prisoner of their chief, thinking by these means to insure the submission of the outer nations. The English barbarians, however, were proud and intractable, and, excelling in fighting on the water, they put to sea in vessels of war. They first invaded Kwang Tung, giving out that the property of English merchants had been seized without a cause, and demanding full compensation. The refusal of the men of Tsing brought on war; Kishen replaced Lin Tsih-sü, who, for receiving the opium, and seizing the barbarian chief, was found guilty of causing war in a frontier jurisdiction. Kishen loved money, and having taken bribes of the English barbarians, agreed in the first place to give them a portion of territory, and privily entertained relations with the outer barbarians. The matter coming to light, the emperor of the Tsing refused his sanction; seized Kishen and put him to death,* and the English barbarians, alleging a breach of faith in respect of the territory set apart for them, invaded the country in great force, spreading like a flood over the seven† provinces of Fuh Kien, Cheh Kiang, Shan Tung, Chih Li, Kiang Su, and Shing King [Manchuria], Ting-hai, Chin-hai, Ning-po, Cha-pu, Chusan, and the Tiger's Gate [Bocca Tigris], were lost, one after the other. The admiral Kwan T'ien-pei, the governor-general Yükien, and some tens of high officers besides, fell in battle. The calamities of war lasted three years without any one being able to bring matters to an end; everything was in the greatest confusion, when, as a last resource, Ilipu, Kiying, and Niukien proposed to the emperor of the Tsing to allow trade at Kwang-chau [Can-

* Kishen was sentenced to death, but lived to rise and fall once and again. He died at last in 1855, waging war against the T'ai P'ing insurgents in Kiang Su.

† Seven including Kwang Tung above named. We did not invade Shan Tung, Chih Li, or Manchuria.

ton], Fuh-chau, Hia-mun [Amoy], and Shang-hai as before, and to give Hongkong to the English barbarians for ever. These further extorted 21,000,000 dollars as compensation in full for their merchandise, and their expenses for all the years that troops had been employed, before they would treat of peace. The emperor of the Tsing, having no alternative but to consent to what they required, engaged to pay the full amount of the compensation in three annual instalments, during the years *kwei-mau* [1844], *kiah-shin* [1845], and *yih-tsz'* [1846]. They then went so far as to exact a record of his assent in the handwriting of the emperor of the Tsing; and though their language was most arrogant and disrespectful, the emperor of the Tsing stooped to accede to everything they demanded.

"In what then did his course, as above, differ from the '*humble words and rich gifts*' of his majesty Kàu, of the Sung dynasty, to the Kin [Tartars]? Be it that Lin Tsih-sü was not sufficiently strict, and did not cause the barbarians to be expelled; further, that by taking their opium and destroying it he gave them something to lay hold of as a grievance, and that so in process of time he did bring war upon the frontiers; the real cause of the evil, nevertheless, will be found to be simply that the policy handed down by Kia K'ing was bad."

This is a very fair historical account of the transactions whereof it treats. If George III. could come to life and write a history of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, we may imagine that the spirit of the narrative would not be very different.

It is from the Chinese writings composed for circulation among themselves that we can best judge the temper and the prejudices of the people with whom we have to deal.

If we trust to conversation, or to papers addressed to us, we cannot but go wrong.

While I write this preface, a telegram tells us that Lord Elgin's work has been done. The terms of the treaty are settled; the exercise of the Christian religion is placed under imperial protection, the ports are opened, and China, through agents resident at Pekin, enters into diplomatic relations with the Western world. The great opportunity we have sought is now open before us.

Lord Elgin, in his reply to the address of the merchants of Shanghai, thus wisely counsels his countrymen as to their future action. He says :—

"I found myself, on my arrival in this country, compelled to act in a great measure on my own judgment. I accepted this task, as in duty bound, without hesitation; but not, I hope, without a due sense of the responsibility attaching to an agent, who, in a distant land, beyond the reach of advice, and in circumstances of unusual difficulty, finds himself the guardian of the good name and interests of a great Christian nation.

"In my communications with the functionaries of the Chinese government, I have been guided by two simple rules of action. I have never preferred a demand which I did not believe to be both moderate and just, and from a demand so preferred I have never receded. These principles dictated the policy which resulted in the capture and occupation of Canton. These same principles will be followed by me, with the same determination, to their results, if it should be necessary to repeat the experiment in the vicinity of the capital of the emperor of China.

"It is matter for me of the highest gratification to know, that in pursuing this policy of combined moderation and

firmness, I can count not only on the hearty co-operation and active support of the representative of his imperial majesty the emperor of the French, but also on the good-will and sympathy of the representatives of other great and powerful nations interestd with ourselves in extending the area of Christian civilization, and multiplying those commercial ties which are destined to bind the East and West together in the bonds of mutual advantage.

"One word, gentlemen, in conclusion, as to the parts which we have respectively to play in this important work, and more especially with reference to the last sentence of your address, in which you express the trust that the result of my exertions may be 'more fully to develop the vast resources of China, and to extend among the people the elevating influences of a higher civilization.'

"The expectations held out to British manufacturers at the close of the last war between Great Britain and China, when they were told that a new world was opened to their trade, so vast that all the mills in Lancashire could not make stocking-stuff sufficient for one of its provinces, have not been realized; and I am of opinion that when force and diplomacy shall have done all that they can legitimately effect, the work which has to be accomplished in China will be but at its commencement.

"When the barriers which prevent free access to the interior of the country shall have been removed, the Christian civilization of the West will find itself face to face not with barbarism but with an ancient civilization in many respects effete and imperfect; but in others not without claims to our sympathy and respect. In the rivalry which will then ensue, Christian civilization will have to win its way among a sceptical and ingenious people, by making it manifest that a faith which reaches to heaven furnishes

better guarantees for public and private morality than one which does not rise above the earth.

"At the same time the machina-facturing West will be in presence of a population the most universally and laboriously manufacturing of any on the earth. It can achieve victories in the contest in which it will have to engage only by proving that physical knowledge and mechanical skill applied to the arts of production are more than a match for the most persevering efforts of unscientific industry.

"This is the task which is before you, and towards the accomplishment of which, within the sphere of my duty, I shall rejoice to co-operate."

If I may add a phrase as to the intention and execution of these letters, I would say that upon arriving in the country I anxiously discarded all Europe-bred opinions, and applied myself earnestly to the collection of facts before I indulged in any new beliefs. It was only by slow gradations that a full conception of the enormous future which this Eastern Asia may be made to open to the commercial thousands and to the labouring millions of my countrymen, became fixed in my mind, and was allowed to appear in my correspondence. Always earnestly occupied by this serious object, perhaps I ought to apologize for the levity of style in which many of these letters are written. But a public writer must strive to amuse if he is earnest to instruct. I had the example of the Chinese before me, who tie rockets to the end of their rough bamboo spears, and give impulse to the weapon while they make their arrows sparkle as they fly.

G. W. C.

2, Brick Court, Temple,
*August* 23, 1858.

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*On Board the* ADEN, *May* 21, 1857.

TO-MORROW, we are told, we shall see the coast of China. By "we" I mean that portion of the Chinese expedition which pursues its straightforward course to Hongkong, for General Ashburnham and his suite left us at Suez, and go round by Bombay. The little sharp-nosed *Aden* has made a passage like the flight of a bird. She is rather lively and sportive, and even now is playfully resenting the affront of a passing squall in a manner which makes writing a difficulty; but every one on board agrees, that for speed and beauty she leaves nothing to be desired. When the north-east monsoon blows hard in our teeth, and passing squalls deluge us with rain and stifle us with spray, and drive us below, and when the ports are screwed tight, and we suffocate in the sultry night, and are rattled about in our cabins like pills in a pill-box, we groan heavily, and even "captains and colonels, and knights-at-arms" are sad and miserable. But let us still, although longing to escape from her, speak well of the ship that bears us swiftly to the land, and let us speak well also of the careful and courteous sailor who commands her, and watches her as a father watches the gambols of his favourite child. And now the events of

what is facetiously called the "overland journey" are nearly over. It is such a pleasant thing to *have* climbed the Great Pyramid* under a noonday sun, and looked upon the Libyan desert with expectation of an impending sunstroke. It is well to *have* lain gasping on the deck as the ship glided through that breezeless Red Sea, and to *have* looked languidly on the range of mount Sinai and the port of Mecca.† It is a comfort to know that Aden looks like a mighty mass of coke, with huts and fortifications scattered about among its crevices ; and it is wonderful to have heard military men quartered there, say they rather like it. The track, however, is so beaten, and the journey so common, that even your companions don't talk of the slimy wonders of the Nile. Their talk is of the relative accommodation of the different ships, and the mercy of Providence which preserves six stout men from suffocation in the journey through a fiery desert, close-packed in a van whose utmost capacity appeared at first sight equal to holding four good-sized children. But there is no really pleasurable sensation until,

* The overland journey has been so often described, that I did not dwell upon the circumstances ; but I have never seen full warning given of the disagreeable things to be encountered in ascending the Pyramids. If you would not lose your passage, you must do it in a hurry, and, by carriage, ferry boat, and donkey gallop, use your utmost expedition. But this is not the difficulty ; nor is the constant climbing up the great blocks under the full blaze of the sun. The Arabs of the Pyramids form all the ten plagues of Egypt rolled up into one ; they surround you, they infest you, they press upon you, and their cry, their chorus, their unintermitted shout is "Baksheish." I travelled across the desert in the company of an American merchant-captain, noted among his compatriots for being the shrewdest and, as some said, the least scrupulous Yankee who ever kept a crew upon low diet. I found out that he, upon a former occasion, had been up the Pyramid, and I asked him how much it cost him to keep the Arabs at bay. He said "I never told that to any man yet, and I guess I never shall." There was a story, that they had held him over one of those dark, uncomfortable-looking fissures inside, and made him empty his pockets to ransom himself.

† We were fortunate in coasting along the eastern shores, and had these most interesting scenes in view for many hours. We saw also, in the harbour of Suez, one of those grotesque and fragile pilgrim-boats bound for the port of Mecca, and crowded with animated filth. But these were casual pieces of good fortune ; on my return voyage I saw nothing but the particularly blue waters of the Red Sea.

after that dreadful passage of the Red Sea between the calcined shores of "Araby the Blest" and Africa, and after the hot pilgrimage across the Indian Ocean, Ceylon appears, clad in full tropical green, with her domes of broad plantain leaves, her far-sweeping forests of cocoas and mangoes, and her inland highlands, which promise streams and shadow. I should like to dwell in lengthened description upon Ceylon. All that we see of forest beauty at Windsor, or Richmond, or Blenheim, or Beaudesert, or Cannock Chase—all that we have of hill and valley, winding rivers, forest glades, and bright green turf-rides, is here. Added to all this, Ceylon has the mighty vegetation of the East; and the savages, stalking along in the sun, clad only in a scant girdle of some striking colour, are so swart, so lusty, and so picturesque! But Ceylon has nothing to do with the Chinese expedition, except to give its leaders a few hours' respite. So, off to shipboard in a canoe sixteen inches broad, which, despite its outrigger of bamboo, seems but a man-trap, invented in the interest of the sharks.

Our course is across the broad, unquiet Bay of Bengal. Again we lose sight of land, journeying day after day without apparent progress, in that eternal blue circle which seems to realize the mathematician's definition of space as "a circle whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere,"—without an event throughout the day, except that ever and anon a shoal of flying fish spring up from the smooth ocean, and go off in radii, dotting and skimming, their transparent wings glittering in the sun, and then splashing into the sea again at a safe distance from the dolphin which is prowling after them below. One of these poetical creatures flew through my port, and came flop upon me in my sleep a few nights since; the cold, wriggling, prickly, gasping thing gave me a more horrible fright in the dark than I ever felt in my life.

The Straits of Malacca are not so narrow that we can often see the land, but on the morning of the 13th of May we enter a British possession, which I must say something about.

After long steaming in smooth water in the neighbourhood of well-wooded islands, enjoying reputations for piracy,

cannibalism, flying monkeys, gigantic serpents, and other amenities, we at length enter a narrow strait. On the left we have the lofty mainland of Siam rising from woody lowlands, and stretching away, peak over peak, till their outlines grow dimmer and more dim, and the eye can no more reflect them. On the right, about two miles distant, lies an island covered with palms and thick underwood of spice-trees, the huge cocoanut-trees rising like domes on the tops of hills, and bending also over the margin of the sea. There are miniature bays, with a beach of shining sand; and white bungalows glitter through the foliage which shelters them from the fierce sun. Crowning an upland, rising to an altitude of 2,500 feet, is a flagstaff; and our telescopes, aided by private information from the captain, tell us that it is the British flag which lags lazily, waiting for a breeze. As we steam rapidly along between the island and the mainland we enter a roadstead commanded by small vessels, and a town of low buildings, with a rude wooden pier, is on our right. Six hours on shore, for this is Penang, heretofore celebrated for its "lawyers," but destined perchance to be hereafter better known as the sanitary station of the Chinese expedition.

Six hours on shore. Four sturdy Malays ply their paddles, and impel their cranky canoe rapidly to the pier. We are deposited among a population of Chinamen. At the entrance to the pier is a large supply of little carriages, called palanquins, but resembling tiny double-seated broughams, with sides and backs formed of Venetian blinds; each car is drawn by a pony, so small and so stout that the eyes of commissaries and purveyors were at once arrested, and such diligent inquiries are made as to the number and value of these useful-looking quadrupeds that I make haste to hire one for the nonce, lest they should all have the broad arrow put upon their shoulders and be spirited away before we had had our jaunt. To dive into one of these palanquins was indeed a first necessity, for pith hats and turban cloths are no match for these sun-rays.

Penang is not quite a metropolis. Its streets are not very many, and its buildings are not among the loftiest. Square white pillars, eight feet high, support a roof of tiles

or a thatch of dried plantain leaves. Under these the Chinaman works at his trade, or sells his mangoes, or pine-apples, or plantains, or, greatest of all, his mangosteins. Even the Parsee storekeeper exhibits his bottles in a place of similar architecture. Fortnum and Mason's shop struggling with the exigencies of a barbarous country, will describe our Parsee friend, from whom we buy some very curious old sherry—*very* curious, and then proceed to chaffer with the Chinamen.

It is our first meeting with the Chinese as a population, and the impression they make is not favourable. It is not because they are universally naked to the waist, or because they outrage the common decencies of extortion by asking threepence for a green orange, and as much for a mango; the Malay who runs with your palanquin or rows you ashore in his canoe, is quite as naked, except on his face, for he wears nothing more than two handkerchiefs, one round his head and the other round his loins, and he is rather more importunate. But we resent the literal, matter-of-fact identity of these Chinamen with the other Chinamen whom we have seen carved in ivory or painted on fans and tea-caddies. After 8,000 miles of sea-sickness and suffocation, one expects to see something more than the stupid, expressionless pigs' eyes and bald faces, and the same attitude of stolid, grave conceit which we fancy to be a caricature when we see it on a willow-pattern plate, but find to be true vegetating Chinese life when we see it at Penang.

There is one lion at Penang—it is the waterfall. Thither every one goes who has not duties that lead him elsewhere. The ride thither is through the environs of the town, replete with smart bungalows in shady places, then along the coast, then up a beautiful valley, where every spice-tree grows, and many a rare flower we prize in England springs up a weed. The hills that close this valley in, are clad with forest fruit-trees. Occasionally we meet a palanquin like our own, and inside thereof are four naked Chinamen solemnly taking an airing. The road is as good as the Holyhead Road is, or was; but it ends abruptly at the wall of a nutmeg plantation. The sun is high and the shade is scanty, but they who would see the waterfall must climb the

steep on foot ; I was one of those who adventured this. It was quite as much as could be safely endured, although we tried to lighten the toil by repeating the Chinamen's stories of cobras in the long grass and tigers in the high jungle.

Arrived at the foot of the principal fall, some of us crawled in under the scant shadow of a "Penang lawyer," others stripped, and sat in an eddy up to our noses, and others stood under the edge of the fall. We drank our sherry in this state, and the conversation became so lively that a young turtle rose from the bottom of the not very bright pool, flapping himself leisurely up to the surface, and putting out his long neck to ascertain what was going on, and why those white bodies were standing in the spray of the descending water. He had nearly enjoyed the honour of being the first captive made by the Chinese expedition, or rather, perhaps, by the civilians who are the fellow-passengers thereof, but by a masterly retreat he managed to save himself in some mysterious cavity of the rocks.

There we passed four of our six hours ashore. Returning to Penang, we filled our stomachs and our pockets ; and some filled baskets with pines and mangoes. I and another managed to obtain one mangostein. We divided it. It was the only ripe mangostein in the town.* Great was the fruit debauch that night on board the *Aden*.

I try to give some notion of Penang, because it is very probable that it may soon become a spot of interest to English sympathies. There is at present a strong inclination in high places to make Penang the sanitarium of this expedition. The proper authorities have been making inquiries as to its salubrity and its position with respect to supplies ; and I am told that, so far as these inquiries have gone, the results have been favourable. Of course, I can individually have no opinion upon the subject. I can only say that, upon a six-hour view, the island is very delightful to look upon ; that its acclivities enable you to choose your own climate, and that we who sat in a cold stream, under a

* We had abundance of this fruit afterwards brought up to Hongkong from the Straits. I think its delights are rather over-rated. The finest fruit in the world is the Amoy pumalow.

hot sun, and then ate immoderately of fruit, did so with entire impunity.

On the other hand, Penang is only five degrees north of the Line, and is nearly 2,000 miles from Hongkong. Under the most favourable circumstances, a steamer will take ten days, and during the south-west monsoon, which will blow from June to October, a steam transport will take twelve days, to pass from Hongkong to Penang.* The island is fifteen miles long, by eight broad.

We steamed away from Penang, and on the morning of the 13th came in sight of the Bay of Islands. We ran in among the seventy islets, and among a crowd of shipping lying secure under their shelter. At the bottom of the bay lies Singapore. A town of low houses, crowded together on the left-hand side of a small creek; a long line of smart bungalows, stretching along the margin of the shore on the other side of the creek, and with an "esplanade" in front of them; undulating hills in the background, covered with foliage, among them, and dominating the town, the Governor's Hill, whereon stands the governor's bungalow,—such is Singapore from the sea. To the extreme left is the new harbour—a costly and magnificent series of works, erected, I am told, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. We cannot see from the harbour how the creek pierces, in a winding course, far up into the country; how it winds through mango-groves and paddy-fields; how it occasionally expands into a shallow lake, which at low water becomes a swamp; nor can we see that throughout its course it has wretched Chinese habitations rising from its surface, and resting upon piles driven into its oozy bottom.

There is no special reason why I should expend time and space upon a description of Singapore—a description which, with my very imperfect opportunities of observation, must necessarily be very feeble—unless, indeed, it should happen to become a naval and military depôt, and a basis for future operations in this expedition. Every one knows that it is a place of great commerce. Every one, however, does not know that it contains a population of 70,000 Chinamen and not above 300 Chinawomen; or that a horrible demoraliza-

* These considerations prevailed, and the project was abandoned.

tion exists amongst these wretches of the male sex, consequent, perhaps, upon this great disparity—a demoralization which might call down fire from heaven. Two weak regiments of sepoys, with scarcely any European officers upon duty with them, a few guns on the Governor's Hill, with not even an earthwork to protect the gunners, are not very satisfactory defences against a migratory and frequently insurgent population of 70,000, who for the most part have no interest in the place; but who come here for four or five years to accumulate gains, and go back to China carrying English silver, hatred of the English name, and their own horrible vices with them; and to be succeeded by others as evil as themselves. But the Singapore people say, "What is to be done? The Malays will not work, and the Chinamen will. We must have our cargoes cleared, and we must get our repairs done." Others think that it is quite time this place was made a Crown colony, and properly garrisoned.* I talked much with the Malays, who do not love the Chinamen, but who all declared that in case of a contest they would feel no confidence, notwithstanding the sepoys,—"Chinamen too many."

During our stay on shore, a party of Englishmen, properly introduced, paid a visit to one Ching Tsing, the chief China merchant in the town, and the owner of a very prominently-situated house, just outside the Chinese quarter. The party was received by the Chinaman and his mother with great courtesy. His house was simple in its furniture, but adorned with knicknacks that would fill many an English fine lady with envy. Sweatmeats and fruit were produced, and Ching Tsing was so obliging as to say to one of the military, that he wished us all success, for we were going to defend his property. In the middle of the visit, a silken package with a sort of thatch over it was brought in by two bearers, and put down on the floor; it looked like an exaggerated handkerchief, gathered up at the corners, and covered at the knotted corners by a wicker dish-cover. The guests thought it was probably a dish of meat or a new course of preserves. When the thatch was removed, at the bottom of the

* It must be remembered that at this time there was no talk of deposing the East-India Directors.

bundle was seen a small human figure, squatted upon its haunches. The little thing gradually picked itself up, came out of its bundle, and fell upon its knees before the master of the house, putting up its hands in the posture of a suppliant. The Chinaman rose from his seat, waved his hand with dignity, and the little lady arose. As she did so, he said to his European guests, "My wife." My wife made a slight salutation around, and then, retiring into her handkerchief again, was covered up, and was borne from the room as she entered.

The guests were a little surprised to hear afterwards that this magnificent husband was the chief of the recent Chinese insurrections, and that one of the guns upon the Governor's Hill had been laid to command this particular house.

## CHAPTER II.

### HONGKONG.

Appearance of the Island—First Impressions of the City of Victoria—Difficulty in obtaining Quarters—Precautions—Aspect of Victoria City—Ships in the Harbour—Expectations of a Junk-Hunt—The *Raleigh*.

*Hongkong, May* 22.

After long looking out for the "Asses' Ears," our first promised landmark, the rock appears, at the very point where it had been reckoned upon. We steamed on and on into an archipelago of islet rocks, with a sort of green mildew upon them, but no mark of habitation or of animals. Oh! where is the beautiful vegetation of Ceylon and Penang? Then an officer points out, not far a-head, the island of Hongkong, with Victoria Peak. It appears to us an irregular line of broken, barren highlands, almost mixed up with the higher mountains of the main-land, which have clouds skimming under their summits, and a large pale sun setting behind them. A thin mist hangs around. An enthusiastic Scotchman says it is something like the western islands of Scotland, but not so fertile as the main-land. Every one

else, as the short twilight was vanishing and the mist deepened, asked his neighbour, "Is this what we have come 10,000 miles to see?" And then it became dark, and the ship steamed on, and changed her course, and we became conscious of the lights of many ships and distant shore lights, such as we see from the train as we pass through Bath at night; and then, "Stand by to let go the anchor," and we were arrived at Hongkong.

*May* 24.

Twenty-four hours in British China have not enabled me to do much towards examining and correcting the ideas I have obtained from diligent perusal of Pautier, Bazin, Staunton, Ellis, Huc, Fortune, Davis, Montgomery Martin, l'Abbé Grosier, Stanislas Julien, and a host of others. Bear with me, therefore, if, in the intervals of the study of the great problems before me, I send you only a few scraps of news and a few vague first impressions.

My earliest impression undoubtedly is, that our facetious European friends who advise us to "go to Hongkong" have not an accurate knowledge of the spot. A gentleman who should "go to Hongkong" in the present state of affairs, although he may have his pocket full of dollars, is not unlikely to be obliged to sleep upon the pavement of Queen Street, and will be indebted to the protection of the Malay guard if his throat be not cut before the morning. It is a town of capital houses, but its powers of accommodation are not capable of indefinite expansion. The flight from Canton and other causes have filled it. General Garrett and his staff, who might reasonably have anticipated some preparations for their reception, found it convenient to sleep on board the steamer, and were glad to shelter themselves where they might. The general, on the day after his arrival, with great difficulty got a room at an inn, and his suite were happy to avail themselves of the hospitality of the Hongkong Club—an establishment to which we cannot be too grateful; and if there is any gratitude in Pall Mall, the military clubs should be open to every member when he visits London, in requital of good offices rendered in utmost need. These soldiers, however, are all old campaigners, who

have reminiscences of the winter before Sebastopol, and will soon reduce matters here to their proper bearing. Their measures have already been taken with great promptitude; but, unless the aspect of affairs is very rapidly changed, General Ashburnham will have to take up his quarters in a half-built storehouse, and Lord Elgin will certainly be obliged to sleep in the harbour. For myself, I think I ought publicly to return my thanks to Mr. Walker, the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, for it was by no common expenditure of time and interest that he obtained for me a single room at a price not much above what a lodging in Regent Street would cost in the London season. In other respects, Hongkong is a place where a turkey and a ham costs £5, and where a dollar, whose par value is 4*s.* 2*d.*, costs 5*s.* in English bills or gold. It has some other peculiarities which strike a new comer. If you dine with a merchant here, you notice that when your host takes leave of you at his outer door, he has a Malay soldier standing sentinel in his hall, with a loaded musket. He explains to you, also, that the house is so arranged that all those long-tailed domestics who waited at dinner are, or can be, shut off from that part of the house in which the Europeans sleep. If your host should accompany you a few steps towards your own domicile, he is careful to buckle his revolver round his waist, and—say it is nine o'clock—he is uncomfortable if he goes ten paces without being challenged by an armed patrol.

Victoria, the capital city, which we now inhabit, is built at the base of a sugar-loaf mountain, and extends, perhaps, about two miles from end to end. The bungalows generally consist of three rooms about forty feet long and fifteen feet high, all opening upon a verandah, some bedrooms, and a set of detached offices for the Chinese. The pleasantest of these bungalows are those which are situated the highest up the hill, and which overlook the harbour and the enemy's country beyond.

I passed this morning on the verandah of a friend's house, and we agreed that, to suggest to the European mind an idea of Victoria and its scenery, we must imagine ourselves to be looking down upon a Scotch loch—Loch Lomond or Loch

Long will do. We must create by imagination a handsome city of light, airy houses upon the margin of the waters, and climbing up the hills. We must fill the lake with shipping of every nation, and we must pour over all the hills the glare of an Eastern sun. An English tourist in Scotland, who has imagination enough to make these corrections in his reminiscences of the North, may fancy he has seen what I see from my friend's bungalow. Let us look a little closer, and with the aid of a good glass.

In the harbour, besides the Chinese boats so comfortably fitted with their neat bamboo work,—besides, also, several large junks, with their great sightless eyes painted in the bows, their lofty sterns, and their mat sails, there is a fleet of sixty-four European merchant-vessels, whereof ten are steamers. The Yankee and the Dutch flags flaunt about with the Union Jack, for it is Sunday; and every floating thing, from the Yankee *Challenge*, 2,030 tons, to the little British *Squirrel* steamer of 50 tons, rejoices in its display of nationality.

But above and more important than these vehicles of opium and rice, ride the vessels of war. From the verandah of this bungalow we can count thirteen pennants. There lies the *Calcutta*, with her three tiers of guns and her admiral's flag; and, dwindled into specks by comparison with her greatness, those saucy little gunboats with their two long guns each—the *Bustard*, the *Forester*, the *Haughty*, the *Opossum*, and the *Staunch*,—seem ready for any mischief. There is a French steamer also, and a French brig-of-war, flying their tri-colour; and the Yankee steamer *San Jacinto*, with her fifteen long guns, adds the stars and stripes to this display of warlike force. The *Acorn*, the *Elk*, and the *Bittern*, brigs-of-war; the *Coromandel*, the *Fury*, the *Cruiser*, the *Hongkong*, the *Hornet*, the *Niger*, and the *Sir Charles Forbes*, steamers; the *Starling*, gunboat, and the *Sibylle*, ship, are gone up the Canton river, whither it is said that these gunboats will follow on Tuesday or Wednesday. Imperial junks have been discovered in several of the creeks, and a junk-hunt is imminent. Perhaps it may take place on Tuesday, which is the day fixed upon by the Governor to celebrate the Queen's birthday; perhaps it may be post-

poned until that day has been loyally honoured with more peaceful cheers. There are not wanting, however, people who shake their heads and say that junk-hunting will be found a dangerous pastime, that the guns on board the junks are as heavy as those on board the gunboats, and it is whispered that white faces have been seen through the portholes. I hope to tell you something of all this from a nearer view by the next mail, but whether white or black, or copper-coloured, I doubt whether the crew of the *Raleigh*, who are to man the boats, will see much of those faces when they get within hail. At long bowls, the Chinese will fight, and may do damage; but, although we have taught them something, even those who shake their heads habitually do not imagine that they have yet learned to fight an Englishman hand to hand.

I mentioned the *Raleigh*. It seems now to be perfectly understood here that she was run ashore "according to Act of Parliament;" that the rock was laid down in no chart, and was even unknown to the Chinese fishermen; and that the lead was going. It is a pointed rock—so pointed that it has not two square feet that will hold the lead, and ten fathoms of water close up to it. It is said that Captain Keppel, whose misfortune every one commiserates, is to have an opportunity of exploding his annoyance by leading one of the intended junk-hunts. Captain Elliott is to lead the other.

Meanwhile the *Raleigh* has settled into the mud. Some say that her guns and stores are to be removed, and that she is to be blown up; others that a tender to get her up for 40,000 dollars was unadvisedly refused; others that she is to be sold to the highest bidder: but all rumours tend to the same result—that the ship is gone, and that a great victory will appear in the *Pekin Gazette*.

All this time we have been standing upon the verandah enjoying the cool breeze and looking down upon the rich fleet of merchantmen and the strong fleet of men-of-war—opium, and silver, and silk, and pent-up thunders. We have given no thought to the "hostile shores" of China, yet just across is the land of the enemy. His rocky mountains seem to rise from behind the last line of shipping, and pro-

bably would be still more nearly approached by them but for a circlet of low rocks which rise like the crater of a volcano in the midst of the strait, letting the blue water, however, eddy in the hollow. At the foot of those lofty hills is an enemy's battery of four guns. We can see the subjects of "the enemy" quarrying stone upon the shore: through my very powerful glass, I can even make out their features. But, although there is a great noise of firing among these sisterly ships, which are always saluting each other, and whose kisses are of the heartiest smacking sound, yet the four Chinese guns never join in the pastime. The braves of Mr. Commissioner Yeh bide their time until the ships be gone home, and the police of the town are disbanded. "Rusticus expectat."

Meantime, while the mandarins are issuing nonsensical proclamations against all who supply us barbarians with food, we are actually saving the Cantonese from starvation. Rice went up in price in the market of Hongkong 100 per cent. in 48 hours, and the rise was occasioned entirely by the demand at Canton. This wicked and rebellious city, which all men in these parts—English, American, Dutch, and Chinese, yes, Chinese—agree in anathematizing, is now in the depth of suffering. The insurgents have stopped the rice countries to the east; the locusts have destroyed all the crops in the west; the English and Americans are buying up the rice from Siam and elsewhere; and Canton is literally kept from starvation by the people whom they have driven out of their factories, and upon whose heads they have set prices not always justly estimated. If we were to blockade the river, we might produce an extent of misery in Canton which would reverse all authority, and expel Mr. Yeh without any application of force. But this would be very cruel and very useless. If we smite, the Chinaman must see the hand that smites, or he will not believe. "Sir," said a military man who is no mean authority, "you must blow your way through Canton at the point of the bayonet, and you must hold the city in the name of the three allied Powers."

I have not time to pursue this fruitful topic, for the mail is now closing. The last morsel of news is, that Captain

Barnard of Her Majesty's ship *Racehorse*, has just returned from Foo-chow-foo, and reports that some terrible fighting, or rather slaughter, has occurred among the Chinese above that city. Mutilated bodies in quantities of twenty and thirty at a time floated past the *Racehorse* as she rode at anchor. The supposition is, that the Imperialists have gained an important advantage, for the teas are now coming down from Foo-chow, which would seem to show that the impediment created by the troubles had ceased.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BATTLE OF FATSHAN.

The Affair of Escape Creek—Preparations for Fatshan—The *Coromandel's* Departure from Hongkong—Passage up the Canton River—Scenery and Objects—Chuenpee, Wantung Islands, and the Bogue Forts—Tiger Island—Major Kearney—The Sawshee Channel—The Second Bar Anchorage—Fleet assembled there—Captured Junks—Confidence of the Chinese—Chinese Pilot—The Blenheim Passage—The Bar—The Fire-ship Boom—Fatshan Branch, and View of intended Battle Field—Macao Fort—View of the Enemy's Fort and Fleet—Distant View of the City of Canton—The Chinese are working on Gough Fort—Description of the Scene of the Fatshan Operations—Plan of the Intended Operations—The *Coromandel* weighs anchor before daylight of the 1st of June—Advance to the Fort—The Gunboats—The Row-boats—Storming the Fort—The Attack on the Junks—Destruction of the Main Fleet—Keppel's Fight further up the River—Conflagration of the Junks after the Battle—Admiral Keppel's Account of the Battle—Promotions.

*Hongkong, June 5.*

THE Chinese fleet has been destroyed in two decisive engagements, but the sentiment of our navy has undergone an entire change in respect of these "timid" barbarians. More Englishmen have been killed and wounded in these two conflicts than were disabled before the walls of Acre.

The first expedition was under Commodore Elliott, and the operations lasted during the 25th, 26th, and 27th of May. The second was under Commodores Keppel and

Elliott, commanded by the admiral in person. The first I can only relate from hearsay.

If you will refer to the small chart of the Canton river, recently published by the Admiralty, and which, so far as it goes, is very correct, you will see four creeks marked as running from the Canton river eastward. The northernmost of these is Escape Creek; next, to the south, is Tszekee Creek, which is, in fact, but part of Escape Creek; about four miles further to the south is an entrance called Second Bar Creek, and four miles still southwards is a larger inlet called Sawshee Channel. Only the mouths of these four inlets are marked in the chart. They were supposed to communicate with each other further inland, but nothing certain was known upon the subject.

About five miles up Escape Creek a large fleet of mandarin junks had lain for some time, and here it was that the operations were commenced.

On the morning of Monday, the 25th of May, Commodore Elliott, in the *Hongkong* gunboat, followed by the *Bustard*, the *Staunch*, the *Starling*, and the *Forbes*, and towing the boats and boats' crews of the *Inflexible*, the *Hornet*, and the *Tribune*, steamed into the creek, and came upon forty-one mandarin junks, moored across the stream. Each was armed with a long twenty-four or thirty-two pounder gun forward, and also with from four to six nine-pounders. The first shot fired after she got within range struck the *Hongkong*, and for some minutes the shot came thick aboard of her. The other gunboats now came up, and forming in as loose order as possible, immediately opened fire. The junks stood for some time, and returned the fire with spirit. It requires no small amount of steadiness and courage to work that large exposed gun, rising in the bows of the junk, and without a scrap of protection to the man who fires it. After some little time confusion seemed to increase. They are all swift vessels, impelled by oars or sails. Several of them got under way, and turned for flight up the creek. Immediately they did so they were comparatively powerless, for their stern guns were of small calibre and were not well served. The steamers pressed on in pursuit; but the waters shoaled. The gunboats draw from seven feet to

ATTACK ON THE JUNKS

seven feet six inches; these flat-bottomed Mandarin junks can float in three feet. One by one the steam gunboats grounded, but the commodore's cry was, "Never mind, push on." They had towed behind them the boats of the larger ships. Quickly, as a steamer got fast in the mud, the men swarmed into the boats, manned the guns in their bows, and rowed off in pursuit. At last there was not a steamer afloat, the junks were in full flight up the creek, the row-boats were in hot pursuit. It was hard work, for these are swift vessels, and, with forty Chinese pulling for dear life, they passed deftly through the shallow and treacherous channels. The guns, however, in the bows of the pursuers, told heavily; and when a boat did get alongside, the crew always fired a broadside of grape, jumped out on the other side, swam ashore, and were lost in the paddy-fields.

Sixteen junks were thus taken and destroyed in the main creek. Thirteen escaped by dint of swift rowing. The sun was tremendous, and cases of sun-stroke were occurring among the men. One junk had in its terror turned up a little inlet to the right, and, being followed, was politely led out. A squadron of ten went up a passage to the left, which is supposed to afford a shallow channel up to Canton. They were now, however, so utterly panic-stricken that, upon being approached by four boats, they were all abandoned and burnt upon the spot.

Thus ended the first day's work.

Commodore Elliott, however, was not satisfied about those thirteen junks. He had suspicions also that there were a great many more in those creeks.

The next day was employed in stopping the four bolt holes of this rabbit warren. Captain Forsyth, in the *Hornet*, was now left to guard Escape Creek. The *Inflexible* had her broadsides bearing upon the entrance to the Second Bar Creek. Captain Edgell, in the *Tribune*, took charge of the Sawshee Channel. All the points of escape into Canton River being thus closed, Commodore Elliott and his gunboats with all the ships' boats of his squadron in tow, on Wednesday morning, set forth to explore the Sawshee Channel. For twelve miles his gunboats found water, but found nothing else; but the commodore saw a very re-

markable pagoda, which he had seen the day before when running up the Escape Creek, and he felt convinced that these creeks were all in communication. He also met a Chinaman who told him that four of his friends who escaped on Monday had got away to a town whereof this pagoda is the principal building, and which we now know to be Tung-koon. Abandoning his steamers, therefore, he took to his boats, and, after rowing twelve miles between paddy-fields, rounded a point of the creek and found himself close in with the town of Tung-koon, and also with a fleet of junks (one of them of great size and splendour), and under a battery. The Chinese were utterly unprepared for this sudden meeting. The English boats fired all their guns, gave a cheer, and made a rush; the Chinese jumped overboard without firing a shot.

Now, however, came the worst part of the affair. It was necessary to destroy these junks, and it was desirable to to take away the chief junk. But the boats were in the midst of a city. The crews of the junks established themselves in houses and fired upon the sailors with jingalls. The marines were obliged to form and charge in the streets. The Madarin junk was found to have powder upon her deck and trains communicating between her and the shore. Then a house close to her was set on fire, and up she went, nearly carrying an English pinnace up with her. Twelve large junks were here destroyed. The sailors, who had no sails in their row-boats, having now done their work, hardly cared to pull back again; sails, therefore, were improvised out of the mats and other spoil of the junks, and they came sailing down Sawshee Channel in guise which might have puzzled the master of each ship to recognize his own boat.

In this affair one man out of every ten engaged was hit, —a large average even in European warfare. Such was the result of the expedition of the Escape Creek.

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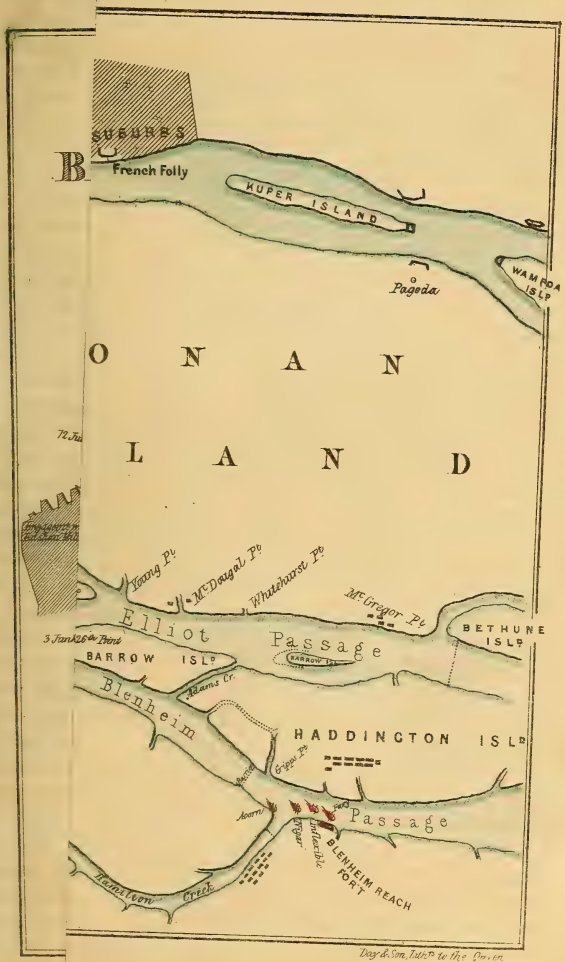
I shall describe the battle of Fatshan in all its details, not only because it was the most desperate cutting-out affair that has happened in these waters, but also because it enables me to describe at the same time the theatre of our operations and the present position of the British force in


SUBURBS
French Folly
HUPER ISLAND
Pagoda
WAMPOA ISLD
O N A N
L A N D
Young Pt
McDougal Pt
Whitehurst Pt
McGregor Pt
BETHUNE ISLD
Elliot
Passage
3 Fathoms Bank
BARROW ISLD
BARROW I.
Adams Cr.
Blenheim
HADDINGTON ISLD
Gipps Pt
Passage
Intrepid
GLENHEIM REACH
PORT
Tenantown Creek
Dorp & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

PLAN OF THE
BATTLE OF FAT-SHAN,
Fought, June 1st 1857.
British
Chinese
CITY OF FATSHAN.
VILLAGE
CANTON
SUBURBS
SHAMEEN
FORT
Dutch Folly
French Folly
Red Fort
Birds Nest Fort
KUPES ISLAND
Pagoda
HONAN
ISLAND
GOUGH
ISLAND
Macao Fort & Pagoda
MARINE
ISLAND
Elliot
Passage
BARROW ISLT
Samshan
Blenheim
HADDINGTON ISLD
BETHUNE ISLD
LEMAIN REACH
FORT
Scale.
Miles

China. I have sent home by this mail a plan of the operations, and if Mr. Wyld will publish it in a cheap form, and if people will refer to it while reading my narrative, I believe I can make the incidents clear to them. If I do not, it must be my own fault, for no one had a better opportunity of seeing them.*

On Friday, the 29th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, commander-in-chief, left the *Calcutta* line-of-battle ship and hoisted his flag on board the *Coromandel*, a small paddle-wheel steamer which had been a passenger-boat, and was very weak both in scantling and armament. She had been bought when our force here was too small for its work; and her recommendations were, that her draught of water is not great and her machinery is tolerably trustworthy. The latter cannot be said for the gunboats, which break down constantly; their boilers are worn out, but others are on their way, and all will then be right. The *Coromandel*, however, is a lucky boat. The admiral uses her as a tender to the *Calcutta*, and takes his little eggshell into a hot fire as confidently as if she were a shot-proof battery. She has been five times in the thick of it, has been hulled over and over again; but her vital part, her machinery, has never yet been hit.

The admiral was accompanied by Commodore Keppel, Commander Rolland, of the *Calcutta*; Mr. Fowler, flag-lieutenant; Mr. Somerset, acting signal-lieutenant; and Dr. Anderson, staff-surgeon, and Mr. Jones, second-master. Lieutenant Douglas, of the *Calcutta*, commanded the *Coromandel*, and Mr. Raymond, of the *Encounter*, had volunteered to show the channel up the river. With the exception of Mr. Janes, the admiral's secretary, and of one individual who was there as the admiral's guest, these were the only occupants of the quarter-deck.

Bang goes the signal-gun, and the *Coromandel* is under weigh. Four low, black, vixen-looking screws immediately show signs of movement, and they are soon following in the wake of the admiral. These are the *Haughty*, the *Opossum*, the *Forester*, and the *Plover* gunboats. Two of these are armed with two long 36 and one 68-pounder; the other

* The same plan is inserted in this volume.

two have not their large gun on board. Away we go, the *Haughty* holding her own well with the flagship, and the others coming on some distance astern. We pass through the archipelago of islands which lie in the great estuary called the Mouth of the Canton River. We coast by the Castle Peak Bay,—a large inlet where seventeen junks were destroyed some weeks since, and where those papers were taken which have told us something of the proceedings of our enemies. We pass the pyramidal islet of Lintin—the great feature of the entrance of this river; and as we lose it behind us, we begin to see mainland, or what is imagined to be mainland, on each side. There are clouds upon the mountain-tops, and I am told that within that mainland there are creeks and channels that run in infinitely reticulated convolutions and communicate again with large rivers which keep open the water-way far up into the country. Captain Keith Stewart penetrated eighty miles among them and found a civil and friendly population, but no signs of any termination to the labyrinth. There is a Chinese map of them recently taken in one of the junks; but it is like a picture by a pre-Raphaelite of a handful of ravellings; it may be an *aide-memoire* to a man who knows them, but is of no use to a stranger. Among them pirates prowl and hide; and here, when close pressed, the Mandarin junks of war take refuge. Here, also, they lie and watch their opportunity, coming down in case of opportunity to mob a steamer, as they mobbed the *Coromandel* on the 4th of January, and the *Comus* not long since, sending through the *Comus* a wicked shot, which took off a seaman's legs, went through a chest of drawers, and destroyed all the captain's crockery. What we call "mainland," therefore, is only the banks of a channel which leads to Canton through this maze of shallow and narrow waters.

Now we hug the right-hand shore of this sickly pale-green river, and we pass a group of mamelons that mark the entrance to a bay. This is Anson's Bay, and low down, nearly level with the water, is a line of stone embrasures, at which twelve large guns show their muzzles. These are hostile guns. This is the fort of Chuenpee. There is a sensible old Mandarin there, who writes to Pekin that no barbarian dares to look upon Chuenpee; but he also gives

strict orders that no gun in Chuenpee shall ever be fired on a barbarian; so we have hitherto let him alone. We were in close range for some time, but no Chinaman showed his eye over his gun.

The channel contracts. Away to the left there is an unlimited extent of rocks, shoals, and shallows; but the channel runs between two hills. Midway between these high shores interpose two green islets. At the bottom of the hill which forms the right-hand bank run two separate lines of embrasures, built of very large stones, which are now knocked about in strange confusion. The islets have similar lines of fortification, which circle their summits like coronets. As we steam up between the islets and the shore I look with horror on the place. Here are four batteries, each having embrasures for a hundred monstrous guns, and all concentrating four cross-fires upon this very spot. Happily the danger has ceased. These are, or rather these were, the Bogue Forts. John Chinaman complains that we don't fight fair when we from time to time take these forts. Instead of going up to them like brave men, we send a few small ships in for all the guns to fire at, and, when the guns are all at work, some marines and blue-jackets leap over the wall in the rear and drive the gunners out. The Chinese are of a practical and reasoning turn of mind. When asked why they ran away from a storming party, one of them answered, in my hearing, "No can. Two piecy man no can stand all same place. S'pose you *must* come in, I go out."

These Wantung islands are, I am told, to be occupied by a force of marines, expected to arrive by the *Sanspareil* about the end of July.

After passing this celebrated spot we come to a larger island, called Tiger Island. It is a green hill and valley, but with no trees upon it. Here are commissariat officers laying plans for making it a depôt for their bullocks. Major Kearney, who, as assistant-quartermaster-general, has been associated with them in this service, comes on board and tells me he here joins the expedition on duty, having it in command to report to his general the military character of

the country through which it may proceed, and its capabilities for purposes connected with his department.

Poor Kearney! he was every inch a soldier, full of zeal and hope; after a career of honour at Sandhurst, a youth passed in India, and many years lost in office-duties at the Horse Guards, the desire of his life was now about to be accomplished. He was to see active service in this Chinese war, and to acquire personal distinction, as he certainly would have done, in military operations. We came out together, and during the voyage acquaintance had augmented into intimacy. When I congratulated him that he was about to receive his baptism of fire, it never occurred to me to imagine that such a man would be knocked to pieces by a 32-pound shot from a Chinese junk, yet so it happened.

Half an hour's steaming brings us to the entrance of the Sawshee Channel—a broad water which runs away eastward into a plain covered with little round trees and well-covered patches, having that peculiar air of greenness so well imitated in Chinese landscapes—the tender green of the young rice. This is the Sawchee Channel mentioned in my account of Commodore Elliott's expedition. It is supposed to lead to a large river to the eastward, but no one knows. There are mamelon-shaped hills in the background—here all hills are of that shape—and Commodore Elliott's pagoda is just visible; but beyond the scene of his operations we know nothing.

At four o'clock we open a wide reach of the river, called the "Second Bar Anchorage," and are in the middle of a British fleet. Here we find the *Tribune*, the *Fury*, the *Hornet*, the *Bittern*, the *Sibylle*, and also the gunboats *Staunch*, *Hongkong*, and *Forbes*. Seven of Commodore Elliott's captured junks are also here.

We had an opportunity of inspecting all these junks. With one exception, the large gun had upon some former occasion been captured, and had one of the trunnions knocked off. The manner in which this had been repaired by the Chinese excited great admiration: they had passed a strong iron band round the gun, fitted a false trunnion to

it, and kept it in its place by a firm iron breeching. The prizes were full of cordage, mats, Chinese clothing, powder, loose balls, and shot-holes.

On the next day (Saturday, 30th May) we steamed up the river to Macao Fort, passing many picturesque horseshoe-form tombs, and some villages that had been destroyed by the rebels. Our guns look out formidable and stern, but the hundreds of sanpans and junks which we meet manifest no fear. The bumboats attach themselves to the ships of war immediately they anchor. There is an air of fearless confidence about the people, which shows that the industrious classes know that we have no intention to hurt them. A few weeks since a Chinese who supplied our ships with beef was beheaded, he, and his wife, and his children, yet the admiral has found no difficulty in making another contract for beef at about 6d. per lb. The boats come round us with bananas, and lemon-syrup, and sweet potatoes; and the Chinamen are taking Jack's shillings and English coppers at a most usurious rate of exchange. The husbandmen upon the banks pursue their labours in their paddy-fields, not only as though no enemy were near, but under the protection of his guns, for they know that while we are here the Mandarin sailors and soldiers cannot come down and do them spoil and violence, as is their wont. We have a Chinese pilot, who, having got his wife and children out of the clutches of the Mandarins, and located them at Hongkong, wishes it to be understood that he is not a traitor, but an English subject. He wears a glazed hat and a regulation jacket. I thought at first that he had cut off the last link which bound him to Whampoa—his tail. But no; he has gone no further than a compromise in this respect; he wears it coiled round his head, inside his hat. When it blows hard he ties it round his hat outside.

Our branch of the river (the Blenheim Passage) now contracts to the dimensions of the Thames at Richmond, and but for the banana and lychee trees one might expect to see a punt and a chair, an elderly gentleman and a landing-net. Ever and anon we come up to a British ship, whose captain goes off to hold converse with the admiral. Thus we pass the *Inflexible* paddle-steamer, and the *Niger*

screw; also the *Cruiser* and the *Elk*. Further on we find the *Acorn*, 12-gun brig, and the *Bustard* gunboat.

Now we arrive at a bar made by the Chinese by sinking junks filled with stones. One narrow passage has been partially cleared, and it is said that there are sixteen feet of water over that part at high water. The *Coromandel* was obliged to go at it at full speed, and some rotten timber came floating up where she had got through. This bar is not marked in the Admiralty chart.

It is astonishing, not that this bar exists, but that a hundred of them do not occur. At one time we had only two ships here, and junks were accustomed to come out and mob them.

Some way above this there is a boom half-way across, placed by the English to prevent the descent of fireships at night, and, having passed this, the Blenheim Passage, along which we have come, debouches into the full river, and we have a channel to the left which is called Fatshan Branch. This channel leads up to the city of Fatshan, a city reported to be rich in dockyards and arsenals, and about twelve miles distant. Thither it is said the most timorous of the magnates of Canton have retired in anticipation of our attack upon that city. This Fatshan Branch is our ultimate destination. Up that channel is the fort and the fleet we are going to attack. We see our battle-field as we cross the mouth, and proceed directly up to Macao Fort, which is placed at the top of a reach running down directly to Canton. The fort is only two miles and a half from the city.

In this intrenchment are 250 marines. It consists of a strong embrasured wall, surrounding a pagoda of three stories. It is situated on a tongue of land having water on three sides. The whole is in capital order, armed with large ships' guns, and commanding two channels. The time is gone by when the junks could come down and throw shot into the fort and retire unmolested.

From the top of the pagoda we see the city of Canton on the one side, and the fort and the junks on the other. Admiral Seymour and Commodore Keppel are reconnoitring the fort. Let us join the marine officers and look towards Canton. The chief part of the city is hidden from us by

the rising ground on Honan's Island at our feet; but we look down the reach on a large suburb not very unlike what we see on the banks of the Medway a couple of miles below Rochester Bridge. There are two ruined lines of forts, which I am told are the Shameen forts, blown up by the English when they retired from the city. We can see also Gough Fort, which, at this distance, looks not unlike Chester Cathedral, and stands on an eminence far back. We also see the celebrated eight-storied pagoda, which has an ancient and respectable appearance, and hints the idea that these structures were originally suggested as imitations of the bamboo, just as the Corinthian capital was suggested by the acanthus, the Gothic aisle by avenues of forest trees, and the Saxon arch by twisted willows. The Chinese are as busy as bees round Gough Fort. There is a great encampment there. They are throwing up embankments connecting the works with the city walls, and evidently expecting that the tactics of the last attack will be repeated in the next. They are immensely mistaken.

The admiral and commodore having completed their survey, we can now occupy the opposite aperture in this pagoda. We see the fort we are to attack on Monday and a portion of the junk fleet. All who would understand the operations must bear with me while I describe the locality of them.

Just two miles from the mouth of the Fatshan Branch is a long low island called Hyacinth Island. There is a steep hill on the left bank opposite to that island; and beyond it, and higher up the "branch," two smaller tributaries go off right and left. These features map our field of battle. Stand on the Thames below Twickenham Eyot, bring the Star and Garter Hill close up to it, make two creeks branch right and left from the river above the eyot, and you would have something like it. It is tolerably well shown in the Admiralty chart, but the two creeks are not quite correct, and the distance between the island and the transverse creeks is too great.

This is our fighting-ground. That hill (the Star and Garter Hill) has been converted into a fort. Nineteen large guns are there mounted. Along the two creeks and across

the channel above the island seventy-two junks are moored, with their large bow guns so placed as to command the channels on either side of the island. A six-gun battery is erected on the shore opposite the fort. The fire of the seventy junks will sweep the narrow channels on either side of the island. The fire of the fort* and battery will plunge upon them from either shore. This is the position we have to attack.

The Chinese believe they are here impregnable. They know you cannot get at the junks without first taking the fort, and they believe that no man can go up that hill in the face of their guns. Several vessels have from time to time gone in and exchanged shots with the fort and come back again. This confirms their confidence.

We now return to our anchorage down the river, and the captains receive their instructions for the attack on Monday morning at four o'clock. The *Coromandel* is to go in first, towing the marines, and manœuvring to take off the fire while they are landed ; then she is to dash in among the junks, the gunboats and the rowboats following. Hard work for the little *Coromandel.*

On Sunday there was a large congregation on board the flagship. The solemn words of the prayer before battle fell heavy upon every ear.

It was scarcely three o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 1st of June, when those who slept on the deck of the *Coromandel*, wrapped in their cloaks, were aroused from their sleep. A hushed movement among the sailors had already begun. The steam was up. The vigilant young commander, Douglas, was already at his post, and looking through the darkness for the arrival of the boats containing the marines. They soon came, and in a long string of crowded rowboats attached themselves to the stern of the steamer. Then the admiral took his place upon the bridge, the wheels slowly revolved, and the *Coromandel* moved forth from the surrounding fleet. Those dark hulls, seen dimly by their own lights, would appear to be soundly at rest but for a hushed murmur which ever and anon comes from the darkness—the hum of men mustering in secret.

* This fort has since been named "Fort Seymour."

The admiral's last orders were, "Let no one up anchor till I am well in with the fort. Respect private property; and do no violence to unarmed people." It was in obedience to the first of these that the *Coromandel* was allowed to steam out alone.

The passage through the bar was buoyed with lights. It was still black night as the steamer cleared it, and for half an hour, with her freight of 300 red-coats in tow, she steamed on at a slow speed up to the mouth of the Fatshan Branch. It was an anxious thing to look forth from the paddle-box of that steamer as she steadily advanced into the enemy's country — alone. An almost imperceptible dawn soon rendered the darkness less opaque, and objects became indistinctly visible. She had gone about a mile up, when, from the right bank a little ahead of her, a rocket shot up in the air; then another from the opposite bank, and a minute after it was answered by another from the fleet of junks.

"John Chinaman is determined to show that he is not to be caught napping" was the remark, and on we went for another five minutes.

There is little twilight here; the division between thick darkness and broad daylight is almost to be measured by moments.

Now we could see the higher hills that form the background to the fort, and the *Coromandel* was abreast of a village which is about 1,500 yards from the fort itself. Suddenly, in the grey distance, a flash and a curl of smoke, and before the booming sound reached us the big shot struck the waters about 200 yards ahead, driving the spray high up in the air.

It was a beautiful line, straight for the vessel's bows, and the spot was carefully noted, for it showed the range for which the lower tier of guns was laid.

Your Chinaman does not aim his guns at the moment according to his judgment of the distance of the object. He practises at certain points which an assailant must pass, and notches the elevation on the carriage of the gun.

Scarcely had the splash shown the gunner that his range was short when another flash came from the higher tier. The shot, with a rushing sound, passed over the ship a little

to the left, and dashing into a paddy-field on our port quarter, sent a column of black mud up thirty feet.

All this time the *Coromandel* was advancing, and the dawn was becoming day. It being certain that she was within range, the fort opened in earnest at the steadily advancing mark. First came a general salvo, then flash after flash in rapid succession. Then the battery on the other side of the island opened; rushing sounds came strangely near and the waters sometimes splashed the deck. Fortunately, the ricochetting shot which a Chinaman best loves was out of the question, for his guns were high up upon the hill, and a small steamer moving stem on at a distance of 900 yards, is a little object and hard to hit. The shot came near us and around us, but did not strike.

We reached the island—Hyacinth Island—and were steaming up the left-hand channel, directly to the fort.

Suddenly there was a concussion and a grating sound. "Back your paddles—we are aground." We were aground upon a line of junks sunk across the channel. As soon as the Chinese saw this, they redoubled their fire. The boats were cast off, and told to row quietly under the land, while the fort was occupied with firing at us. Lieutenant Douglas took a dingy and a boat-hook, and sounded the obstacle. The Chinamen had left a narrow channel as an escape hole for themselves, close under the bank beside us; all the rest was blocked.

The *Coromandel* was too firmly fixed to benefit by this information. It was dead low water, and she must float in a few minutes. Meanwhile she was fulfilling her prescribed duty, which was to take the shot of the fort. The crew ran up and down the deck to try to start her, but in vain. The *Coromandel* did not fire a shot; in fact, she had only one gun loaded. She could not afford to make a smoke at this critical part of the river.

But now Keppel thought he had restrained himself long enough to fulfil the Admiral's orders. He came up on the paddle-box of the *Hongkong* gunboat, which bore his pennant; and, having with his quick glance noted the soundings and the result, stood in between the *Coromandel* and the bank. There he was, like a man thoroughly enjoying

himself. His blue trousers tucked into the tops of his Russian boots, his white pith hat, his small, active, springy figure, his constitutionally good-humoured, devil-may-care laugh—there was a man who, without the least ostentation, was ready to go into any fire that gunpowder and iron could get up, and around him were men who were quite ready to follow him.

"May I pass, sir?"

"Yes, pass; we are aground."

Immediately behind the *Hongkong* comes the *Haughty*, admirably handled. She is towing the boats of the *Fury*, *Inflexible*, and *Cruiser*, large steamers which can only send their captains and their crews into these shallow channels. Lieutenant Hamilton takes his little ship through the narrow, steams directly for the fort, and diverts the fire from the poor *Coromandel*, who, however, is making violent efforts to get free. Next come the *Bustard* and the *Forester*. They are waved to pass where the *Hongkong* and the *Haughty* passed, but they do not see, or they think they know better, and they get hopelessly aground. It is a pity, for the *Hongkong* has met with some stakes on the other side of the channel, and those junks whose painted ports we have been so long looking at, and which remained so steadily inactive while the range was uncertain, have now opened fire, and are plumping round shot into her with an uncomfortable precision. I saw her struck three times while I looked at her.

The *Plover* gets up beside the *Hongkong*, but cannot break the barrier. It is here that Sergeant Christian has his head taken off by a round shot. And now the *Opossum*, having cast off her boats, goes up the right-hand channel at full speed, and dashes into the fire. Several of the other gunboats are aground astern; but the ships' boats have taken to their oars. Crowded with men, and cheering lustily, galley and gig, pinnace, launch, and barge, come racing up. The scene is like a regatta, but Death picks his victims as they pass.

But now the tide is making and the *Coromandel* is free. As she steams up to the foot of the fort the fire slackens—only now and then an obstinate gun gives out. The hill is

now comparatively free from smoke, and the scene is as plain from the paddle-box of the *Coromandel* as if it were enacted upon a stage for our amusement. The boats' crews and marines have landed and are mounting that steep hill. They have taken the precipitous side, where the fat Chinamen, who had prepared to receive them by the zigzag path, never thought they would come. The Chinese gunners are trying in vain to depress their guns so as to sweep them with grape. Failing that, they are rolling down 32-pound shot upon them, and throwing stink-pots which do not explode, and three-pronged spears. They have not much time for this amusement. Commodore Elliott, with a middy by his side, is running a race with Captain Doyle, who commands the marines, and is nearly up to the embrasures. Captain Boyle fires his revolver at a Chinaman who is trying to fire his matchlock at him. He misses him, for the gallant captain is too much blown with his race to shoot with accuracy. The Chinaman, in return, rolls a couple of huge shot down at the captain, and then takes up a spear of prodigious length and hurls it at the middy. A shot from Commodore Elliott's revolver settles this brave man's career. I saw him afterwards near where he fell, grim and fierce in death.

Mixed with the marines, and but little behind the fore rank, climbed the post-captains and commanders. We can recognize Corbett, and Forsyth, and Leckie (and by his side Major Kearney, conspicuous by his helmet-shaped pith hat), and Fellowes, contending vigorously with the laws of gravitation. Edgell is hit; no, he has only slipped while dodging a round shot, and has rolled half-way down the hill. He gets up and shakes himself and recommences. Mounting the same precipitous ascent with quick elastic step, his flag-lieutenant, Fowler, by his side, goes the admiral himself. He went off from the *Coromandel* in his own boat, unobserved by many on board. He has no weapon, not even a walking-stick to help him up; yet he outstrides many of the marines. He goes to see what next is to be done, and we will make haste to join him.

This part of the affair is soon over. The gunners sulkily retire as the storming party arrive; but they fire their guns

within fifty yards of their assailants. They walk away down the back of the hill, and it requires many shots from the marines to make them run. The marines fire very badly; running up hill is not a good preparation for rifle-shooting at moving objects.

From the top of the hill I have a most magnificent panoramic view of the operations below. Lieutenant Fowler has brought one of the Chinese guns to bear upon the junks, and the junks fire up at us, but neither do much damage. Now Elliott and his captains run down to their boats and follow the *Haughty*, which is already clear of the island and up with the junks beyond. The marines descend into the paddy-fields at the foot of that side of the hill fort which faces the junks, and, up to the waist in water, they take pot shots at the Chinamen. The *Haughty* drives right stem on into one of the two large junks that have been sweeping the channel, and cracks her like a nut-shell. Forsyth jumps first on board, and the crew jump overboard. It is the old story, "'Spose you must come, I must go." The shots must be flying furiously down there, for thirty junks are blazing away their twelve guns each at the intruders who rush into their creek from our side of the island, and forty are equally rapid in their discharges upon the boats that have gone up on the other side. How any mortal thing can live in that hell of flying iron it seems impossible to conceive. The secret, I believe, lies in the resolution of our men. They pull directly up alongside, and from the elevation of the guns the inevitable broadside of grape passes over their heads. I saw this happen in the case of Commodore Elliott's boat, which emerged unharmed from a discharge I thought had annihilated it. The junk had coolly waited till the boat was alongside, and then poured in its shot. It all passed high, and when the smoke cleared away the crew were running across the paddy-fields, and the marines were shooting them.

The game was soon up. First came a rush of fire and a loud explosion. A pillar of white smoke rises high into the air and swells at the top like a Doric column. Then another and another, and the guns cease, and the cannon smoke blows away, and the boats' crews are rowing from

junk to junk, and in two long lines, almost as far as the eye can reach, lie the junks,—some kindling, some in full blaze, but all stranded and abandoned. In one of these the sailors rescued an old man and a boy, chained to a gun, and left to burn. In another, a woman and child were tied with whisps of bamboo to a 32-pounder. There were many which the sailors could not enter, and perhaps these also had their victims.

We have been looking down upon the junks which lay across the Fatshan Branch, and also along the winding creek that stretches away at right angles to the left. Our view of those which lay along the creek that bears to the right was not quite so near. But here the contest ceased about the same time. Right and left, covering an immense extent of narrow water, the junks lie, prizes either to us or the flames. We have leisure now to count them—they are seventy-two.

For the first time I appreciate the far-sighted wisdom of the admiral's plan of attack. By leading up his ships at dead low water he not only obtained the advantage of a rising tide when his steamers grounded upon the shoals and unknown impediments, but he also made sure of finding the junks all aground, knowing, as he did, that they were moored along each shore, to leave the channel clear for ordinary traffic. Thus the crews were obliged either to fight or run. Had he taken them at even a quarter flood they had been afloat. Some of the hindermost would have been destroyed, and by fire or by sinking would have choked the channel, while the rest would have escaped up the numberless creeks, which the Chinamen only know.

While some are plundering and some are thinking of breakfast, there is heavy firing in the distance. People ask, Where is Keppel? We must follow his fortunes; for all is not over yet, and there is much to tell.

When Commodore Keppel passed us at dawn he steamed away up the channel to the right of Hyacinth Island, until he came under the six-gun battery, and within fire of the junks. Here his vessel ran aground, and the *Plover* coming up, the commodore transferred himself to her; but as she could not get up, he got into his own galley, and, followed

by the row-boats of the *Calcutta*, the *Bittern*, and the *Niger*, pulled straight away through the fire. The big junk that lay across the channel was boarded in her own smoke. As usual, when the assailants grew very near, the Chinamen fired a broadside and also a train, and slipped into the water on the other side. The boats were scarcely free of her when she blew up. Right in among the thirty-five junks dashed Keppel and his cheering dare-devils, receiving their fire and driving the crews away as they approached. Vain were the Chinamen's stinkpots, their three-pronged spears, and their ingenious nets, so contrived as to fall over a boat's crew and catch them like herrings, while they spear them through the meshes. To utilize such ingenious inventions John Chinaman must wait till the boats come alongside, and this he has not yet tutored his nerves to accomplish.

"Never wait, lads;" cried the commodore; "leave those rascals to the gun-boats and the fellows behind; push on ahead!"

Through this wilderness of junks they pulled, driving out their crews by sheer audacity, and leaving little to be done by those who should come after. They shot through the lines up into the vacant channel. Some of his boats had been hulled by the junks; perhaps some lingered to pay a visit to a deserted Chinaman, or to stop his mouth; but Keppel still pressed onward, and where he goes he always gets some to follow. Where could he be going? Was it information, or was it intuition? or has he resolved to attack with his seven boats the city of Fatshan and its population of 200,000 people? I have not asked him and he has not said, but I suspect the city was his object. With four galleys and three boom-boats, carrying a gun each in their bows, they speed away from the conquered junks and hold on for nearly four miles; but now there are junk masts in sight, and every one knows that a fight is coming. A little further on, and they come upon their prey, and also upon one of those strong positions which the Chinese have now learnt to take.

At the part of the Fatshan branch—which they had now reached—there is an island shaped like a leg of mutton,

placed lengthway in the river. The broad part is towards the British boats, and across the knuckle-end twenty large junks lie moored to the shore and aground. The consequence of this position is, that to attack them the British boats must pass through one of two passages, both of which narrow to a funnel, and upon that narrow neck of water the whole fire of the twenty junks will be concentrated. One of these funnel passages has been staked and is impassable. The other has not water to carry two boats abreast. At this perilous passage Keppel and his crew now dashed. The three boom-boats took the ground in attempting to follow. The base of this triangular island consists of high land which the grounded boom-boats could not fire over, so their guns were useless; the apex, or, to use my more familiar illustration, the knuckle-part, was low paddy-fields, which the junks' guns could readily sweep across. It was a position worthy of a Carthaginian—*locus insidiis natus.*

No sooner did the boats appear in the narrow passage than twenty 32-pounders sent twenty round shot, and a hundred smaller guns sent their full charges of grape and canister at a range of 500 yards right among them. The effect was terrible. Keppel was sounding with the boat-hook for water for the boom-boats, and went back amid the storm to get them up. They start afresh, and make another effort to get through. The commodore pushes on ahead. There was Captain Leckie in his galley, with Major Kearney by his side. There was Captain Rolland in the launch of the *Calcutta*, and Lieutenant Seymour in the barge of the same ship. The *Tribune's* cutter was in among them. The *Hongkong*, who had worked herself up through the mud to within 500 yards of the scene of action, had sent her gig. Perhaps there were others, but, amid so much smoke and fire, even those who were in it cannot agree as to minute details. If the gunners of the *Excellent* had been in those Chinese junks, and had worked those 32-pounder guns, they could hardly have thrown the round shot straighter. Keppel's galley, not a large mark, is hit three times in two minutes; a 32-pounder shot strikes Major Kearney in the breast, tearing him to pieces. He must have died without a sensation. Young Barker, a midshipman of the *Tribune*, who

wore upon his finger a ring bequeathed to him by his brother, who was killed at Inkermann, is down, mortally wounded. The commodore's coxswain is killed, and every man of his crew is wounded. But the miracle is not that the men are falling, but that any escape. The God of battles is there, and wonderful are the instances of His merciful protection. Captain Cochrane has the sleeve of his coat torn away by a shot which leaves him unharmed. A round shot enters the *Tribune's* boat, and passes along her line of keel from stem to stern, without touching a man. "That was close, Victor," said Keppel to his flag-lieutenant, as a cannon-shot passed between their heads. Fortunately for himself, "Victor" (Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, as thorough and as unpretending a British seaman as if his name were Drake or Jervis) was leaning forwards, and using his handkerchief as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding of a seaman whose hand had just been shot off, otherwise that ball must have taken Prince Victor's head off. At this time the galley was disabled, and she was drifting down under the guns of the junks. Even Keppel saw that it would not do. The matter was, however, settled for him, for the next shot tore away the stern sheets of his galley while he was, fortunately, standing up with the tiller-ropes in his hand, "Seymour, you must take me in," and he stepped from his sinking galley into the barge of the *Calcutta*. All the other occupants of the galley were also removed into the barge; all except the mangled corpse of the coxswain, and the favourite dog of the commodore, which had been accustomed to be tended by that man, and would not leave his body. With this freight the wreck of the galley drifted with the rising tide up towards the junks.

Now the boats retired amid a sounding of gongs, strange shouts of triumph, and a redoubled fire. They retired to the *Hongkong*, which was aground astern; but which, supported by the *Starling*, threw shot and shell up among the junks, and received from them a full equivalent for their fire.

The *Commodore* was waiting for reinforcements and for more water in the river, and, meanwhile, he piped to dinner. The men were getting their rations, and were devour-

ing them, when the fire from the junks slackened. "Three cheers for the Blue," cried a *Raleigh* boat that now came up. "Man the boats, lads; those rascals are getting afloat." Off they go again, dinnerless, but in high spirits, and under a fire so hot that the *Calcutta's* launch is sunk, and Commander Rolland has to scramble into another boat.

This time they find water enough in the narrow passage, and, dashing through the shot, find the enemy afloat and in movement. It has now become a chase. These junks, manned by from sixty to one hundred rowers, go faster than our heavy boom-boats can follow. But the shrapnell shell go faster than even a snake junk; there are twistings in the creek that are not shown in the chart, and, in following these windings, pursuers and pursued often find themselves side by side with an interval of land between them. They fire at each other across these peninsulas, and the guns are so well served, and the shells are so terrifying, that every now and then the crews leap out and the junk is deserted. Push on—push on. Six miles this hot chase lasts, and there are now but eight junks uncaptured; when, rounding a sharp point, pursued and pursuers rush almost together into the city of Fatshan. A Chinese town is not seen afar off; the pagoda and the pawnbrokers' warehouses are the only high buildings. Three of the junks escape, the other five are headed and are abandoned. But the braves of Fatshan would think it a shame that their five junks should be taken from under their eyes. They turn out in martial array; they ring bells and beat gongs, they come filing down a fosse, so covered from view that only their waving banners and their brandished swords and shields are visible. "We are terrible; flee before us!" they are supposed to sing or cry. Keppel has his own way of settling these matters. He turned his marines out of his boats, drew them up on the margin of the suburb, and poured into the Fatshan militia such a volley of Minié balls that the Chinese army went quickly back up its fosse again. He proposed to land his howitzers and pass the night in the city—a daring scheme, which might have produced a ransom of half a million of dollars or utter destruction, as the fortune of war might incline. A message from the admiral, however,

recalled him. He had his five junks towed out before him, and as he left the city he stood up in the stern-sheets of his boat and shook his fist good-humouredly, saying, "You rascals, I'll come back again to you soon;" and those extraordinary Chinese, they, too, laughed—a broad, good-humoured grin—and so they parted.

It was three o'clock when Commodore Keppel returned to the flag-ship, which was now anchored where the Chinese admiral's junks had been moored at the commencement of the engagement. As he came down, his lost dog recognized the yellow *Raleigh* boat, and swam off to his master.

Not a junk was preserved.* Their materials are so inflammable that they readily ignite one another, and as we can make no use of them, they were not worth saving at the price of danger to the men. As it was, the shot from their heated guns rushed about in a most unpleasant manner. At sundown the view from the deck of the flagship was a mixture of the grotesque and the sublime. The boats were all adorned with barbaric spoils; banners of every amplitude, some of them adorned with colossal pictures of the fat god Fo, flaunted upon the breeze. Mandarins' coats and mandarins' breeches were freely worn. Commodore Elliott's crew were equipped each with a mandarin's hat, and foxes' tails. They had dutifully reserved one for the commodore, but I must confess I did not see him put it on. Around, far as the eye could reach, following the windings of this maze of creeks, 89 war-junks were smouldering or blazing, and every five minutes an explosion shook the air. The Cantonese had said that Commodore Elliott's expedition in Escape Creek only captured a few deserted fishing-boats. From the roofs of their own joss-houses they could now see and hear what had been done in Fatshan branch. It was bruited in Hongkong that a mandarin of high rank, one greater than Yeh, had come down from Pekin to Canton. If so, he now gained his first experience.

Then came Dr. Anderson's sad labour of marshalling the wounded for transport, and collecting the reports of the assistant-surgeons. But the public despatches will tell all

* This was a mistake; five junks were saved, but what has been done with them I have not heard.

this; enough for me to state that in these two battles of Tung-koon and Fatshan 84 men have been killed or wounded.

That night the two commodores slept, side by side, the sleep of the weary, on the deck of the *Coromandel;* and so ended the 1st of June.

Next morning, as we passed down the river, two war-junks appeared three miles astern, and fired a gun. They were chasing the barbarian fleet!

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It will probably be agreeable to my readers to have Commodore Keppel's own account of the battle of Fatshan. It was, as will be seen by the date, written long after my letter had left for England; but I have not found anything in it to render correction of my description necessary. The Commodore's letter has already been printed in the *Times.*

"ALLIGATOR, *Canton River, June* 20.

"The three weeks of this month have been full of excitement. We commenced on the 1st with as pretty a boat action as any ever recorded in our naval history, though it may never be appreciated, because it was fought in China. The troops are now, unfortunately, required for India, and I suppose we shall not get them before the summer is over. So much the better for them, as it is broiling hot just now. In the mean time we have to keep the Canton river open for them, it being their high road to the Celestial city, which I suppose they will have to occupy before Lord Elgin attempts to bring Commissioner Yeh to terms. I am left here in command of the river, the fort of Chucupee, which I took possession of on the 18th, being my boundary at one end, and the Macao Fort at the other. They are about forty miles apart; Chucupee is about that distance from Hongkong, and Macao is three miles from the city of Canton; all the intermediate forts have been demolished, and on the 1st we polished off the remainder of their war-fleet, about 180 Imperial war-junks, so that I now hold uncontrolled possession. Our worthy chief—and a fine fellow he is—remains with his ship at Hongkong, paying us occasional visits in one of the smaller steamers. I have seventeen ships, containing about 2,600 men, stationed at different distances; and, this being the anniversary of her Majesty's accession, they are all dressed out with flags, and at noon Commissioner Yeh will be edified by royal salutes fired the whole length of the Imperial river from Canton to below the Bogue Forts. My poor *Raleigh* no longer belongs to her Majesty's navy, and the admiral has appointed myself and all the officers to the *Alligator,* and given us three vessels to man as tenders. I live in the *Hongkong,* but come here to sleep when not moving about, this old hulk being a sort of fixture. My steward keeps mess, and we all grub together; viz.,

Lieutenant Goodenough, Dr. Crawford, Prince Victor, Autey (my secretary), Lord Charles Scott, Montague, and Harry Stephenson. We are very happy and jolly, and the temporary arrangement is a very good one. We thought we were going to have a little fight the other day, as the admiral had ordered me to take possession of the Chucupee Fort. We moved down to do so in good order on the morning of the 18th, but the enemy guessed what they might expect, and very wisely 'hooked it.' I am afraid this is the last little affair that is likely to occur this summer. I have stationed the vessels under my orders at different distances all the way up. The upper part of the river is not considered so healthy as the wider part down here, so that I have them relieved every fortnight. There are two islands near where we are anchored, where the men and officers of the ships near assemble every evening, and play at quoits and all sorts of games. In fact, time seems to fly fast, and the mails going and coming every fortnight keeps us all alive. Turnour, in command of the *Bittern*, is now taking his turn up at the front, which, although less healthy, is the favourite post. They are obliged to be continually on the alert, and look out for fire rafts and all sorts of infernal machines. I generally visit them once a week in the *Hongkong*. I hope somebody gave you a good account of our boat fight on the 1st of June. It must have been a beautiful sight to those who witnessed it from the heights. The shallow water obliged the *Hongkong* to ground, when she would otherwise have been in front of everything; but when she grounded I led on the boats in my gig; but as the tide was rising, the *Hongkong* kept following us as fast as she could. The first division of the Chinese fleet were simultaneously attacked by about 1,900 men, spread over a large surface, and soon gave way; but I did not take up more than a quarter of that number to attack their second division, which was three miles higher up the river, in a well-selected place, and evidently the *élite* of their fleet. They numbered exactly twenty, in one compact row; they mounted from ten to fourteen guns each, two of them in stern and bow being heavy 32-pounders. I saw that I had all the *Raleigh's* boats well up, and determined to push on. They fired occasional shots, as if to ascertain our exact distance, but did not open their heaviest fire until we were within 600 yards, and then I soon saw how impossible it would be to force our way until I had reinforcements. Nearly the first poor fellow whose head was knocked off was an amateur—Major Kearney. I had known him many years. We cheered, and I tried to get on, when a shot struck my boat right amidships, cut one man in two, and took off the arm of another. Prince Victor, who was with me, jumped forward to bind the man's arm up with his neckcloth. While he was doing so, another round shot passed through both sides of the boat, wounding two others of the crew. The boat was filling with water, and I got on one of the seats to keep my legs out of the water; and, just as I stepped up, a third round shot went through both sides of the boat, not more than one inch below the seat on which I was standing. Many of our boats had now got huddled together, the oars of most being shot away. A boat of the *Calcutta* being nearest, we got in, pulling our wounded men with us. My dog 'Mike'

refusing to leave the dead body of the man who had been his favourite, we were obliged to leave him. I then gave the order to retire on the *Hongkong*, and re-form abreast of her. While we were going down, a shot cut away all the oars on one side. I called to Lieutenant Graham to get his boat ready, as I would hoist my broad pendant, and lead the next attack in his boat. I had no sooner spoken than a shot disabled his boat, wounding him, and killing and wounding four others. I saw Graham one mass of blood, but it was from a marine who stood next to him, and part of whose skull was forced three inches into another man's shoulder. When I reached the *Hongkong*, the whole of the enemy's fire appeared to be centred upon her. She was hulled twelve times in a few minutes; her deck was covered with the wounded who had been brought on board from the boats. I was looking at them, when a round shot cut down a marine, and he fell among them. From the paddle-box I saw that our heavy firing was now bringing up a strong reinforcement. The account of my having been obliged to retire had reached them, and they were pulling up like mad. The *Hongkong* had floated and grounded again. I ordered a bit of blue bunting to be got ready to represent my broad pendant; I called out, 'Let us try the row-boats once more, boys,' and went over the side into our cutter (the *Raleigh's*), in which was Turnour, the faithful spurrier, bringing the bit of blue flag. At this moment there arose from the boats, as if every man took it up the same instant, one of those British cheers so full of meaning that I knew at once that it was all up with John Chinaman. They might sink twenty boats, but there were thirty others who would go ahead all the faster. On we went. It was indeed a lovely and exciting sight. I saw the move among the junks. They were breaking ground and moving off, the outermost first. This manœuvre they performed in beautiful order. They never ceased to fire. Three more cheers, and then commenced an exciting chase for seven miles. As our shot told on them they ran on shore, and their crews forsook them. Seventeen were come up with and captured this way; three only escaped. It was in this last chase that my poor spurrier was shot down by my side. I saw his bowels protrude as he lay in the bottom of the boat holding my hand. He asked me if I thought there was any hope. I could only say, 'Where there is life there is hope;' but I had none. Strange to say, the good Crawford sewed him up, and the admiral's last letter from Hongkong states that spurrier hoped to return to his duty in a few days. What a long yarn I have spun you; but, as I began, the little affair came fresh to my memory, and I have filled no end of paper all about self. My own prospects for the future I cannot guess at, but, going on with self, I may be allowed to say to you, whom it is so sure to gratify, that the admiral speaks highly of my services in the late boat affair. Whether he overrates them or not is not my business, but I do think that they ought to insure my continued employment out here, even should I be on the flag list. There is a fleet out and coming sufficiently large for two admirals. I see the French have rewarded my services in the Crimea higher than our own Government has done.

"*July* 7.

"These Chinese rascals still give us enough to do. We are supposed not to interfere with the trade, so that hundred of vessels pass daily up and down the river, but piratical boats and all sorts of rascals get in among these traders, who quarrel and attack one another, so that it is difficult for us to distinguish the trader from the pirate. There are other long row-boats carrying sixty men each, and mounting guns, that are sent out by the mandarins to intercept the trade to Hongkong. Sunday was a calm, and many of these fellows were out. I sent a gun-boat in the evening. During the night she returned, bringing two fellows (traders), whom she caught fighting. Yesterday morning I sent the gun-boat and *Hongkong* again away; and, as I had the case of these traders to investigate, I did not go myself, but sent Sir Robert M'Clure, the captain of the *Esk*, with his boats. He chased a row-boat up one creek, while the *Hongkong*, our tender, went after another. The land was low, so that I could see their masts all day, and see and hear their firing. M'Clure, in his gig and with his launch, followed his chase up an inner creek, and on his suddenly coming on a war-junk they (the junk) opened fire and killed and wounded ten of his men in the launch. Of course, he attacked them again when his other boats came up, and captured boats, junk, and all; so here has been a small affair and I not in it, but these are our amusements.

"I really do not require your ladylike caution 'not to be rash.' It is a real fact that your suspected fire-eater retired from a position he had taken up, and brought his boats up a second time in regular order, when the cheers of our lads would have quelled the hearts of braver men than John Chinaman; but all this I shall hope to fight over again with you at home.

"We have a surgeon out here who served in the naval brigade in the Crimea. He says he never saw such frightful wounds as the Chinese shot appear to make. By the way I ought to record a delicate attention of the ladies of Macao. My commodore's broad pendant having been lost when my boat sunk, they have presented me with a new silk one, worked with their own fair hands. I hope some day to plant it on the walls of the Celestial city, where the 'braves,' as they call themselves, shall respect it. I will now, in conclusion, give you a copy of a letter to me, equally gratifying in its way. I am sure my dear friends at home will agree that it ought to be so:—

"'From Rear-Admiral Sir M. Seymour.

"'Sir,—I had the satisfaction of communicating yesterday to the squadron generally my high sense of the zeal and gallantry displayed by the officers and men in the decisive action against the Chinese war-junks in the Fatshan creek on the 1st inst., but I feel that it is further incumbent on me to express personally my admiration of the cool courage and good judgment with which you led the attack,—first, in the gunboats until they grounded, and afterwards in the ships' boat up the Fatshan branch, where, in the vicinity of the village of Fatshan, the severe struggle with the formidable line of heavy junks moored

across the river commenced, and the *Hongkong*, again aground, bore so conspicuous a part; also, your subsequent determined attack with the boats under your command, which finally dislodged the junk forces, and led to the ultimate success of the day. The fact that your galley was sunk under you, and that five out of six of her crew were killed or wounded, is the best proof that you maintained the post of honour throughout.

"'I sincerely congratulate you on your safety, and shall not fail to bring your services to the notice of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"'I have the honour, &c.,

"'M. Seymour,

"'Rear-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief.'"

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The promotions for this affair were as follow:—

Admiralty, *August* 10.

In consideration of the successful operations against mandarin junks up Escape Creek and the Sawshee Channel of the Canton River on the 25th and 27th of May, and also of the attack on the fort and junk fleet in Fatshan Creek on the 1st of June, as recorded in the *London Gazette* of the 1st instant, the following promotions have this day taken place:

To be Captains.

Commander Charles Codrington Forsyth.
Commander John Corbett.
Commander William Rae Rolland.
Commander Edward Winterton Turnour.

To be Commanders.

Lieutenant George Campbell Fowler.
Lieutenant Edward Frederic Dent.
Lieutenant William Lowley Staniforth.
Lieutenant Arthur Metivier Brock.
Lieutenant his Serene Highness Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

To be Acting Lieutenants.

(*To be confirmed on passing at the Royal Naval College.*)

The Hon. Albert Denison Somerville Denison.
Mr. Thomas Keith Hudson.
Mr. William St. John Sumner Hornby.
Mr. Henry Craven St. John.

To be Master, Mr. John Jones.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

Trial of Commodore Keppel for loss of the *Raleigh*—Honourable Acquittal—Visit to the Wounded of Fatshan—Preparations for Reception of Lord Elgin—List of Casualties at Escape Creek and Fatshan.

HONGKONG, *June* 9.

WHEN the admiral had returned to his anchorage a naval court-martial was held on board the *Sibylle* upon Commodore Keppel and his crew for the loss of the *Raleigh*. The report of the officer sent to survey the spot rendered this trial almost a matter of form. It was chiefly remarkable for a speech from the commodore, who appeared with his breast quite covered with orders and medals, and never alluded in any way to himself during the whole of his defence. The fact is that no great loss has been sustained in the *Raleigh*. For modern naval warfare, and especially in these seas, your old 50-gun sailing ships are useless. They are pleasant as marine residences, but for fighting you might as well arm your men with bows and arrows. The commodore received back his sword, and is left in command up the river.

To-day I visited the wounded men. All the severe cases are on board the *Hercules*. With the exception of two cases—one where the poor creature has the back of his head shot away, and lingers still with half a brain—the men are all doing well. The main deck of the *Hercules* might be envied as an hospital ward by the surgeons of Guy's or Bartholomew's. Many of the wounds are of the most frightful description. They are all caused either by cannon-shot or jagged pieces of iron. It is wonderful to find the men so cheerful under the pressure of such wounds. I heard no moan or sob all the time I was in the ship. Yet there was

one poor fellow who was even then having extracted from his shoulder small bits of a comrade's skull, which had been smashed and scattered in splinters by a round shot. I talked much to Jenkins, the seaman of Keppel's galley, whose life Prince Victor saved by timely twisting his handkerchief over the stump. Jenkins is a very intelligent fellow; he looks calmly at his stump—perhaps he thinks of England and Greenwich, and strikes a balance in his mind. Upon the whole I must report that up to this present time no wounded men could possibly be better cared for than those of this Chinese squadron.

In Hongkong we are now listening for the gun which will announce the arrival of the mail. It is a great inconvenience to every one here that it is so arranged by the authorities that one mail comes in either about twelve hours before the other goes out, or about twelve hours after it is gone, thus causing uncertainty and most precipitous haste in all matters mercantile. Why not arrange the arrivals and departures for alternate weeks? I dare say there is some stupid clerk in some inaccessible office who has some stupid reason for inflicting this annoyance upon us.

The merchants have at length resolved to make a demonstration upon the Chinese question. It appears singular that they have not done so before; but the politics of Hongkong are very intricate, and there were objections to all previous propositions. The Dents have now taken the matter in hand, and an address to Lord Elgin is in course of signature.

After the usual congratulations, the address proceeds thus:—

"We venture upon no opinion at present respecting the readjustment of our relations with the empire at large, though always prepared to hold our advice and experience at your lordship's command; but upon that branch of the question which we distinguish as the 'Canton difficulty' we would take this, the earliest opportunity, of recording our opinion—an opinion founded upon long, reluctant, and we may add traditional experience—that any compromise of it, or any sort of settlement which shall stop short of the complete humiliation of the Cantonese—which shall fail to teach them a wholesome respect for the obligations of their own government in its relations with independent powers, and a more hospitable reception of the foreigner who resorts to their shores for the peaceable purposes of trade, will only result in

further suffering to themselves and further disastrous interruptions to us.

"Many of us have already been heavy sufferers by the present difficulty. It must be apparent to your lordship that our best interests lie upon the side of peace, and upon the earliest solid peace that can be obtained. But, notwithstanding this, we would most earnestly deprecate any settlement of the question which should not have eliminated from it the very last element of future disorder."

This means, "You must take Canton, my lord, and negotiate at Pekin with Canton in your possession." Such is the opinion of every one here, from the highest to the lowest. Even those Chinese who live by gratifying English tastes, painting portraits of vessels for uxorious sea-captains, or selling puzzles, bamboo chairs, and grass-cloth handkerchiefs, are quite of the same opinion. They ask, "Why not that soljee man come catchee that city?"

I am obliged to close my despatch without any tidings of the mail. We are, of course, most anxious to know whether it brings Lord Elgin, and whether General Ashburnham comes down in her from Bengal. I hope to be able to subjoin in a postscript a list of killed and wounded, and Mr. Secretary Wade's report of the contents of the papers taken in the junks. These last, I understand, are rather curious than important.

*10th June*, 12 *o'clock.*

After we have closed our despatches, and while the *Aden* is getting her steam up for departure, the mail-boat *Singapore*, Captain Grainger, is announced to be entering the harbour. She brings General Ashburnham and his staff, who all appear to be in good health. They left Bombay on the same day that the news of the disasters in India reached that city by telegraph. Lord Elgin was at Singapore.

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*Return of Casualties in the Force engaged in the Capture and Destruction of Chinese War-Boats in Escape Creek, on the 25th of May.*

The *Hornet's* Pinnace.—Richard Warren, A.B., severely; Edward Roche, A.B., slightly.

*Casualties on the 27th of May at Toung-Kouan.*

The *Sibylle's* Boats.—Henry Mathews, private, R.M., seriously; Thomas M'Donald, A.B., severely; Richard Hannaford, private, R.M., slightly.

*Raleigh's* Boats.—Mr. A. Dupries, midshipman, severely; Mr. Pilkington, midshipman, slightly; William Trewin, A.B., dangerously; James Mansell, leading seamen, severely; Edward Pepper, A.B., severely; William Drew, leading seaman, severely; Luke Sharp, private R.M., severely; William Fogwell, A.B., slightly.

*Tribune's* Boats.—Lieut. Norman, bullet through right cheek; William Lampidge, A.B., bullet lodged in left cheek, dangerous; William Nelson, leading seaman, bullet wound, right shoulder; Benfield Howe, private, bullet wound, right hand; Edward Strickland, private, bullet wound, upper lip; Robert Groves, sail-mate, bullet wounds, left hand and leg; Thomas Clack, private, bullet wound, spine, dangerous; and Henry Halfyer, private, bullet wound, left thigh.

*Inflexible's* Boats.—Lieut. Bacon, slightly; Mr. Magrath, Assistant-Surgeon, slightly; William Yeo, boatswain's mate, severely; Colin Grant, A.B., severely; Thomas Farmer, A.B., slightly.

*Fury's* Boats.—James Carry, gunner's-mate, slightly; George Grogan, corporal R.M., severely; Charles O'Donnell, private, severely; William Keechee, A.B., severely; and James Gibson, leading seaman, severely.

Total wounded, 31.

*A Return of Casualties on Board Her Majesty's Gun-Boats and Boats of the Squadron, during the Operations in the Fatshan Creek on Monday, the 1st of June:—*

KILLED.

*Raleigh.*—Commodore's Galley.—Peter Tolhurst, captain of the forecastle. Launch.—Thomas Coleman, A.B., mortally wounded, since dead. Pinnace.—John Dart, A.B.; Simeon Bone, private Royal Marines.

*Nankin.*—John Smith, private Royal Marines, killed on board the *Hongkong.*

*Tribune* Barge.—Richard Harper, A.B. Pinnace.—Mr. H. Barker, midshipman, mortally wounded, since dead.

*Highflyer* Pinnace.—Mr. E. C. Bryan, master's assistant.

*Niger,* First Gig.—George Griffin, A.B., mortally wounded, since dead; Thomas Christian, sergeant Royal Marine Artillery, killed on board the *Plover* gunboat.

*Hornet,* Cutter.—Thomas Cronin, orderly.

*Fury,* Gig. — Major Kearney, deputy assistant-quartermaster-general, who, being on duty in the Canton River, gallantly volunteered his service in the boats.

*Plover* Gunboat.—Charles Mead, A.B., mortally wounded, since dead.

WOUNDED.

*Raleigh,* Commodore's Galley.—Alfred Jenkins, A.B., loss of left hand, severely; James Buckley, A.B., contusions from splinters, slightly; Edward Rowe, A.B., contusion of right shoulder by a

grapeshot, slightly. Pinnace.—J. S. Graham, lieutenant, contusion, slightly; William Seymour, A.B., flesh wound of left shoulder from fragment of a man's skull, severely; Mark Rideout, A.B., lacerated wound and contusion of shoulder by a round shot, severely; John Godding, A.B., contusion of shoulder by a grapeshot, severely; John Raffell, A.B., contusion of elbow, splinter, slightly. Launch.—George Sackett, A.B., penetrating grapeshot wound of right shoulder, severely; George Payne, A.B., contusion, slightly. First Cutter.—Joseph Hatherly, captain of foretop, grape wound, left shoulder, severely. Second Cutter.—Mr. E. Pilkington, midshipman, contusion, slightly.

*Hongkong* Tender.—Edward Braughton, leading seaman, gunshot wound of groin, dangerously.

*Calcutta.*—Launch.—J. Calister, orderly, right hand and leg contused by a round shot, slightly. First Pinnace.—Daniel Toomey, orderly, 2 C., contused wound of chest and knee by a round shot, severely; Michael Rourke, orderly, contused wound of left leg by a round shot, slightly. Second Pinnace.—William Green, orderly, extensive burn from a gunpowder explosion, severely. Landing Party, Royal Marines.—William Collins, private, ditto, severely; George Pope, private, contused wound of chest by a round shot, slightly.

*Sibylle.*—Commodore Elliott's Galley.—Mr. H. Hippesley, midshipman, spear wound, slightly. Launch.—Mr. B. Staunch, master's assistant, contusion of shoulder, slightly; Richard Light, captain of foretop, ditto, severely; John Smith, ditto, wound of head, slightly.

*Tribune.*—Pinnace.—Benjamin Sheldrake, leading seaman, grapeshot lodged in lung, dangerously; William Nelson, A.B., grape wound of wrist, with fracture, severely.

*Niger.*—First Gig.—The Hon. A. A. Cochrane, Captain, C.B., grapeshot contusion of arm, slightly; Mr. W. Potter, gunner, slightly. Second Gig.—Henry Searle, sailmaker's mate, slightly. Pinnace.—James Pearce, stoker, slightly; Alfred Durrant, orderly 26, slightly.

*Hornet.*—Pinnace.—Emanuel Buchanan, gunner's mate, grape wound of arm, dangerously; Thomas Anderson, A.B., wound of shoulder, severely; James Rively, A.B., wound of neck, dangerously; David Aitchison, leading seaman, wound of scalp, slightly; John Copping, bombardier, Royal Marine Artillery, wound of arm, slightly; Henry Wyatt, private Royal Marines, wound of neck, slightly.

*Elk.*—William Walker, boatswain's mate, gunshot wound in right lumbar region, slightly; H. Starkes, private Royal Marines, splinter wound in right thigh, slightly.

*Cruiser.*—Edward Mitchell, private Royal Marines, slightly.

*Haughty* Gun-boat.—Mark Patterson, A.B., wound of wrist, slightly.

## CHAPTER V.

### MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Diversion of the Chinese Expedition to India—Speculations as to Sufficiency of our present force—Conduct of Yeh—Difficulty of obtaining Information as to progress of Rebellion—Wang, the Chinese Admiral—Incidents of the War—Rumours from Home—Foolish Talk in England about the Poisoned Bread.

The intelligence from India has been the single topic of interest here since the arrival of the last mail. We are not speculating, as you probably are, how this spirit of disaffection, which seems to run along the ground and spring up like fires from naphtha wells, was first lit up. Nobody here asks whether we are to pay in blood and treasure for the freaks of a fanatic colonel, or whether the horror of the outbreak is due to the curious felicity which managed to outrage all Mohammedan and Hindoo prejudices by a single act, and unite the two races upon their only point of sympathy—a horror of pig. We selfish Hongkongians think only what effect the outbreak will have upon the Chinese war. The 5th and the 19th regiments are to be stopped at Singapore and to be diverted to Calcutta. If Lord Canning's distresses should be great, instructions have been left at Singapore to honour his draughts for troops to any extent. Meanwhile, our available land force for carrying on war with the Chinese empire consists of two generals, a very large body of officers, and about 1,000 men. For a dash we might undoubtedly take 500 marines from the ships, and from Macao fort, and borrow a couple of thousand blue jackets from the ships. These, with the aid of the vessels that can float within range of the city, and perhaps of the 400 sepoys in this town, would be quite enough to blow their way through Canton. But to seize the city and to hold it, and to be able to march forth and give battle to the

army which would certainly be brought together on the heights, are very different matters. Even with the brigade of marines that may now be soon expected from England, we shall not be strong enough for these purposes, according to all scientific military calculations. So rife is the conviction here, that nothing can be attempted for three months, that I had almost determined to go hence to Delhi, and investigate the state of things there on the spot. But sixteen days each way by sea, and 1,000 miles each way by dâk, render the step too hazardous. I should possibly spend £500, and three months' time, only to find that the mutiny was quelled before I reached Delhi, and that Canton had fallen, and the expedition had gone northwards before I returned to Hongkong.

Delay, however unavoidable, is most unfortunate for our interests. We want a peaceful country to trade with and a strong government to treat with. Yet every success short of actual occupation of the city only weakens the authority without breaking the obstinacy of the rulers. The rumours that reach us from the interior all say that the rebels are making head again, and that some common course of action has been established between bodies which had before acted independently of each other. I place no absolute faith in any statement of fact made by a Chinese about his own country. The merchants here have the most important pecuniary interests in obtaining information as to the movements of the rebels. Whether certain roads are open, and whether the produce of certain provinces can come down, are questions of money import. To them knowledge is dollars. But I have been told by the heads of the most enterprising houses that this information cannot be bought. They send out their spies, and the spies having passed their time at the nearest spot out of sight in drinking samshou, and sleeping in the shade, come back with most precise information—perhaps, for this has happened, with a document purporting to be a copy of the last memorial addressed by Yeh to the Emperor. Time, however, shows that all this is falsehood and forgery. It is falsehood and it is forgery, not because the spy could not get real information for money, but because he can invent for nothing.

I put no faith, therefore, in specific news from the interior. When I am told that envoys from the rebels have held interviews with the elders of all the villages and towns on their western line of march, and that a compact has been entered into that their advance shall be unresisted, that private property shall be spared, and that none but mandarins shall be massacred, I do not receive it, although coming from the best available authority, as reliable intelligence. But these rumours are so consistent with the natural sequence of effect from cause, that I believe they have some foundation in fact. The rebellion was quenched for a time in the blood of the 100,000 human creatures, who in the years 1855 and 1856 were put to death in the execution-ground of Canton. Subsequently more favoured criminals were turned into hovels built expressly for the purpose, and found there a knife, a fatal dose of opium, and a rope, and were told to spare their families the ignominy of a public execution by a voluntary death. But the west has again risen to protect the fugitives who come among among them with dollars in their pockets, and the east has found new proselytes to legitimacy and plunder. Meanwhile scarcity presses more or less heavily upon the whole population. In Canton the rich are flying, and the poor are starving. Even in Pekin (I speak on the authority of a memorial which the authorities allow to appear in the *Gazette*) a man's labour will hardly suffice to procure rice for his own belly, whereas formerly it would feed him and his family. While physical distress thus swells the ranks of the insurgents, Yeh remains impassible as ever. During the bombardment of Canton he was accustomed to retire within a grotto made of English cotton bales and smoke his pipe calmly while the shells were falling.* He preserves his usual habits. Howqua goes to him, and states the necessity for yielding; Yeh stares at him and says nothing. Howqua

* I think it right to say that I asked Yeh, when on board the *Inflexible*, if this report were true, and he emphatically denied it. The use of cotton bales for purposes of fortification, was, however, well understood by both parties. The public accounts show that large sums were paid to merchants by our own authorities for cotton thus used.

retires ; and some days after comes back with other Chinese merchants to beg that the trade may at least be opened with Macao, so that tea may go down and be exchanged for rice. Yeh still answers only by a silent stare. The Chinese now remember or invent a romantic history for their proconsul. They say that Yeh's first wife and all her kin were murdered by the Cantonese, and that in long past days he vowed to be revenged by the destruction of their city—a fiction by no means improbable so far as the murder is concerned, for the Cantonese would murder any one, but somewhat incompatible with the notorious fact that by his *vigorous* measures he preserved the city from being sacked by the rebels.

This state of things cannot long continue. One man, with a few hundreds of pirates and robbers, miscalled soldiers, cannot keep down a flourishing population of a million of people, especially when every one of that million has seen the fires and heard the explosions that told the destruction of the Imperial fleet. If we delay to take Canton, it is to be feared that the rebels will anticipate us. If this should happen, what are we to do? They are not much better affected to the "outer barbarians" than the mandarins are. We shall then have no one to fight with and no one to treat with. In driving out the rebels we shall only be doing the work of the Emperor, and our claims to compensation would be presented to an exhausted treasury. On the other hand, we ought to know more of Chinese politics than the best-informed among us yet know, before we undertake to guarantee the Tartar dynasty in return for commercial advantages. Since I have been in the colony every one has been not only willing, but even emulous, to enable me to inform the public at home. From the men who study the language with philological enthusiasm, and who speak to the Chinese in their own idiom, to the heads of those mercantile houses which, Janus-like, keep their European eyes for European markets, and look upon China only with the Chinese eyes of their brokers and compradors—all have given me every paper and every fact which they possess. I hope I have not been negligent in the use of opportunities ; but the result of all I hear and see is a settled conviction that at present we *know*

nothing—absolutely nothing—of the nature of those elements which are at work inside China. Crotchets and theories and confident statements are rife, both in conversation and in print; but they are all the offspring of vain imaginings, not sober deductions from facts. In this uncertainty we have only one obvious thing to do—to seize Canton and hold it against all comers. Masters of Canton, we can influence Fatshan, and make our power felt among the piratical population of the ninety-six villages that lie among the creeks of the Canton River. But we must occupy Canton at once if possible, before the French and Americans come to further complicate the situation: if not, then at the earliest moment that our chiefs think themselves equal to the task. I have no reason to say that timid councils will prevail here when the time arrives for action; but if such should be the case, it will be a grave national misfortune. Keppel ought to be recalled, or shut up, or kept out of the way, or put under very stringent orders, if any council of war should be concocting some scientific scheme for taking Canton *secundum artem*. That impatient commodore is capable of spoiling all their plans by making a dash at the place and carrying it in as many hours as they allow months for the task. But if it were a Sebastopol it must be taken, if we are determined to keep up any trade with China. The north is quiet, because the north has felt our power, and believes that Canton will be made to feel it, but for no other reason.

The Edinburgh Reviewer, who discusses the China question in the number of that review just received, is wrong in many matters, — in all that he writes of Hongkong ludicrously wrong;* but he is undoubtedly right when he

* I am by no means prepared to become the advocate of Hongkong as the English commercial station, but surely, after making all fair allowance for the very natural and honest prejudices of this reviewer, it is absurd to speak of this great city and crowded harbour as "a harbour for outlaws and smugglers,"—a city which contains 60,000 inhabitants, before which shipping to the amount of 800,000 tons cast anchor, and which, so long as we have no other possession, must be the bonding warehouse of all our exports to China. While I am speaking of this article I must add, that it is not fair in a public writer, in discussing the question of the opium trade, to ignore these important and notorious facts:—that opium is most extensively grown in China, at a

affirms that "The people in and around Canton now confidently believe that although we beat the regular soldiers during the war, their own volunteer corps could expel us from the country." I have heard the Chinese merchants say that at Macao, almost in the same words,—"Inglishmen too much brave in devilship, but no too much large heart catchee that city."

Some doubt was expressed as to whether we really had the great Wang himself for an adversary at Fatshan. This is now abundantly cleared up, for among the documents brought to the admiral some days after the battle was an ornamental paper carefully incased in a double pewter envelope. Upon being spread before the all-expounding Mr. Wade, he at once read it off as Wang's commission. It is a curious document, but too long for me to copy.

Poor Wang! All our officers pity him as a foeman worthy of their steel. He once went into action against some pirates on the paddle-box of an English steamer, and then wrote a letter to say that he had received some aid from the barbarians. He is lurking somewhere in close concealment, for Yeh is said to have declared that he will decapitate him directly he can lay hands upon him.*

Our sailors are just like big schoolboys. The Chinese tie ribands round their cannon, and Jack, when he boarded the junks, usually untied this ornament and transferred it to his own gun in the bows of his boom-boat. As Lieutenant Hallowes was steering his boat back from Fatshan, he had to pass between two junks already blazing, and with guns pointed across the boat's course. "Give way, men," he said, expecting that the junks would go up or the guns go off before he could get clear; but his crew, although they had good store of flags, had forgotten the ribands.

price very far below that which is paid for the Indian opium; that it is smoked openly by mandarins at the court and by judges on the bench, and that not one word appears in any public document against the traffic since the course of exchange has turned in favour of the Chinese, and this drug is paid for in silk and teas instead of in silver. I am no more an advocate for opium smuggling than I am for undue preferences for Hongkong, but I am a strenuous advocate for giving the public the whole truth so far as we can obtain it.

* Wang was afterwards killed in an action with the Chinese rebels.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the coxswain, speaking for the rest, "we've got no ribands on the gun; mightn't we just go and take away them things?" To their great chagrin, the officer did not think it quite consistent with his duty to get his men blown up for such an object.

Some men were left all night in charge of the fort, and as they had little to eat and nothing to drink, it was difficult to make a jolly night of it. They hit upon the expedient of collecting all the gingals and Chinese spear-rockets together, lighting a fire under them, and sitting in a half-circle. As the gingals from time to time heated, and the flames reached the rockets, they exploded; so the garrison of the fort had excitement and fireworks half the night through.

The naval exploits have, of course, been upon a smaller scale since the 1st of June. The *Samson*, however, managed to secure five pirate junks which had sent detachments on shore to plunder a village. On the approach of the *Samson's* boats the pirates, as usual, fired their guns and jumped overboard; but the villagers, meanwhile, had turned out to see the fight, and as the pirates landed they were all knocked on the head with bamboo poles. Captain Corbett, also, in the *Inflexible*, got hold of a pirate—a notorious scourge.

Ten junks laden with rice were sailing gaily up the river to Canton, when it was intimated to the commodore that they had very much the cut of mandarin junks. They were accordingly detained. Great was the indignation of the Chinese of Hongkong. They were declared to be Hongkong property. Innocent traders were being ruined! There ought, at least, to have been some notice of a blockade. "Why for you no send chit?" Orders were sent to release them; but Keppel, who is tenacious in his opinions, was not quite satisfied. He ordered some of the rice-bags to be brought on deck, and when this was done, the junks were found to have each a fair cargo of guns, soldiers' jackets, and other warlike stores—including, it is said, several cases of revolvers.

Such are the little incidents of the war which Queen Victoria is waging against Mr. Commissioner Yeh.

Meanwhile the screw steam-corvette *Esk* has arrived from

Panama, and the *Pearl* has also come in. The *Phlegethon*, French steamer of war, brings us news that the *Shannon* arrived at Singapore on the 11th, and was there when she left ; but you will probably have later news from Singapore than I can send you.

The *Encounter* and the *Saracen* are gone to Siam ; the former to take the Siamese Embassy to Suez, and thence to proceed home. The wreck of the *Raleigh* is advertised to be sold by auction on the 29th inst.

Apart from the Indian intelligence, the news from England brought by the mail on the 10th was that the instructions from England were to occupy Formosa ; that some comfortable twaddle had found out that Alum's bread was not poisoned ; and that the Americans have resolved to let us fight, while they manage all the trade during our operations, and participate in all the results of our success. The statement as to Formosa I shall not believe until I hear it upon very certain authority. As to the Alum bread, there is some of it in England, and several loaves of it are here. If the individual who, at a safe distance, talks so sceptically upon this matter, will eat half a pound of this bread, it will terminate all discussion, and set the question at rest in a most satisfactory manner.

Mr. Tarrant, of this city, has revived the subject by bringing an action against Alum for selling unwholesome bread. On Monday the case came on for trial. The Attorney-General, abandoning all suggestion of guilty knowledge in the defendant, rested his case upon the common-law obligation cast upon a baker to sell only bread fit for the food of man. The presence of arsenic was fully proved, and the jury returned a verdict for 1,010 dollars. The point of law is of course reserved.*

* This was decided in Mr. Tarrant's favour ; but I never heard whether he got the money.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IMPRESSIONS OF HONGKONG.

Want of Telegraphic Communication—Victoria City—Compradors—Extortion of Chinese Mandarins from British Subjects—Canton English—Climate of Hongkong—Sanitary Condition of its Inhabitants—Flora and Fauna—Social Qualities of the English Residents—Rumour of Abdication of the Chinese Emperor.

HONGKONG, *June* 23.

HAVING no great quantity of news to communicate, I take the advantage of the leisure to gossip a little about this island of Hongkong and the city of Victoria. And, first, let me ask,—Why is it that we are so far from home? Why is it that our rulers are yet in ignorance of the critical condition of our Indian empire? Why have we 9,000 miles between England and her Eastern dominions untraversed by a telegraph? I was much struck in Algeria by the wonderful network of wires whereby the French have connected all their military posts in Africa, and by the care with which they improved and preserved, and the vast advantages they derived from, their facilities of communication. If the telegraph across the Mediterranean is not completed, it has at least been commenced. Yet here we have a possession upon which the eyes of the mother country are fixed—for trifling with the safety of which a House of Commons was dissolved—which is one of the greatest tributaries to the river of our national wealth—which must always be the pivot of great operations in war or commerce, and not an effort is made to bring it within hail of England. The French cannot colonize, but they can govern. Had they our Eastern empire, Aden, Bengal, Calcutta, and even Hongkong, would by this time have been brought within five minutes of the Louvre. This is one of those few essentials wherein economy is fatuity, and money is no measure of value. A great mind would

not hesitate to bind together every one of those military posts which form the stepping-stones by which we Englishmen pass from dominion to dominion round the world; a mind of very moderate enterprise might contemplate the immediate laying down of wires to connect England with Alexandria, and Alexandria with Aden. Yet our folks at home are hesitating and chattering—chattering about unimportant sums, favouring impossible schemes for carrying wires across wild countries and through untamed tribes, when they ought to be bending their energies to do the work. You will be sending troops to India when the danger no longer exists, or when the aid given is no longer equal to the increased necessity. You will be sending fleets and armies from England to China after peace has been concluded. In matters of government, nothing is so expensive as ignorance. The money thus wasted would make your telegraph a dozen times over.

Let me chronicle some of my first impressions of British China before the surprise has worn away. The first great astonishment to a man who recollects Sir Francis Maitland's report, that there was anchorage for ships and room on the island for one house, is to find many merchant-princes living in many gorgeous palaces, a city two miles long, every article of home luxury except a bracing breeze, and fleets which could feed a principality and conquer an empire. When he has realized this fact, his next idea is what an utterly helpless creature he is in the midst of all this newly created greatness. However kind and self-denying the friend to whom you are committed may be, you soon find out that he knows no more the means of obtaining creature comforts than you do. Every resident, be he married or single, has his "major domo," his "comprador," a long-tailed, sleek Chinaman, who is his general agent, keeps his money, pays his bills, does all his marketing, hires his servants, and stands security for their honesty, and of course cheats him unmercifully. The advantage is, that he does not allow any one else to cheat him.

The comprador is the link between the barbarian Englishman and the civilized world of China. The Englishman knows very little of China beyond what the comprador

chooses to tell him, and the comprador chooses to tell him nothing worth knowing. Of course your comprador is a rich man. He is worth from 5,000 dollars to 40,000 dollars. There are two here who are reputed to be worth 100,000 dollars. One of these was "squeezed" (this is the term used) to the extent of 10,000 dollars by the mandarins, in order to pay the expenses of the present war. Thus, as we found the cannon on board the junks primed with the best Dartford powder, so we see that Yeh pays his braves with English plunder quietly accumulated in Hongkong. The process is this,—the mandarins seize the father, mother, sisters, and brothers of the juicy comprador, and submit them to a course of slow torture until the squeeze has had its due effect. By this highly effective mode the mandarins keep all the Chinese in Hongkong under their control, and draw large sums from the colony. When we come to settle with them, we ought to insist on all this money being repaid; we ought to naturalize the Chinamen who live in our Chinese dominions; and we ought to make extortion from them an offence to be provided for by treaty. Unless you protect these people, you cannot expect them to look upon you as their masters.*

The elegant Greek slave imposed his language and his modes of thought upon his barbarous Roman master; our civilized Chinese attendants have communicated to us outer barbarians the syntax of the Chinese tongue. They have made for us a new English language, wherein sounds once familiar to us as English words startle us by new significations. According to the canons of criticism they have well done,—

> "Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum,
> Reddiderit junctura novum."

Horace must have stolen his *ars poetica* from Confucius.

My friend introduced me to his comprador thus:

"You see gentleman,—you tawkee one piecey coolie one piecey boy—larnt pigeon, you savey, no number one foolo—you make see this gentleman—you make him house pigeon."

* I would ask attention to these observations. Their necessity and their importance have by no means passed away.

This was said with great rapidity, and in my innocence I believed that my friend was speaking Chinese fluently. He was only talking "Canton English." Translated into the vernacular it would stand,—

"You see this gentleman,—you must engage for him a coolie and a boy—people who understand their business, you know, not stupid fellows; you will bring them to him, and then manage to get him a lodging and furnish it."

To whom the polite comprador, *leniter atterens caudam*, replied,—

"Hab got. I catchee one piecey coolie, catchee one piecey boy. House pigeon number one dearo, no hab got. Soger man hab catchee house pigeon."

"Must got."

"Heuigh."

The basis of this "Canton English," which is a tongue and a literature, consists of turning the "r" into the "l," adding final vowels to every word, and a constant use of "savey" for "know," "talkee" for "speak," "piecey" for piece," "number one" for "first class," but especially and above all the continual employment of the word "pigeon." Pigeon means business in the most extended sense of the word. "Heaven pigeon hab got" means that church service has commenced; "Jos pigeon" means the Bhuddist ceremonial; "Any pigeon Canton?" means "Have any operations taken place at Canton?" "That no boy pigeon, that coolie pigeon," is the form of your servant's remonstrance if you ask him to fill your bath or take a letter. It also means profit, advantage, or speculation. "Him Wang too much foolo, him no savey, vely good pigeon hab got," was the commentary of the Chinese pilot upon the Fatshan Creek business.

Until you can not only speak this language fluently, but also, which is far more difficult, understand it when spoken rapidly in a low monotonous voice, all communication with your servants is impossible.

The second morning after I had been installed in my dwelling my new "boy" Ah Lin, who sleeps on a mat outside my door, and whom I suspect to live principally

upon successful rat-hunts,* for he knocks down about three per diem with a bamboo pole as they run about the room—this Ah Lin, drawing up my musquito curtains, presenting me with the six-o'clock cup of tea, and staring at me with his little round eyes, gravely remarked, "Missa Smith one small piecey cow child hab got." It was a long time before I comprehended that, it being part of a "boy's" duty to inform his master of the social events of the colony, he wished to give me to understand that Mrs. Smith had presented her husband with a daughter.

It makes a bachelor laugh, perhaps it would make an exiled family-man almost cry, to hear this grotesque caricature of the language of the nursery.

The climate of Hongkong has not presented itself to me with a pleasant aspect. The city of Victoria is on the wrong side of the sugar-loaf. That Victoria Peak shuts out the south-west monsoon which blows in grateful breezes upon the southern coast; the heat, therefore, is a stagnant, up and down, fierce, often reflected heat—a heat there is no escaping—which finds you out in your hiding-place in a shady verandah, and shoots across from the white face of the opposite house, or up from the surface of the white road, or down at an obtuse angle from the dark cliff of decomposing granite. We new arrivals are told that it is nothing to what it will be in August; but as every European body is already covered with a red rash descriptively called the "prickly heat," reputed to be wholesome and felt to be intolerable, we agree that it is impossible that a handful of extra degrees of Fahrenheit can make much difference.

These are our hot days; but the climate is not without the charm of variety. Sometimes we wake in the morning to the sound of rushing waters. There is a cascade in the sky. As much water falls in four hours as would make wet weather in England for a month. Then out comes the sun, and the city is one hot vapour-bath. Everything is permeated by the steam, and your clothes mildew as you sit still and groan. Towards evening you take advantage of a

* Erroneous first impressions. Ah Lin would scorn such food.

lull and go out to dinner, borne like a Guy Fawkes upon a bamboo chair, with two coolies staggering and gasping under your John-Bullish ponderosity. You find every one assembled, in white jackets and white trousers, in a large suite of rooms containing twenty open windows and twenty open doors. Suddenly the skies open and the deluge descends, the accompanying tempest sweeps fiercely through every aperture, the doors slam and the verandah-blinds clash, rheumatisms and agues riot boisterously about; while in mockery of the windy turmoil the coolie, who has crouched in one corner of the room absorbed in the ecstasies of an opium-dream, continues to pull his ordinary gentle pull at the madly swaying punkah. Then you ask those white-clad *convives* how they can face such a douche bath of draughts in such feeble clothing, and they confess the horrible hypocrisy of the Hongkong toilet. Underneath those thin white garments every one of them, except the inexperienced recorder of these first impressions, is clad from throat to toe in an undercovering of thick flannel. They promise us four months of beautiful winter weather, mildly bracing as an English spring. You might as well thus try to console the ice palace that was built upon the Neva. Before these winter months come we shall be racked with rheumatisms and expanded with furnace heats. Yet Hongkong is very healthy. Scarcely any English die here. True; but there is an enormous consumption of quinine and blue pill, and when these lose their effect, most Englishmen take a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. It is a mere question, then, of a preposition, whether they are to be carried off *from* or *on* the island.

With such weather we must not wonder that dysentery and diarrhœa, and ague are rather prevalent among the seamen and marines who are in the ships and in the fort up the river; or that the marines who, on the 1st of June, passed many hours in the paddy-fields up to their waists in stagnant water, contribute largely to the sick-list; nor am I astonished to hear that the large military hospital upon this island has rather more than its average number of occupants. On the other hand, we must acknowledge that all the diseases in this climate are below the waist. We

never hear that hacking cough which runs like the fire of an awkward squad through the congregation of an English church. I brought out a model of this truly British pest with me, but left it behind in the Mediterranean.

I cannot report very favourably of the "fauna," or the "flora" of the island. Ornamental trees grow very well when planted and nurtured, and some flowers may be culled in a distant nook called the "Happy Valley," a spot hard bordering upon a wretched village and a squalid population; but the natural vegetation seems to be a coarse moss, eaten by no quadruped. At any rate, I never saw any four-footed thing grazing upon that green mountain, which rises in full aspect of my window, and upon which, as the rains commence, I can see the torrents form. Sometimes there is a buffalo seen on the island, but he is usually on his way to the slaughter-house. A cow I never saw; yet there is milk. But that milk is used by few and shuddered at by many. Whence it comes is the darkest mystery of Hongkong economics. The only *quadruped* that could be supposed to produce it is the pig—for pigs do exist in the island; but it is whispered as a caution, and with oblique glance at the milk-jug, that the Chinese matron herself—but enough; very few people take milk except that which is sent out in tins. The horse exists in a high state of domesticity. As in Attica, so in Hongkong, there is small footing and little forage for horses. In both localities the animal was useless and expensive, and greatly in vogue. Strepsiades, at Hongkong, dreams as constantly of horses as did Phidippides at Athens. A badly bred Arab, worth £20 at Algiers, and £10 at Tattersall's, is worth £250 at Victoria. There is a racecourse round which he will run once a year, and there are two miles of tolerable road along which he may be ridden daily by a long-booted and hunting-whip-bearing proprietor, not scorning *exiguis equitare campis*. The buffalo and the horse, therefore, exist in a highly artificial condition upon this island; but I could not afford to exclude them from my notice of animated nature in Hongkong, seeing that the materials for observation on that subject are so very limited. In recompense for the small interest which the island can afford to the equine, bovine,

and ovine genera, it is pleasant to be able to testity that the entomologist and the man curious in reptilia may find constant amusement. The winged cockroach is so finely developed, and so rich in fecundity, that specimens may be seen at all times, and in the most handsome drawing-rooms, crawling over the floors and tables by day, in size like mice, and banging against the lamp glasses at night, in size like birds. The spiders are so colossal that you wonder how they can have fed themselves to such a size, and yet left so many flies undevoured. The mosquitoes are so clever in insinuating themselves through your fortress of gauze, and they so keenly cut slices out of your fleshy parts, that you hail the dawn of day with the sensations of an Abyssinian ox. The serpent tribe find the island favourable to their growth, for it was only a short time since that a Regulus, in the uniform of a British colonel, was brought to a stand by a cobra five feet long—"*serpens portentosæ magnitudinis.*" He was destroyed, happily, without any loss on the side of the British. The victory was rendered to an ungrateful country, for the last mail brings intelligence that the field allowance is stopped. The officers see their dollars pass in this dear colony as shillings, and they gently complain that it is "hard lines." I confess I think so too. It is a small economy at best. I have already spoken of the fatness and fertility of the Hongkong rats. When Minutius, the dictator, was swearing Flaminius in as his master of the horse, we are told by Plutarch that a rat chanced to squeak, and the superstitious people compelled both officers to resign their posts. Office would be held under great uncertainty in Hongkong if a similar superstition prevailed. Sir John Bowring has just been swearing in General Ashburnham as member of the Colonial Council, and if the rats were silent they showed unusual modesty. They have forced themselves, however, into a state paper. Two hundred rats are destroyed every night in the gaol. Each morning the Chinese prisoners see with tearful eyes and watering mouths a pile of these delicacies cast out in waste. It is as if Christian prisoners were to see scores of white sucking-pigs tossed forth to the dogs by Mahomedan gaolers. At last they could refrain no longer. Daring the punish-

ment of tail-cutting, which follows any infraction of prison-discipline, they first attempted to abstract the delicacies. Foiled in this, they took the more manly course. They indicted a petition in good Chinese, proving from Confucius that it is sinful to cast away the food of man, and praying that the meat might be handed over to them to cook and eat. This is a fact, and if General Thompson doubts it, I recommend him to move for a copy of the correspondence.

I may not, however, close this gossiping column of first impressions without saying that, despite the difficulties of climate and of space, the Europeans in Hongkong do not seem very unhappy. Colonial politics interpose their difficulties as colonial politics always will; but, these apart, I know no place where social intercourse is more frank and cordial. The common tie of civilization is a common bond of brotherhood.

*June 24th*, 1 P.M.

The *Singapore* starts for England in an hour. The mail from England has not arrived. We hear that the *Shannon* was to leave Singapore on the 17th; but as she has not come in, Lord Elgin may possibly have remained for further communication with Lord Canning. There is a rumour prevalent among the Chinese—although, as they say, "no man can talkee true"—that the Emperor of China, terrified by the insurrectionary movements and the sufferings of his people from scarcity in the north, had abandoned his throne.* I believe this rumour to be altogether unfounded. We have here the *Pekin Gazette* up to the 18th of May, at which time the announcements show that the court routine was uninterrupted. We have the rumour from Shanghai, and I think it must be older than the date of our last *Gazette*. The Chinese are constantly putting false reports in circulation.

* This piece of news was current in all the China newspapers; but turned out, as I anticipated, to be quite without foundation.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HONGKONG AND MACAO.

Arrival of Lord Elgin—Sanitary State of Hongkong—Insecurity of its Waters—Eli Boggs, the Pirate—Necessity for Disarming the Junks—Macao — The Wreck of the *Raleigh* — Killing Time at Victoria—Lord Elgin's Intended Journey to the North—Remarks upon the Policy of such a Proceeding—Indian Troops for China—Strategic Capabilities of Canton — Canton *must* be Captured—Lord Elgin's Answer to the Merchants' Address.

HONGKONG, *July* 8.

LORD ELGIN has arrived.

It was quite time that something should happen to break the dreary monotony of existence here. The last mail did not arrive, and we have only just learnt that the *Erin* steamer was wrecked. The *Shannon*, which brought Lord Elgin, brought us no news of any description, except that the *Simoom* was gone on to Calcutta with the troops from the Mauritius.

The sickly season is doing its work. Of the 600 men who now form the strength of the 59th, there are 150 in hospital.* The proportion is still greater among the blue-

* This regiment has been at Hongkong for eight years, and there are not ten men of those who originally landed now left. The climate, the samshoo, and other causes which I can only glance at, have melted all its strength away, and it is quite wonderful that it was able to behave so well at the capture of Canton. I was told, although the statement seems quite incredible, that upwards of 2,000 men have been buried or sent home permanently invalided since the 59th have been at Hongkong, and that the drafts for this regiment have spoilt two battalions. The expenditure of the flower of our English manhood in such stations as this, and the possibility of mitigating the evil by a judicious and more rapid cycle round all our foreign possessions, form a subject far too large to be discussed in a foot-note ; but I am convinced, by very careful investigation, that no efforts of a commanding officer can keep a European regiment permanently stationed at Hongkong in a state of military efficiency.

jackets and marines up the river. Happily, however, the Hongkong fever has not reappeared in its old terrible malignity. Although fever, dysentery, diarrhœa, and ague are rife, deaths are not numerous. There is plenty of hospital-room, and the surgeons can hold every case well in hand. Precautions also are multiplied with a praiseworthy minuteness. Every sentry has sherry and bitters given him to fortify his stomach against the night miasma; the ships are alternately moved down to the healthy islands at the Bogue; and the expulsion of our old friend, the Mandarin of Chuenpee, was because his fort was wanted for sanitary purposes.

The few officers and civilians who are daring enough to go out in the sun, try to escape from themselves by a voyage round the island, or a trip to Macao. I have accomplished both these achievements. The voyage round the island was performed in a private pleasure-steamer, and, notwithstanding the presence of a well-filled refrigerator, was the hottest thing I ever did in my life. Stanley, at the back of the island, is a native village and an English barrack. It stands upon a pretty isthmus, with the Chinese Sea breathing its south-west monsoon into its face, and a tranquil, landlocked bay rippling against its feet. They say that bay is not large enough or deep enough for the fleet of merchantmen the China trade employs. It is now used as a bathing-place for the troops, as the shelter of small fishing-craft, and as a resource of very hungry pirates, who at night or early dawn have sometimes dashed into the bay and attempted to carry off fishing-boats under the eyes of the garrison. It is a voyage of forty miles round this little island.

It is scarcely more to Macao, and, although the fate of the *Thistle* and the *Queen* has rendered the perils of that passage more notorious, I doubt whether there are more pirates lurking in the archipelago between Victoria and Macao than in the islets at the back of Hongkong. While we gaily steamed along in our little toy steamer several times did some vicious-looking junks stand down towards us, their large mat-sails looking like the wings of a bird of prey, and heavy cannon frowning mischief from their deck. But they always stood off again when they found

we were a party of eight Englishmen, with revolvers in our belts and rifles lying close at hand. We grow used to precautions in this land. Some days since, I went to dinner at a house high up on the hill, and, expressing some surprise at seeing all the guests solemnly depositing their revolvers as they entered, was told that a few weeks since a headless trunk was found in the ditch that passes by the wall of the garden. Seven days ago Mr. Chisholm Anstey, her Majesty's Attorney-General, was at Macao upon some professional business, and, going out to enjoy a swim before breakfast, took his comprador with him to guard his clothes. Coming back to the city, the comprador, who was a native of that neighbourhood, remarked that six fellows, of whose antecedents he had some knowledge, had posted themselves three on each side of a narrow place which he and his master must pass. This fact being communicated to her Majesty's law officer, he drew his revolver and walked up to affront the danger. The scoundrels retired precipitately, but with many imprecations upon their countryman, the comprador. But ah, Chung, and Ching, and Wang, and Lin, had you but known how rusty and unserviceable that pistol was, you would have come on boldly with your fifteen-foot spears; the bag of dollars would have been yours. Why so faint-hearted—

> "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?"

That head was worth 500 dollars to you and Yeh.

The passage-boats to Macao are little armouries. There are cannon upon deck and revolvers in every belt. But so it was on board the *Queen* when the cannon was turned round and fired into the cabin upon the passengers absorbed in tiffin. Further precautions, however, are now taken. In the *Fei Ma* the Chinese passengers are put down into the hold, twelve feet deep, and the ladder is taken away. A sailor keeps guard over them with a drawn cutlass. One of the Yankee ships has an iron cage on deck, into which the Chinese passengers are invited to walk, and are then locked up. The Peninsular and Oriental boat has a better but more costly precaution; she carries no Chinese passengers.

Easy, cosy people at home, who fear nothing but the gout or an easterly wind, may laugh, or may even, perhaps, be very indignant, at these precautions. But two boats out of five have been already taken, and the passengers put to death. Death at the hands of those simple sons of civilization is not an easy transit. The *Bustard* gunboat only a few days since, on taking a pirate, found two men nailed to planks, each with a stink-pot tied round his neck and slow matches burning. By what torments the prisoners taken in the *Queen* perished we do not know. She was carried up to that very Fatshan creek where the battle of the 1st of June took place. Pieces of machinery, marked by fire, were seen on a point near the fort; some revolvers were found in one of the junks; and Captain Corbett obtained a Portuguese flag from a mandarin boat which afterwards blew up. These circumstances do not absolutely prove, but they strongly suggest, that some scene of horrors was enacted in this spot, and that the fleet we destroyed were spectators of the tortures. Every man in that fleet has been a pirate, and there would be no lack of proficients in the art of producing agony.

While I am upon this subject of piracy, let me mention that an American, named Eli Boggs, was tried at Hongkong on Wednesday last for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was like the hero of a sentimental novel; as he stood in the dock, bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy. It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip; large lustrous eyes; a mouth the smile of which might woo coy maiden; affluent black hair, not carelessly parted; hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia: such was the Hongkong pirate, Eli Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his defence, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy, wherein a Chinese bumboat proprietor* and a

* There can be no doubt of the guilt of Eli Boggs; but this bum-

sub-official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast) were the chief conspirators. The defence was, of course, false. It had been proved that he had boarded a junk, and destroyed by cannon, pistol, and sword, fifteen men; and that, having forced all the rest overboard, he had fired at one of the victims, who had clutched a rope and held on astern. No witness, however, could prove that he saw a man die from a blow or a shot struck or fired by the pirate. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences, acquitted him of the murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to be transported for life.

I record this trial, not because this young ruffian is a dandy as well as a cut-throat, but because the subject of piracy is of great importance while dealing with this country, and must form an article of our new treaty. Where I now write there are 200 junks lying in the harbour before me, and every one of them is armed with at least two heavy guns—some have twelve. Probably one quarter of these are pirates, who live principally by piracy, and adopt the coasting trade only as a cover to their real profession; at least one other quarter are not proof against temptation and a weak victim. It requires great charity or credulity to believe that all the junks that compose the other half are honest traders. The opinion here is that an armed Chinese junk is always a pirate when opportunity offers.

This state of things cannot be tolerated. Every one of these vessels must be disarmed, and some arrangement must be made whereby the cruisers of the Chinese government shall be distinguishable by, and be made to act in concert with, the cruisers of the European Powers. Every country is bound to protect its coasts.

But we were on our way to Macao.

Although approached through four miles of shallow and turbid water, Macao looks well from the sea. A semicircle

boat proprietor was undoubtedly a Jonathan Wild. His wealth and the clannish secrecy of the Chinese enabled him to evade justice for a long time; but he was at length convicted, and is, I believe, now working in chains upon the roads of the island.

of large white houses glitters in the sunshine. Right and left two hills, crowned with forts and covered with foliage, protect either horn of the crescent; while from the dense city behind domes and cathedral-towers rise. But it is the appearance of a past greatness. If we except the houses of the Praja, "*Fuit*" is written upon every wall. This dwindling, dying city, has recently, however, shown some signs of life. There are sixty vessels in the harbour; the rice for famishing Canton comes this way. Some of the Cantonese merchants have established themselves here, and every one of our commercial magnates of Hongkong has a bungalow within the protection of the Portuguese guard.

Round a point, about four miles away, lies the *Raleigh*, sunk now to her upper deck. The *Nankin* has succeeded in getting the masts out of her. In her yellow paint and her dismasted state, she looks like one of the hulls at Sheerness. They have offered her for sale, but the sum bid for her (5,200 dollars) was not worth the risk of keeping a ship of war upon an unsafe station at the typhoon season, and this precaution would be necessary to protect the purchaser. The present idea is to blow her up.

Macao is open to the sea-breeze, which Victoria is not. Macao possesses the grave of Camoens, which may be an important fact to some people. But I agree with the American poet, who has pencilled upon the tomb,—

> "I can't admire great Camoens with ease,
> Because I can't speak Portuguese."

Macao also has shady gardens and pleasant walks and rides, and is the only place where the poor Hongkongian can go to change his atmosphere.

There is a mandarin in the neighbourhood of this place who ought to be made to feel that England has a long arm. He has organized a system of coercion upon the Chinese of Hongkong. He keeps regular returns of their names and their gains, and he levies taxes upon them. Once he has withdrawn them altogether. He works upon them by means of their relations, many of whom reside in his district.

When something of the same sort was done by the man-

darin at Cowloon, Sir John Bowring sent a boat's crew and brought him to Hongkong, where he read him a long lecture and sent him back to behave better. This experiment ought to be repeated. If we cannot protect these people, they will not respect us.

Such, up to the 2nd of this month, were our resources in the absence of news from England, and in our ignorance of the wreck of the *Erin*. With these rare exceptions, we sit in a half-torpid state upon our verandahs, or, if we have none, then on the club verandah, and wait till the sun goes down and the notables of the place come forth for their half-hour's exercise. The booming of guns gives token that General Ashburnham is exchanging civilities with the French and American navies. General Garrett appears on his Penang pony—strong-nerved old man, who alone, of all the new comers, has affronted the first burst of the climate without suffering a day's illness, who tells of Peninsular sieges and Crimean battles just as an iron column would record them; their dates are written in lines upon its front, but it is tough and unworn as when first set up. Colonels Pakenham and Wetherall are walking together in very good preservation, and doubtless think this Chinese affair a very small matter after the battles before Sebastopol. Colonel Lugard is meditating deep things about mysteries which I attempt not to fathom; for Colonel Lugard is the head of the Engineers. I wish he would think it necessary for some military purpose to drive a tunnel through this Victoria mountain and let in the south-west monsoon.* Major Macdonald, who so promptly put Balaklava to rights, has been at his desk all day, and is stretching right away for a rapid walk. There are others whose names are scarcely less known to despatches, but *quos nunc perscribere longum est.* The ladies of the colony are coming forth sparingly, in palanquins or in pony-chairs, and some of the residents are dashing by in light four-wheeled match carts, as though they could not get quick enough over their two miles of

* A more practicable thing would be to take possession of the opposite peninsula of Cowloon. It is quite incomprehensible that this has not been done. If any other Powers should do so,—and what is to prevent them?—the harbour of Hongkong is lost to us.

ground. The portico of the club has its groups of lookers-on, and in the hall there is a little crowd surrounding the ice-pails—for ices at Hong-Kong must be eaten between six and seven o'clock, or not at all.

Suddenly from the mouth of the harbour comes the sound of guns. We have scarcely applied ourselves to count them when the *Calcutta* opens in reply, fires nineteen times in measured succession ; then, after a pause, seven more. There can be doubt any longer—the great man has arrived. The sun is down and the weather is changed, the wind whistles and the rain descends ; but most of us wait to catch a glimpse of the topmasts of the *Shannon* as she steams steadily into port and comes to anchor alongside of the flagship.

Lord Elgin has arrived in perfect health. Two days were given to receptions on board. On the third he landed, under salute from all the ships and from the fort, and the troops* were turned out, and there was a gala day, and Sir John Bowring conducted him through a line of soldiers to Government House, where he now remains a guest, and where dinner-parties, levées, and addresses are the order of the day.

We have, therefore, a plenipotentiary whom all parties hope and believe to be the man for the occasion ; and we have leaders who, if ordered to do so, would take 10,000 men through China from the Yellow Sea to the Himalaya, but we have not got the 10,000 men.

It was very evident that Lord Elgin's position will not allow him to remain idle in Hongkong, and no one was surprised when the rumour spread that he was going northward. The favourite theory is that he is going to Japan, and it is not impossible that we may see the coasts of that mysterious island. The course really resolved upon, however, is this :—A few days after this mail has been despatched, the *Calcutta*, the *Shannon*, the *Pearl*, the *Inflexible*, the *Hornet*, and two gun-boats will proceed northwards, to rendezvous at Shanghai, and to proceed thence to the mouth

* That is, the Madras troops. It was affirmed upon official authority that it would have cost the 59th about two lives to turn out a guard of honour even at sundown.

of the river Pei-ho, on which river Pekin stands. Arrived at the nearest point to the capital, Lord Elgin will despatch to the authorities, for transmission to the emperor, a letter requiring the emperor within a specified time either to recognize or to repudiate the acts of his officers at Canton. If the court of Pekin repudiate Yeh, and pay compensation for past injuries, and give security against their recurrence —well. If, as is most probable, either no notice be taken of the letter, or a disposition be shown to entangle the ambassador in questions of ceremonial, Lord Elgin will declare war, and thus relieve the relations of the two powers from their present anomalous position. Canton will then be occupied, the trade of the northern ports will not be unnecessarily interfered with, but such further proceedings will be taken as may be necessary to bring the court of Pekin to reason.

Such is, I believe, the intended policy. Under other circumstances I should question it most hostilely. It is full of risks. It seems to give authority to the mischievous notion that a power which refuses to be one of the comity of nations is entitled to all the courtesies and forms of intercourse which civilized nations maintain among themselves. It affords an opportunity for the exercise of diplomatic cunning, which may compel Lord Elgin either to fail in his mission or to adopt a tone of decision which may be readily represented as a rudeness. It affords a loophole for escape from a position which will not recur. The answer to those considerations, however, is this:—We must do something, and we have not force to do what we ought to do.

Lord Elgin, therefore, will either go direct to Pekin and conclude a treaty, or he will come back and occupy Canton. In the interest of a durable peace all the Europeans here hope that the latter will be the course which events will take.

Many people think that there could be no difficulty in carrying on our corrective measures in India and our war with China at the same time. There are, doubtless, sepoy regiments which, although not openly in revolt, are not trustworthy in action against their co-religionists. Why not send them to China? Sepoys have already been upon the

heights above Canton, and behaved admirably. The sun of China, under which our ruddy English recruits grow feeble, as flies in frost, would deal tenderly with the Hindoo. So it was when Gough took Canton, and Elliott sold his conquest. So it would be again.

I believe the only objection to this obvious and ready expedient is the expense. If you bring Indian troops here, you must put all the Queen's troops upon Indian allowances.

Now, the difference between the pay of an Indian regiment and a regiment of Queen's troops is something under £4,000 a year—not the price of the freight of a cargo of useless shoes, or the waste upon an idle transport—not one-hundredth part of the cost of the *Transit* and the *Urgent*. Set against this the fact that the rations of English troops here will cost the Government 3*s*. a day, while the rice and curry of the Hindoo, even with the addition of the ration of mutton or goat's-flesh to the Mohammedan soldiers, cannot average above 1*s*., and we should soon find the apparent saving absorbed. Suppose we had ten regiments in the field, and that £40,000 was paid in extra pay—a most extravagant suggestion—what is that sum in the general expenses of a war? I confess that I should feel some consolation under such an increase by the knowledge that the money would go, not into the pockets of meat preservers and hay preservers, shipowners and contractors, but into the hands of the men who do the work, and who are certainly not, at present, overpaid for what they do.

While I am upon this subject let me say a word about the withdrawal of the field-allowance. Under existing regulations, officers absent from England in localities where war is either pending or anticipated are allowed a small sum to cover their extra expenses, their pony hire for baggage, their mess utensils and increased expenses, perhaps also the extra cost to which they are put for clothing to suit the hot or cold climate in which they may be placed. A subaltern gets 1*s*. 6*d*. a day extra, a captain half a crown. This is called field-allowance, and here, at Hongkong, would be altogether inadequate to put an officer upon a par with his comrade in England. The withdrawal of this is a great

injustice in a little matter. I believe the disallowance is illegal, and can only be supported by altering the terms of the order. It is, moreover, in breach of Lord Panmure's public promise. But, at any rate, it is an unworthy thing to do. Unfortunately, there are not a few officers in our army who have so narrow a margin between their income and their necessities that the loss of this small daily sum is a loss of comforts hard to be resigned.

I promised last mail to send you some description of Canton in a strategic point of view. There is now no prospect of an immediate attack upon this city, yet it is impossible to foresee what may happen before the expedition returns south. I send you, therefore, what, by personal observation and the examination of many British and Chinese, I have been able to obtain on this subject.

People who have never seen an unadulterated Eastern city are apt to entertain very erroneous ideas upon the subject. When we are told of a city of a million of inhabitants we begin to think of the Rue Rivoli, or of Regent Street, or of the Corso, or of the French buildings and Moorish palaces at Algiers, or, at least, of the great squares of Alexandria, or the European quarter at Cairo. We must put European houses entirely out of the question when we think of the pure and uncontaminated city of Canton. With the exception of the pagodas, the josshouses, and the yamuns, there is not in the whole city an edifice as high as the lowest house in Holywell-street. The mass of habitations are about fifteen feet high, and contain three rooms; they have one entrance, closed by a bamboo screen. Some of the shops have a low upper story, and then the house, roof and terrace altogether, may rise twenty-five feet from the street. Better houses there are, but they are not more lofty. They are detached, stand upon their own little plot of land, and are surrounded by a twelve-foot wall. Then there are the palaces, residences of great officials and rich merchants, the "yamuns" of governors, and generals, and judges. These are large airy buildings, situated in gardens extensive enough to be called parks—excellent barracks and camping-ground for British grenadiers.

All these edifices are of the most fragile description, built

of soft brick, wood, or mud ; no hopeful shelter to the most desperate courage. They would be traversed by Minié balls and pierced by grape ; they would be knocked into ruins by half-spent round shot ; they would be burst by shells. Heroes could not hold them against an advancing column of English troops ; and as to Chinese, the first bullet that whistled down the street would be an intimation of an intended line of march which soldier and civilian would immediately respect.

The whole circuit of the walled city is just six miles. It is necessary to bear in mind the character of the buildings of this place, or we shall find ourselves talking nonsense about "involving ourselves in the intricacies of a city of a million of people." * Seven Dials would be a strong military post ; but Greenwich Fair would not offer great strategic opportunities of defence.

General Gough made his attack with 2,000 fighting men, having left Hongkong protected only by a few native Indian troops. We have now in this island, and in these waters, about 4,000 sailors, 500 marines, and 800 healthy soldiers of the land force. The *Sanspareil*, which has left Singapore, and is now momentarily expected, will bring us 500 more marines. General Gough's attack took place in the hot rainy season—on the 18th of May—and if he had entered the city he would not have lost a man by disease.

On the other hand, the recollections of General Gough's difficulties have led to the present war. The Cantonese remember that while he was waiting for the black mail he was attacked by "patriotic volunteers," who surrounded part of his force and put it to great difficulties. They remember also that these "patriotic volunteers" were not swept away by barbarian cannon, but were coaxed away by the Chinese authorities, who acted under threat of a bombardment of the city. This capital error in morals and in policy ; this egregious mistake of that gallant, eager, wrong-headed little man, Admiral Elliott ; this unworthy, money-grasping, ransom-taking policy has produced the present

* The accuracy of this information was afterwards conspicuously shown when Commodore Elliott, Captain Key, and Mr. Parkes, hunted the whole city through in chase of Yeh.

war. Since that day the Cantonese look upon us as robbers and booty-seekers, whom it is right to exterminate when they can; whom they could thrash if they pleased, but whom they can always get rid of by tossing to us a heap of silver. So they pointed derisively at us whenever they saw us; they called out after us "Tâh" (beat them)! and "Shât" (behead them)! they encouraged each other to acts of violence, and they wrought that intolerable condition of things which makes it necessary for us, by more imposing force and by higher conduct, to take an attitude of dignity—to show these Cantonese that we are not petty pirates and plunderers like themselves, but a mighty necessity for good and for evil, which to them is irresistible as natural death.

We must do strong violence now, because we have been weak and foolish in time past. But what we do we must do thoroughly. A single reverse, and we should have either to withdraw from these shores or to overrun half the empire. I am not resting a feather's weight upon my own judgment when I affirm that with our present force we could take this city in six hours. But I cannot resist the authority which says that we could not hold it as we ought to hold it. Great genius might doubtless multiply small means. I have heard it said by men whose deeds give them right to talk, that 500 men relieved once a fortnight ought to hold the city for six months. Perhaps the ships could find occasion for keeping the inhabitants of the ninety-six villages at home. It was they who attacked General Gough upon the heights, and the terrible threat of bombardment is always open. The probabilities are that after the first day the city would be as tranquil as this city of Victoria. The Chinese shopkeepers here say, "You catchee citee; we open shop half-hour after." But this is only a probability. Were it not for the danger of the insurgents being beforehand with us, precipitation would be madness. Even with this danger impending, it would not do to run the risk of finding ourselves in Canton with an inadequate force, daily dwindling from overwork and disease.

*July* 10.

Lord Elgin's answer to the address has just been printed, and I annex a copy. The address was sent to you by a previous mail:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I am much gratified by the welcome which you are pleased to proffer to me on my arrival at Hongkong.

"I am aware of the deep interest which you have in the re-establishment of a solid peace, and of the weight which deservedly attaches to your opinion,—not only on the points specifically adverted to in this address, but also on the larger question of the readjustment of our relations with the Chinese empire. I shall, therefore, at all times listen with attention and respect to any representations which you may see fit to make to me on these subjects, although the interest of the public service forbids that I should discuss the instructions with which our sovereign has honoured me, or the course which, in pursuance of those instructions, it is my intention to pursue.

"Without, however, departing from the reserve which a sense of duty prescribes to me, I may venture to state that I concur with you in the opinion that no settlement of our present difficulties will be satisfactory which shall fail to teach the Cantonese a wholesome respect for the obligations of their own government in its relations with independent powers, and for the laws of hospitality towards strangers who resort to their shores for peaceful purposes of trade.

"The powerful fleet already assembled on these coasts, which will soon be supported by an adequate military force, is a pledge of her her Majesty's determination to afford protection to her faithful subjects in this quarter, and to maintain the rights to which they are by treaty entitled.

"It is essential to the permanence of pacific relations with China, and to the security of trade, that the court of Pekin should be apprised that an arrogant refusal to treat with other powers on the terms prescribed by the comity of nations, or the alleged wilfulness of a provincial authority, will not henceforth be held to release it from the responsibility of faithfully adhering to engagements contracted with independent and sovereign states.

"You refer in language of much force and justice to the difficulties which beset the mission on which I am entering. I am not insensible to those difficulties. But knowing as I do that the government which I serve is pursuing no selfish objects, that we may count on the cordial sympathy and active co-operation of other great and generous nations, interested with ourselves in the spread of commerce and the extension of civilization—knowing, moreover, the valour and discipline of the forces, both military and naval, which, under able and experienced commanders, are prepared, if need be, to support the honour of our country's flag—I see no reason to doubt that, by prudence and patience, moderation and firmness, they may be overcome.

'To Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co.,
"Dent and Co., and others.
"HONGKONG, *July* 8."

This answer has been closely scanned, and those who hold that the Chinese will promise anything or sign any treaty under pressure, but will be influenced only by seeing that we can thrash these terrible Cantonese, do not like the words "if need be" in the last paragraph. Others, however, and these are the majority, both in number and in weight, think that we must not too soon vex the conduct of our ambassador with hostile criticism. He has a difficult task to perform, his responsibility will be terrible should he fail, and he ought to be allowed to play his own game. Even the more eager and impatient admit that it was necessary that he should go north to see the present ports and hold talk with the merchants whose interests he is to represent.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LORD ELGIN'S DEPARTURE FOR CALCUTTA.

Diplomatic Conferences—Hongkong Rumours—Resolution of Lord Elgin to proceed to Calcutta—Reflections upon the Policy to be pursued towards China—Departure of the *Shannon* and the *Pearl*.

HONGKONG, *July* 16.

ON the 13th the French admiral came into harbour. On the 14th the opium-steamer *Launcefield* arrived from Calcutta, bringing advices to the 19th of June, communicating certain intelligence of the spread of the mutiny and only an uncertain probability of the fall of Delhi.

In this little community, where everything is watched, where everything is known, and where nothing is secret for more than a quarter of an hour, it was immediately notorious that the plenipo, and the general, and the admiral, and the French admiral were in earnest communication. Then it transpired that orders had been issued to the ships under orders for the north not to take in the extra quantity of coals previously ordered. So the expedition to the Pei-ho had been abandoned, greatly to the joy of every denizen of Hongkong. Shortly after, there were gentlemen in the

Queen's Road who could repeat the very words used at the "Council of War;" how the general said "that he could not hold that city without some fabulous amount of men;" how the admiral said "that he would show him the way in" and how the French admiral remarked that, "if the English would take the place, the French would hold it." Of course there were rival versions. Another report stated that the general insisted upon storming the city at the head of the 59th, and that the stopping of the coaling of the ships was evidently to decrease their draught of water and let them up to shell the fort. The one ruling *idée fixée* is—take Canton. Every one who comes here is dominated by it in ten minutes. Even Lord Palmerston, if he were here, would, after a gallant fight about some of the red tape of diplomacy and some thumbing of his little Yankee book on the law of nations, give in and cry, "*Va pour la cité.*" Mr. Cobden would be hurried away in much less time, and find himself garrisoning Magazine Hill before he had considered how he should explain the transaction to Mr. Caird.

No wonder, then, that seeing that this taking of Canton is to us upon the spot the evident and only solution of the difficulty, every movement is received as an intimation that the *coup* is about to be made.

Nothing, however, is at present further from our leaders' thoughts than the taking of Canton. As I intimated in my last letter, the subject has been considered, and all authorities are agreed that, although the city might be destroyed, it could not be taken and held. So far from the French having intimated a different opinion, it is no secret that they for the present decline any active co-operation of any kind.

The Chinese, who have a spy in every "boy" who stands behind your chair, and in every coolie who pulls your punkah, get earlier information than the English. There is a Chinaman, a painter and copier of charts, in the Queen's Road, whose shop is like the shop of Pasquin. "Ey yaw," said this authority about four o'clock yesterday, "you no catchee that city. What for your number one big mandarin run away, ey?" The celestial man of art was right. Lord Elgin had resolved to start for Calcutta. An hour after-

wards, and we had the announcement that "the *Pearl* will leave for Calcutta, and take letters for Singapore and Europe;" and the information did not long lag, that Lord Elgin was to accompany her in the *Shannon*.

Of course the Chinese chuckle, and the merchants are dispirited. I am convinced, however, that it was the only wise course open to Lord Elgin.

He will take a force of 1,500 blue-jackets and marines to Calcutta. This will compose the minds of the inhabitants of the City of Palaces, and the fact of his arrival may have a beneficial moral effect, showing that the whole Chinese expedition is present and ready to act upon India; the high commissioner accompanying them.

Moreover, he will know, after a fortnight's stay at Calcutta, what probability there is of Lord Canning being able to restore him his troops, or to replace them by native Indian regiments.

These advantages, however, are contingent and collateral. The real consideration I take to be, that it is the only escape from a false position. If he had gone to the Peiho, he would have met there an insult which he is without force to resent. The French admiral brings intelligence that the Baron de Gros will not be here for two months, so that if Lord Elgin had remained here, he would have afforded a spectacle to the Chinese, and also to Europe, of a British plenipotentiary awaiting the leisurely pleasure of our good allies.

Of course the state of India could not have been foreseen, but, making all allowances for this disturbing circumstance, the people at home seem to have sadly bungled this matter.

The self-evident course was, to send out a sufficient force to punish Yeh; to take possession of the city out of which he had driven us; to inflict punishment for his attempts at wholesale poisoning and for his proclamations inviting our assassination. Then, with Canton in our hands, and with the balance in the war of reprisals in our favour, Lord Elgin might have come out and presented himself with dignity at the Court of Pekin.* He might have said, "Your officer

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that this course was eventually forced upon Lord Elgin by circumstances.

has broken the treaty, and committed upon your allies the most savage outrages. We have punished him on the spot; and we come now to ask you either to disown him and to indemnify us for his misconduct, or to acknowledge him and make this a national quarrel."

Instead of this, we can read Lord Elgin's instructions in the paragraph of the Queen's Speech and in the proposed expedition to the Peiho as clearly as if they were printed in the *Gazette*. He is to present himself at Pekin while the Chinese are in possession of the cause of quarrel, and believe, and rightly believe, that they have, upon the whole, the best of the contest. He will find at the Peiho the same feeling which caused the risings at Singapore and Penang, and at Sarawak—a feeling generated by the simple fact that the English have been driven out of Canton, and have not been able to force their way back; he will be rudely snubbed, or entangled in long and fruitless negotiations. Then comes the expensive expedient of a declaration of war. The four ports will be closed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's £10,000,000 will be cruelly clipped, and the Yankees will step in and carry off the profits of British trade. Precious time will have been lost, and our position sacrificed, in order that Lord Palmerston may have no breach of etiquette upon his conscience. A state of war with the Emperor of China costs us £10,000,000 a year in home revenue and commercial profits; a border war of reprisals costs us nothing but the expense of the force employed. Yet we play our last card first; we stop our reprisals and commence our war, in order to apply to a barbarous Asiatic ceremonies of Western chivalry which he can neither appreciate nor understand. Verily, Sir John Bowring, much abused as he is both here and at home, has taken a more common-sense view of these matters than the high diplomatists of England and France.

About the end of September, when the Gulf of Pechelee is swept by storms, and the anchorage is insecure, the English and French plenipotentiaries will probably renew the postponed expedition to the Peiho. They will act in sweet accord—the English to open trade for the whole world, the French to open the Roman Catholic religion to the world

of China. At the end of October they will be precisely where we all are in this month of July.

Lord Elgin embarks to-day at 2 o'clock. I shall go and study certain commercial questions at the four ports, while they are yet open to Englishmen.

*July* 25.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company have determined to despatch the *Shanghai* to Galle, so that I have an opportunity of adding a postscript to my letter, which went by way of Calcutta.

I must mention that for several days the state of Sir John Bowring caused great uneasiness to his friends. He has had a bad attack of fever, but has recovered. He was at his office again yesterday.

The achievements of the coral reefs in the Straits of Banca ought to reach you much earlier than through me. Five vessels of war have been ashore in those straits within the last twelve months. The *Transit* alone, of all the, five made the most of the opportunity, and went down. The *Himalaya* bumps, sacrifices a little coal and a little water, and proceeds on her way rejoicing. The *Actæon* strikes, knocks away her false keel, and sails away all the better for it. The *Transit* takes the matter *au sérieux*, and goes with all alacrity to the bottom. Since no lives have been lost, no one can regret the accident, except those unhappy staff officers who had all their baggage on board. Government pays, but you cannot compensate a man for all he loses on such occasions.

You will be told, of course, that at any rate *this* was no fault of the ship. Do your friends at the Admiralty believe in "luck," and witchcraft, and judicial astrology, and spirit-rappings? If so, the sane portion of the nation ought to be acquainted with their state of mind. Sane men who are not in the Admiralty judge a ship by her performances. It may be, and oftentimes is, a ship's own fault even that she runs upon a rock, and her fault that she cannot be got off again. It must be her fault if she constantly succumbs to accidents which other ships survive. An invalid dies of a blow which would not affect a strong man; or a cripple is crushed by a descending force which an active man would avoid.

People here say that the summer is more than usually unhealthy. There is a plague of boils upon every one. Generals cannot sit down, and ladies cannot show their faces.

The *Inflexible* paddle-wheel steamer is gone down to the Straits to bring off some of the troops. The *Nimrod* has arrived.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

Leaving Hongkong Harbour—Scenery of the China Seas—Swachow—Namoa—Amoy.

*On the Yellow Sea Steamer* REMI, *July* 31.

GOOD-BYE to Hongkong. On Saturday, the 25th of July, under a vertical sun and over an unruffled sea, the *Remi* steamed out of Hongkong harbour. The ships of war, with their awnings spread and their flags drooping down the spars, seem to feel the lassitude which oppresses all animal life. The junks are spreading their damaged silks to dry, covering their rigging with reds and yellows, which mingle so badly in detail, but contrast so gorgeously in masses. They are also chin-chin-ing their josses for prosperous passages, firing off crackers, and sending lighted paper lanterns afloat upon the harbour. We take leave of the familiar spots and prominent points in the city of Victoria, and as it recedes from view we wonder how so small a speck upon so small an island can hold 70,000 people.

We have escaped from that dominating and oppressing mountain, and that humid heat. Hey for the north! Hongkong itself is only one of that multitude of ten thousand islands which fringe the Chinese coast from the Gulf of Tonquin to the Gulf of Pechelee, and as we move out through that strait which separates it from the mainland and forms its admirable harbour, we only involve ourselves among other barren islands and in other intricate channels.

The south-west monsoon, however, blows gently aft, and it is pleasant upon the quarter-deck of the *Remi*. A merchant, with whom I have much confederated, is come on board, accompanied by boxes of ice and cases of creature-comforts; and there is an American captain, who is cunning in strange beverages. There is not much to see, but life is not unendurable.

Next morning we are closely hugging the mainland, and can distinguish populous towns upon the coast. How rife is human life in this region! Wherever the eye wanders, thousands upon thousands of fishing-boats cover the sea in troops innumerable. These are the minnows of these waters. Now and then, with ample snowy canvass, a British-built schooner speeds by, sailing like a yacht for a regatta cup, but armed to the teeth. That is one of the far-famed opium clippers, and she calls Jardine, or Dent, or Russell, or Heard, her owner. She is the trout of the water. There are plenty of pike, but they are lurking out of view. If that schooner were to be becalmed, or our machinery were to break down, they would soon show themselves.

In the afternoon of our second day's voyage we were off Swachow.

Three low pyramidal hills, behind which lie many square-rigged vessels, their spars visible above the elbows of the hills, form a breakwater to a convenient bay, and at the top of that bay lies a city where a large foreign commerce has sprung up despite the opposition of the authorities. The surrounding country and the opposite coast of Formosa produce large quantities of sugar, and the dangers of piracy have enabled the Europeans to monopolize the carrying trade, which was formerly performed by the junks. The junks bring some of the coarse sugars over from Formosa, but when purified it is too valuable a cargo to be trusted to native bottoms.

Swachow will be a considerable commercial port when a new treaty has placed China within the comity of nations.

Next we pass the island of Namoa—very classic land. Namoa is a collegiate city; literary men abound there, and much opium is smoked. One-twentieth part of the whole

quantity imported into China is delivered from the Namoa station.

But, notwithstanding the depressing influences of Chinese literature and British opium, Namoa is a well-cultivated island. Barley is growing all up the hills wherever the rocks allow, and rice is cultivated at the bottom, where the collected drainage affords a constant moisture.

The morning of our third day shows us Chapel Island—a rock with a natural tunnel through it. It is the outlying picket to the Amoy Archipelago.

Amoy is one of our lawful ports of trade, and thither we are bound. It took, last year, about £120,000 worth (471,689 dollars) of our cottons, and £3,000 (11,430 dollars) worth of our woollens; and it gave us in return sugar and sugar-candy, some indifferent tea, and a little camphor and alum. It is not a very large affair, this Amoy trade; but, as it is an established fact, we must look at the place.

As we stand in from Chapel Island, we appear to be entering a deep bay in the mainland. The land we have before us is, however, really the two islands of Koolongsu and Amoy, so close together that the strait between them seems only the upper end of a bay. There are three mandarin junks flaunting their gaudy banners, and one of them is firing a shot to bring to a boat. But these brave-looking war-craft are said to have a marvellously good understanding with the pirates outside, and to be well out of the way whenever any enterprise is going on which is undertaken in force. Besides the mandarin's there are numerous junks of commerce, many lorchas—hybrid things, half European, half Chinese,—and several European vessels. The *Comus* should show her pennant here, but she is away upon a cruise, and the defence of Amoy is left to our picturesque and gaudy mandarin friends, with their lofty sterns and their carved prows.

As we advance into the harbour between the two islands, we pass over the spot where the English fleet, in the first war, blew out of the water the only Chinese fleet that ever ventured to come out to meet them. To our left, on the island of Koolongsu, is the walled graveyard where moulder the bones of the Englishmen who taught the

Chinese of these parts a lesson they still remember. Further up upon our right lies the city of Amoy. There are four houses which are evidently built for purposes of European residence. The rest of the place, in its water-side point of view, looks like a small slice of Wapping in very bad repair, and grotesquely painted. I found a lady in Amoy who resented my asking her if she were resigned to her residence there, and who declared that of all spots out of England, it was that she should choose to live in. Women find their happiness in their duties, and they bear these with them to every climate. But Amoy is not a place to be loved for itself. With a chair and four bearers I traversed the town in every direction. Amoy is a real unsophisticated Chinese town, and I expected something entirely new in character. Alas! there is nothing new, even under the sun of China. Amoy is almost exactly like every other tenth-rate Eastern town. It has the smell of Lower Thames-street in hot noon-day. It has the booth-shaped, one-storied houses whereof the Arabs have built Constantine, whereof the Turks have built the baser parts of Smyrna, and which are to be found also in the Egyptian part of Alexandria. It is a *congeries* of huts with open fronts. Upon the floor is heaped and exposed for sale every indescribable edible in the Chinese dietary. Some, hissing hot, are for immediate consumption; lumps of roast pork, stews curiously compounded of gelatinous matter, a small square piece of meat, and vegetables of different kinds, cut into long regular strips. Some coldly taint the air, and call for fire and quick consumption, such as fresh fish, caught perhaps in the bay a few hours before, but now rapidly decomposing. Livid joints of beef hang upon bamboo poles, despite the precepts of Fo; and within reach of their odour is a mountain of Chinese confectionery—bean cakes, looking like cakes of honey soap; dark treacly substances, which quiver as they are divided into small portions; and a light compound which looks like that pleasant mixture of honey and almonds wherein the Turks are so cunning. There were shops also full of bamboo work, and others where John Chinaman, naked to his hips, was at work upon rude furniture; but I saw nothing which

ministered to the elegances of life, except a warehouseful of artificial flowers.

I had abundant leisure to observe Amoy in all its details. The streets were so narrow that my palanquin, not two feet wide, could not pass between the merchandise on either side. The proprietor stood by to protect it as we scraped past. About six times in the course of our long peregrinations we came upon processions from the opposite quarter. Some great or little mandarin, with a body-guard armed with trident spears, appeared in his palanquin directly in my front, and stared at me with a mild interest. In Amoy every European face is known, and they are not difficult to count. To pass was physically impossible, and there was always much shouting; but I could not detect any tendency to be uncivil to the stranger. Once, by the aid of some bystanders, and favoured by the construction of the shops on either side, I was lifted bodily over the head of the mandarin; sometimes we managed to squeeze by, and sometimes we remained in position until a way could be cleared through the merchandise. Then "Ya-ho, ya-ho," sang the bearers, and away they went, knocking everything about that did not get out of their way. We passed a few joss-houses, which are in form quite alike, and are exceedingly well represented in the temple depictured upon a willow-pattern plate; but beyond these I saw no public building.

The city of Amoy is about a mile and a half in diameter, and the residence of Mr. Morrison, the consul, is just outside the city-wall, on the opposite side from the harbour. The city-wall is a structure which would not defend an orchard from the incursions of an English schoolboy. The consular residence is the most pleasant residence in this part of the world—large, airy, and convenient, and with a spacious verandah, through which the sea-breeze blows with grateful freshness. There are gardens all round it, and a mound whence there is a prospect of the surrounding country. From the top of the mound I had an opportunity of seeing a marching column of the Amoy militia, who were defiling along the bank of a small lake.

The uniform of the Amoy militia is not strictly main-

tained, and their order of march is not one of severe precision. Some of them wore the huge bamboo hats which an English fruitstall-keeper would use to hold bushels of apples and to display hundreds of oranges, but which the Chinese peasants wear as shields from the sun and rain. Others abandoned their shorn heads and pendent tails to the fierceness of the mid-day heat. They all wore a sleeveless cotton jacket with some Chinese characters printed upon it; but in other respects they presented every variety of the coolie garb—naked feet and legs, leathern sandals, thick-soled Chinese shoes, loose trousers, and cotton breeches, and stockings, were all equally tolerated among the Amoy militia. They straggled along without much order. Two or three braves with trident spears walked first, then followed the arquebuse-men, carrying their guns as the spies from the land of Canaan brought back their trophies, two men to each arquebuse. Then came some warriors with large wicker shields and short swords, and, lastly, upon a pony, came the venerable leader of the troop, two men holding a large parachute-formed parasol over his head.

Returning from the consulate I visited the merchants' "go-downs," and saw the preparation of the teas for the English and colonial markets. The outer bamboo casings were being stripped off, and coolies with tow and cungee (rice paste) were affixing upon the coarsest possible teas printed labels descriptive of very superior quality. I was told that these teas were too bad to hope to find any market in England, but they would be bought up for the Western States of America, for Canada, and for our other colonies. The prices are very high. The buyers have in some instances been paying more for teas in China than, according to the last accounts, they would sell for in England.

One day is abundance for Amoy. Having obtained all the statistics I wanted from the consul, and having noted all the information I could obtain from the merchants, I was glad to get on board the *Remi* again, and to find myself steaming out of harbour before sundown. Yet even at Amoy commerce is winning its way, and the operations are increasing.

In the afternoon of the next day we sighted the "White

Dogs"—rocky islets at the mouth of the Min. Here we were to leave the mail for Foochow, another of our treaty ports, situate forty miles up that dangerous river. I wanted to go to Foochow, and there were several mercantile people on board who were very anxious to know the price of teas there; but they only smiled when I proposed to go up in the mail-boat. When I argued that where her Majesty's mails could be trusted, our carcasses and packages could not be in much danger, they replied that the river pirates knew that her Majesty's mails consisted of "chits" not worth one dollar to a pirate, but that no instance had yet occurred of a chest of opium or a box of treasure being trusted to this conveyance. I had calculated on meeting a stout sailing-boat, manned by an English crew. I own I was a little astonished to find at the appointed place a miserable Chinese sanpan, manned by an old Chinaman and his two sons. Three nights in such a vessel as this was not an encouraging prospect; and when I was told that I might possibly be detained a month before I should find an opportunity of going thence north to Shanghai, I felt that a port having such sparse facilities of access, could not offer very valuable opportunities for investigation.

Foochow is of importance to us as a tea-port. In 1856 40,972,600lb. were exported, valued at £1,525,000. Of these 23,880,800lb. came to Great Britain, and in return Foochow took 110,000 pieces of our gray and white long-cloths, and 1,000 pieces of long ells, valued together at £70,250. The rest was paid in bullion.

The balance of trade, therefore, is at this port altogether against us, and I am told upon the authority of a man who knows the country well, that, as a tea-port, Foochow is altogether a mistake. Higher up upon the coast, just upon the division-line which separates the provinces of Fuhkien and Chiekiang, lie the bay and city of Fuhning. I am told that the tea which is brought down to Foochow is all carried upon men's backs across the high chain of mountains, and comes from the neighbourhood of Fuhning, which is the centre of this tea-district. I am told also that when teas were selling at Foochow at twenty-six taels a picul, they might be bought at Fuhning at eighteen taels per picul; and

that the interruptions which have occurred to getting the teas down to Foochow this year, are occasioned by the difficulties of the mountain transit, and would not operate if we went to Fuhning and embarked them there. When a new treaty shall have given us freedom to trade along the whole of the coast, Foochow will probably go out of existence as a commercial port. As it is, we have been several times on the point of abandoning it.

Next day we pass Wanchow upon the coast. We are now coasting along one of the most densely-peopled provinces of China, and the seaboard is studded with great cities. Wanchow carries on a tolerated trade with us, and we get tea, silk, and alum from that port. It is the nearest point of communication with the black-tea districts, and it will take a great start when the country is open.

This treacherous Chinese sea is still blue, and calm, and beautiful, although it is the full season of typhoons, and we have been coursing the length of the channel of Formosa, which is thought to be the birthplace of all typhoons. During our fifth night at sea we fell in with a dismasted ship, which refused our proffered assistance, and disappointed our captain's hope of salvage, but which reminded us passengers that these skies do not always smile. Not long after, in the clear moonlight, three large heavily-armed junks came swooping round us—no doubt they will also visit our dismasted friend; but he has made himself pretty taut by this time, and will not be an easy prey.

On the sixth day of our voyage we stand out to sea, and keep outside the Chusan group. The sacred isle of Puto is just visible through my glass, and I can see no small object in Chusan. To-morrow morning we shall arrive early at Woosung, and proceed up the river to Shanghai, and, as I shall only arrive just in time to catch the home-going mail, I will now close this letter.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE NORTH.

The Mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang—The *Emily Jane* Opium Ship—Approach to Shanghai—Shangai Statistics—Environs—The Baby Tower—Infanticide—Progress of the Rebellion.

SHANGHAI, *August* 7.

MY last despatch was closed in hot haste, for the *Formosa* hove in sight, and in five minutes the boat was lowered, the letters were put on board, and we followed them with wistful eyes as they departed for "home."

Next morning we were still out of sight of land, but the leadman's cry told that we were steaming in shallow waters. The morning's bath showed that the water was quite fresh, and opaque with rich alluvial soil. There were no other symptoms of land. We were in the mouth of the mighty river Yang-tse—"the Child of the Ocean"—the richest river in the world; richest in navigable water, in mighty cities, in industrious human beings, in affluent tributaries, and in wide margins of cultivated lands of exhaustless fertility. This vast expanse of turbid fresh water is saturated with the loam of fields 1,500 miles away. Portion of this rippling element was gathered upon those great mountain-ranges of Central Asia where the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the two great rivers that irrigate Siam and Cochin China, and the fierce "Yellow River" which pervades the north of China, divide the drainage. The volume was increased by every mountain and every descending streamlet through 600,000 square miles of midland China. In its pride and in its strength, the proud river fights for a little while with Ocean himself for empire, drives back his salt waves, and establishes a fresh-water province in the midst of his dominions. The Chinese love and venerate the Yang-tse

as Chinese sons love and venerate their fathers. Philosophers draw their parables from his greatness and beneficence, historians chronicle his droughts and floods as events more important than the change of dynasties; and poets find his praises the most popular theme for their highest flight of song.

Many a gentle dullard will think or say that I am "straining after the picturesque," or, more horrible still, "writing sentiment." Don't believe it. I write rapidly what I feel earnestly. The Yang-tse-Kiang is the *mot de l'énigme*, the secret of the great Chinese puzzle. If I cannot make Mr. Doldrums, or Sir John Fathead, or General Crass understand the grandeur and the all-importance of this river, I shall never succeed in fixing in his skull one right idea about China. If he will study the geography of this empire as I have done, hour by hour, and day by day, with map-glass, and books of travel, collating the bad maps, and asking explanations from French missionaries and Chinese merchants, he may then say what he likes about my descriptions, for he cannot but share my conclusions.

We had steamed for some hours in this shallow sea, when a line, having length but neither breadth nor thickness, became just visible far away upon our left. As our course was tangential to this line, it gradually became more distinct. Then through our glasses we could see a level coast, well timbered with trees,—no palms or Eastern forms of foliage, but such an outline as we might trace on the banks of Essex or Lincolnshire.

Between the river-shore and the woodlands there was a margin of meadow-land, where droves of cattle and flocks of sheep were depasturing, and everything around, except only the fierce sunshine, gave promise that we had escaped into an European climate.

Then land upon the right grew into view, not the opposite bank of the Yang-tse—that is far out of sight,—but an island which he is throwing up. From day to day he piles there the spoils he brings down from the midland provinces. The pilots say they can observe an increase every week. The Chinese are already planting bamboo there, to give

solidity to the rich alluvial soil. A thousand squatters are ready to seize upon it and convert it into gardens immediately the tide shall cease to cover it.

Fishing, and carrying, and convoying, a thousand junks and lorchas are scudding to and fro in the estuary. But we proceed not far up the channel of "the Child of the Ocean," "the Father of Rivers," "the Girdle of China." A checker-painted sea-mark (which wants only a telegraph upon it to make its usefulness complete) and a floating lighthouse mark the point where the last tributary to the Yang-tse-Kiang, the river Wang Poo, joins its waters. Upon a low spit of land stands the desolate and amphibious-looking village of Woosung. The place is not really desolate and is not really amphibious, for large fortunes are constantly being made here (the golden sands of commerce accumulate as rapidly as the deposits of the Yang-tse-Kiang), and the piles on which the buildings are erected lift them up out of danger of inundation. But the Chinese have a talent for giving an appearance of squalor to their towns and villages.

I did not land, but proceeded immediately in a sanpan to Messrs. Dent's receiving-ship, which lies strongly anchored fore-and-aft in the mouth of the river. Time was when the *Emily Jane* was a floating garrison, with a disciplined crew trained to gunnery and boarding practice. Her guns are still in very good order, but she is not likely to test their powers; for the mandarin junks are no longer her enemies, and the pirates hold her in great respect. I am afraid she is a very wicked *Emily Jane*, for she is crammed with opium, and the odour of the drug is strong in her spacious cabins. Your "Special Correspondent" ought to be above such base considerations, but Temperance advocates have been known to relish a rump-steak cooked upon the furnace-fire of Broadwood's brewery; and I must own that when the frank and hospitable commander of the *Emily Jane* had responded to my letter of introduction by an invitation to join him in some well-cooled sauterne, a joint of capital Shanghai mutton, and a successfully concocted ice pudding—grateful contrast to the monotonous fare of a passenger steamboat—I did not look about me with so much flaming indignation as a total-abstinence-from-opium advocate

ought to have done. These cool drinks calm one's judgment.

I shall return to this opium question hereafter—I hope in more serious and ratiocinative mood. After "tiffin" I left the *Emily Jane*, for the tide was making, and Shanghai is seven miles up this river Wang Poo.

At a distance of three miles, in the gray twilight, Shanghai looks like a distant view of Woolwich. The tall spars of the *Pique* frigate, the English and American steamers of war, and a fleet of merchant vessels give an air of life and bustle to the waters of this noble tributary to the Yang-tse-Kiang. Higher up, where a turn in the river gives an inland appearance, we see a multitudinous mass of junk-masts, just as from Greenwich and Woolwich we see the spars of the ships that crowd our docks. All tells of a large commerce requiring a strong protection. In this indistinct light the "hongs" of the European settlement loom like the ship slips at Deptford or Woolwich. It is only upon a near approach that they resolve themselves into fine, finished buildings, some columned like Grecian temples, some square and massive like Italian palaces, but all declaratory that the *res angusta domi* is a woe unknown to Englishmen in China.

The English settlement at Shanghai is situate upon a bend of this river Wang Poo. Its boundaries are its fortifications. On one side the Soo-choo river, which comes down from the great city Soo-choo (the Birmingham of China) and falls into the Wang Poo, forms its limits. On the other side, the Yang-kang-pang canal shuts it from the settlement allotted to the French. This French allotment extends up to the walls of the Chinese city of Shanghai.

The frontage upon the Wang Poo, between the Soo-choo river and the canal, is nearly a mile in length, and the settlement extends backwards about half a mile. This space is divided into squares by six roads at right angles with the river, and three parallel to it, and in these squares are the residences and go-downs of the commercial houses, each in its surrounding plot of ornamented ground. In the rear of all is the Shanghai racecourse.

I am so fortunate as to be commended to the princely hospitality of Mr. Beale, whose capacity of entertainment is

so large that he can allot a separate establishment to each guest. I occupy the rooms where Mr. Fortune stored his treasures and where he hung up that terrible double-barrelled gun which raked the decks of so many pirate junks.

If I have succeeded in conveying to the reader any notion of this place, he will recognize in it the present mainstay and the future hope of our trade with China. Almost yesterday the site of this handsome Anglo-Chinese city was paddy-fields and cotton grounds. In 1856, 309 British ships, of the tonnage 92,943 tons, unloaded on the quays. Imports from the whole world to the amount of £3,010,511 passed through the custom-house, and, in addition to these, opium to the value of £4,624,305 passed through this portal to the interior of China. Yet, notwithstanding this amount of legal and illegal imports, a further importation, £4,287,990 in hard bullion, was requisite to settle the balance of trade with Europe and America, and to pay for the enormous amount of tea and silk which China sent down to Shanghai, and Shanghai distributed to Europe, America, and Australia.

This is something like prosperity—a single port with an annual balance of four millions and a quarter in its favour. but for the opium, the amount would have been nine millions. In the current year, according to all present appearances, the sum may reach £9,000,000, even with the set-off of the opium; and but for this undesirable resource for hedging our losses, the civilized world would have to find £14,000,000 worth of silver to pay the Chinamen who supply this single port.

It is impossible to predict this as a certainty. Perhaps the native Chinese merchants may overstand their market, and the exports may be checked. All we know at present is, that the Chinese have a tremendous silk-crop, and are holding out for most extortionate prices; and that, although some houses hold their hands, there are others who think it can all be sent to Europe at a profit at the prices demanded, and are buying freely. In any other country this problem would meet a certain solution, but in China even this great export trade is as nothing. There is a competing home market of 360,000,000 of people, and almost every labourer in the cities has his holiday silk tunic.

True, it is small merit in an Englishman's eyes that this port of Shanghai is so productive to China that it drains us of our bullion, deranges our exchanges, and embarrasses our commerce. But it is a fact, and a very important fact. I am not now going to investigate why this so happens. I am not in a condition to speak authoritatively yet of the doings at the Pihsin, the Taeping, and the Kan custom-houses, or to tell the mysteries of that *cordon* of *douanes* which is drawn round this port, and prevents our goods from penetrating, with fair chance of competition, sixty miles into the interior. When I have succeeded, or failed, in getting near these places, and have got all the information I can gather, I shall devote some very lengthy epistles to the great question of how to work our manufactures into China. At present I have no further purpose than to show what a commercially important place this port of Shanghai is—to fix it in the public mind, so that in our dealings with the court of Pekin it may hold its proper rank.

Beyond the limits of the European settlement the rich alluvial plain on which Shanghai stands extends for twenty miles without a hillock. We must admire the fertility of the soil and the industry of the people, but there all our gratification must end. The roads are devious footpaths, and the courses of traffic are dikes and drains falling rapidly to ruin. When the fierceness of the sun is a little moderated, I walk about these fenny tracks as they wind more tortuously than the footways in the marshes between Erith and Greenhithe. They all tell of better days. They are strongly paved with rough blocks of granite or of limestone, fortunately too solid to need repair. Small drains are crossed upon slabs of stone of many tons weight, and wider water-courses are crossed by bridges of stone built to last centuries. But where present or constant care is required we see the evidences of a decrepit government and an unsettled society. Reeds and bamboos choke the watercourses; some have become dry, which were navigable five years ago. Here we come upon the site of the Imperialist camp. The canal which formed its defence in front is now a swamp. The peasant still retains his habits of industry. The land is

parcelled out into little patches of cotton; and as the plant must be sown wide, the interstices are filled with beans, or by some vegetable that will find a market in Shanghai. The senses are afflicted by open pans of human ordure, carefully preserved for manure; and the proprietor, with a small bucket fixed at the end of a bamboo, is bringing water from the ruined canal to irrigate his little cotton-garden. In all probability the government has made the usual grant for sustaining that canal, for routine is constant in China as in England; but the mandarin has embezzled three-fourths of the sum, and the contractor has expended one-half of the rest in bribes, and has pocketed the remainder. Cotton (yellow and white) is the general crop; but it is not all cotton. There are patches of maize and leguminous plants of many kinds, but the staple of this district is cotton. At present the plant is a low woody plant about a foot high, a little like (with the exception of the stools) those young springs of an oak coppice which form such pleasant cover to shoot pheasants in early in October. In another month the flowers will be out, and a fortnight later the yellow pods of which the nankeen cloth is made will form and burst, and all the population will turn out to pluck them. The old women will sit under the eaves of their cottages cleaning and winding; which, indeed, is their normal occupation all the year through; the able-bodied part of the family, having cleared their leguminous crop, will plough up the ground, and either prepare it for wheat, or, if the situation is favourable, will bank up the land and let in the water to prepare for rice. The wheat is off the ground in May or June, and the cotton is again sown.

Thus three crops annually are obtained from this alluvial plain.

O Vice-Consul Harvey—*docte sermones utriusque linguæ*—to whom the manners and the language of China are even as the manners and the language of Paris or of London, tell me what means that more than usually pestilential stench. It seems to radiate from that decaying pepperbox-shaped tower, which, although not twenty feet high, we must by the courtesy of China call a pagoda.

Undismayed, the energetic vice-consul, who sometimes acts as guide, philosopher, and friend, and expatiates with me over this maze, advances through a vapour so thick that I wonder the Chinese do not cut it into blocks and use it for manure; and at a distance of five yards from the building puffed hard at his cheroot, and said,—

"That is the Baby-tower."

"The——?" said I, inquiringly.

"The Baby-tower. Look through that rent in the stonework—not too close, or the stream of effluvia may kill you. You see a mound of whisps of bamboo straw. It seems to move, but it is only the crawling of the worms. Sometimes a tiny leg or arm, or a little fleshless bone, protrudes from the straw. The tower is not so full now as I have seen it; they must have cleared it out recently."

"Is this a cemetery or a slaughterhouse?"

"The Chinese say it is only a tomb. Coffins are dear, and the peasantry are poor. When a child dies, the parents wrap it round with bamboo, throw it in at that window, and all is done. When the tower is full, the proper authorities burn the heap, and spread the ashes over the land."

There is no inquiry, no check. The parent has power to kill or to save. Nature speaks in the heart of a Chinese mother as in the breast of an English matron. But want and shame sometimes shout louder still. There is a foundling hospital in the Chinese city with a cradle outside the door, and a hollow bamboo above it. Strike a blow upon the bamboo, and the cradle is drawn inside. If it contain an infant, it is taken and cared for, and no questions asked. There is also a system of domestic slavery in China. At an early age a child is worth dollars; a father or mother may for money delegate their own absolute power—delegate without losing it—for, although the father may have sold his son to a stranger, or although a mother may have sold her daughter to prostitution—and concubines in China are only thus to be obtained—the duty from child to parent remains unimpaired, and is strictly performed.

The incentives thus offered by Mammon and the alternative proffered by native charity may save lives that would otherwise be destroyed; but this Baby-tower is a terrible

institution. It stands there, close to the walls of a crowded city, an intrusive invitation to infanticide.*

I have paid one hurried visit to the Chinese city, but must postpone any description of it until I have opportunity to see it thoroughly, and this will not be for some weeks. Ever since my arrival here I have been trying to organize an expedition into the interior, but every one is afraid of fever and ague and sunstrokes, and talks of two months hence, when I hope to be thinking of coming home. At last I have found a companion in an ardent missionary who speaks the language well. I have purchased a modest Chinese wardrobe, and a barber is deliberating upon the fabrication of a *toupee*, with a handsome tail attached. With the aid of Chinese spectacles, which are always four inches in diameter, I flatter myself I am so disguised that my own

* It has become rather a fashion with modern writers on China to deny that the Chinese are addicted to infanticide. I am sorry that my experience does not corroborate this view. I have seen proclamations which deplore the frequency of the exposure of female infants, and attempt to reason with the parents by asking, If so many female children are destroyed, where will the next generation obtain wives? At Ningpo I saw in the household of Mrs. McGowan, the lady of Dr. McGowan, the American medical missionary, a young girl with large feet and a cheerful aspect, doing duty as a nursery maid. This girl had been rescued from death by starvation. Seeking more information upon the subject, Mrs. McGowan told me that although the authorities at Ningpo were ashamed of the fact, and had the grace to think it an imputation upon a literary city, it was by no means an uncommon circumstance to find under the walls bodies of infants half devoured by dogs. A very shocking incident of this kind had occurred a few weeks before. One night the little girl whom I have already mentioned, came up to Mrs. McGowan and told her that she heard the growling of dogs and the faint cry of a child just outside the garden-gate. The benevolent lady immediately arose, and going forth with a lantern and some of the house coolies, was quickly guided to the spot. It was a dreadful spectacle. An infant, wrapped in a coarse cloth, was surrounded by a pack of pariah dogs, who were tearing at the cloth and already gnawing the flesh. The baby was still alive. While the men beat off the dogs, Mrs. McGowan took the little creature in her arms and ran with it to the house. It was too late. The squalid tiny thing opened its eyes and seemed to try to cling to her, and, as she imagined, smiled upon her, and died. I was so struck by this anecdote, that I asked and obtained permission of Mrs. McGowan to repeat it with the authentication of her name.

housekeeper, with her best spectacles on, would not recognize me.

I have written a long news-letter without one word of news in it; and yet it would be easy to write columns, for one half of the people here are reporting news from the interior, and the other half are contradicting it.

People say that the rebellion is dying out. They expect every day news that Chin-Kiang-Foo is retaken by the Imperialists, and opinions are strong that Nankin will not long hold out.

This, if true, is very important news for us, for it clears the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Imperial canal, where our operations both for war and commerce were most likely to be complicated by the presence of these insurgents.

I believe the news to be correct to a certain extent, and in a certain sense. If the rebellion be not wearing out, it is shifting. Chin-Kiang-Foo and Nankin are consumed. The locust has eaten every leaf, and must take another flight or die. "Wait a while, all will come right—ten years, perhaps," has always been the Chinese view, and they think the time is now near. They have tested this rebellion, and find it has no root. The old Chinese families do not join it, the merchants have no confidence in it, no literati except one degraded graduate has yet gone over; therefore they think it will never be more than an excuse for brigandage, and that it will always be local and transitory.

This is the opinion of the Chinese hereabouts; and as we are within 200 miles of the seat of rebel government, their opinions deserve some attention. I question, however, whether they know much of what is passing in the south.

The *Remi* starts on the 9th with the mail for England, and a cargo of silk which they say will give the Peninsular and Oriental Company £9,000 freight.

I hope to write you next from Ningpo, which city I intend to reach by a semicircular route through the inland parts of Chekiang.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A JOURNEY INLAND.

Preparations—My Souchau Boat—Environs of Shanghai—The Wang-poo River—The Pagoda—View from the Pagoda—Musings—Night on the Wangpoo—A Chinese Physician—His Opinion of the Rebels—The Christian Missionaries and the Rebels—Up the Wangpoo—Canals and Great Cities—Kiahing—Keashin—We enter upon the Imperial Canal—Irrigation-wheels—Fishing Cormorants—Scenes on the Banks of the Imperial Canal—Imperial Grain-junks—Distant View of Hangchow.

At the close of my last despatch, while the authorities at Hongkong were resolving upon a formal blockade of the river,—a measure which was convenient to the fleet, and which the ripened rice-harvest renders not very important to the Cantonese,—I was about to employ the interval of Lord Elgin's absence in gathering a little experience in the interior.

On the appointed day, Mr. Edkins, the missionary, Dr. Dickson, of Canton, and myself, started in three Souchau boats, with a fair flood-tide, up the Wang-poo river. Our object was to reach Ningpo through the network of internal canals, and without crossing the bay. This is a journey never yet made even by the missionaries, and Mr. Edkins regards it as a pioneering expedition preparatory to future labours.

Our first stage is to Hangchow, and thus far our boatmen have covenanted to convey us. These Souchau boats are somewhat like the larger gondolas which go outside into the Adriatic. The cabins are fitted up with no little pretension: mine had plate-glass windows; much carving and some gilding had been lavished upon it. There was a joss-house, with a vacant niche for any idol I might fancy to put there, and two ecclesiastical candlesticks, upon the spikes whereof I might, if I had pleased, burn any sized joss-sticks or wax

candles. The extent of this, my habitation for the next six days, was, however, not great—it was seven feet six inches square. Nor was there provision for effeminate luxury. There was a locker, within which I might put my most important baggage, on which I could spread my bamboo matting, and over which I hung my mosquito curtains; there was a small table and two camphor-wood stools. What more can a man want? There was a box, with "Fortnum and Mason's" name upon it, in one corner, a modicum of sherry and Bordeaux, and a dozen of soda-water, in another corner, and a revolver and double-barrelled gun handy to the grip. The use of the firearms is, I believe, solely this: the boatmen will not go on at night unless they know you have them. The adroitness of the Chinese thieves will justify their contempt for any barbarian swell mobsman. Mr. Edkins not long since found that some one had, during his slumbers, crept in at the cabin-window, taken his keys out of his pocket, opened his trunk, and abstracted all his dollars, leaving the trunk open, and nothing else, not even the proprietor, disturbed. But I do not hear of any open piratical attacks up the country, and you do not want firearms to drive away a thief. The first thing he would steal would probably be the gun and the revolver.

Off we go, then, up this tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang. About four miles an hour is our pace, propelled as we are by one gigantic oar, worked over the stern by three men, curved in the handle, and made to perform in the water the evolution we call sculling. We pass through the European shipping, by the floating bath, and into and along moored tiers of junks, which may almost vie in numbers with the shipping in our Pool. Hundreds of these ply between Shanghai and Amoy, bringing sugar here and taking cotton back. A thousand others will start this season for Shantung, and will carry with them 100,000 pieces of our gray shirtings—a demand owing, the merchants say, to exceptional causes.

In an hour we are clear of the environs of Shanghai, and we look to see the river contract to the proper decent dimensions of a third-rate stream. Nothing of the sort. Seven miles up, the Wangpoo is still quite a mile in width,

and for the greenness and flatness of its banks, and the European outline of foliage, we might be a little below Gravesend.

Resenting, perhaps, my small respect for him as a third-class river, the Wangpoo treats us to a capful of wind just as the tide is finished, and the boatmen incontinently run into a creek, which leads up to a village possessing a high pagoda and a Buddhist monastery.

On our walk to the village,—quickly speeding, for we hope to reach the pagoda before the sun has set,—I notice the same lavish expenditure of labour in paving the foot-paths and bridging the dikes with slabs of limestone or granite, which struck me in the neighbourhood of Shanghai. The pagoda, from the galleries of which nothing is visible but the limitless fat plain and the frequent villages, is of course a thing comparatively of yesterday. The Buddhists brought the form from India not long before the birth of Christ; but these products of untiring toil, these mounds and dikes, these countless masses of enormous stones brought from afar—still more those practical, matter-of-fact, sabbath-less, business-loving, pleasure-despising habits of mind, which, under a less corrupt and depressing system of rule, would lead the present race of Chinese to sustain these works and to create others—that insensibility to play of fancy, yet love of quaint conceits and forced antitheses—that incapacity to feel grace and beauty, yet strong appreciation of mere geometrical symmetry—that complete disconnection from (not divergence from) all the modes of thought and vehicles of thought, traditions, and superstitions of other nations—these things suggest a train of dreamy musings, and send the mind wandering back to times almost as old as that setting sun. May it not be that we have here a not very degenerate specimen of a civilization that covered the whole earth before our traditions begin—which spread and flourished before the Semitic or the Indo-Germanic race had being—which has left its traces in India and in England, in Mexico and in Italy, in California and in Greece, in Brittany and in Normandy, and in the most remote islands of the ocean; pilers of mounds and hewers of mountains, builders of Babels, whose might was quenched we know not how, and

whose sparse descendants we can just trace under the names of Egyptians, Pelasgians, or Etruscans, mingling with new races and losing their identity.

We passed the night upon the wide and troubled waters of the Wangpoo. With less of meekness than befitted the peaceful character of my companion, I insisted upon starting as soon as the flood-tide made. Every wave seemed to break under the flat bottom of my boat, and she rolled and quivered and creaked as though she would have quoted Mencius to rebuke my impatience. But the night was very beautiful. It was so hot that I lay outside, with my head against the broad junk-like prow, and even the rushing wind brought no coolness. The round moon looked down in all her splendour, but did not dim the light of the big stars. Ever, as one of our sister boats went ahead, the oar oscillating to and fro at her stern produced a sheet of phosphoric radiance, which neither moon nor stars could pale. Sometimes we neared the banks, and then the monotonous croak of the frog was heard, and in sheltered places flights of fireflies, like flakes of diamond, fluttered up and down among the cotton-plants, and then also myriads of mosquitoes of great stature came off, and sounded their declarations of war in my ears.

We were not alone on the Wangpoo. On the contrary, there were never less than a hundred sail in sight. Some were beating up and others were coming down, the strong monsoon urging them swiftly against the tide. Sometimes collisions seemed imminent, but a little shouting and all went clear.

From three o'clock till eight I slept, and awoke to find myself moored against the village of Min-Hang. While at this village I fell in with a Chinese physician, who had escaped from Nankin when it fell into the hands of the rebels. He was the first specimen of a Chinese gentleman I had seen. The villages in this neighbourhood contain many fugitives from the rebel districts. The Government lodges them in the temples and allows them thirty cash (about 3*d.*) a day, wherewith, at the present prices, they cannot buy even a sufficiency of rice. Of course disease is common among them, and this benevolent old gentleman

devotes himself to their care. He came on board my boat, and we had a long chat. He insists that the key of the Yang-tse-Kiang, Chin-Kiang, has been recovered by the Imperialists; for his friends at Souchau have written to him to say so. I doubt this, however; for if this decisive event had happened, the Government would certainly have announced it at Shanghai.

His view is that the rebellion is dying out. He says the locusts have destroyed it, having especially come upon those provinces where the rebels hold their sway. He does not rest his expectation upon the Imperial armies, for he says the rebels are robbers and murderers, accustomed to every artifice, and adepts in all villany. All the loyal people can do is to hem the conflagration round and wait till it burns out.

These are the opinions of a well-informed Chinese gentleman, who has seen much more of these rebels than the Europeans who have written upon the subject. About forty-eight hours is the longest period that any European has been among them, and they have never invited any closer intercourse. Mr. Edkins interpreted for me these sayings of my Chinese acquaintance with no great satisfaction. The missionaries still hang their hope upon this rebel cause. The facts are unpromising, but still they hope. Devastation and bloodshed track the course of these insurgents wherever they go, but these are only necessary incidents of civil war. The ruin of those public works which are to China what their dams are to the Dutch, mark where these rebels are, and where they have been. Still more widely-extended ruin follows upon the exhaustion of the Imperial treasury. The two great rivers, no longer restrained by the great artificial embankments, now suffered to decay, are altering their courses and devastating tracts as large as European kingdoms. Perhaps a man whose fervid religious zeal is akin to that which animated Joshua or Gideon, may see in all this but the will of God working to a great end: but the religious facts are not encouraging. The nominal head of the movement, claimed as a missionary convert, has sought no communication with any Christian teacher. He boasts himself the sovereign of the whole

earth, calls himself the younger brother of Jesus Christ, and claims to have constant personal intercourse with the Almighty. His second in command, the king of the East, blasphemously styled himself the Holy Ghost; but he has been slain in internecine conflict, and the great leader, or his counsellors, proved their vigour and their Christian humanity by butchering two thousand of his adherents in cold blood.

This does not look like a hopeful result of a missionary conversion, nor does it give much promise of temporal success to the insurrectionary movement. But then these reformers put to death the "idolaters," whether they call themselves the priests of Buddha or the missionaries of the Pope; they forbid opium-smoking under pain of death, and tobacco-smoking under pain of blows; they appear to have read, although they have misinterpreted, the sacred books which the missionaries distribute. Amid the outpourings of blood, in famine and pestilence, in the wreck of all the physical good which antiquity has wrought, our missionaries think they see a hope for the religion of the Bible. We must not expect from men whose zeal sends them forth among the heathen a sober and chastened faith; but, with all allowance for their strongly militant position, it is hard to understand how so faint and indefinite a hope can blind their eyes and deafen their ears to the material woes which this rebellion has produced. Yet we have men here who have gone among them in the same spirit as Samuel went to Saul, and who have produced scandal even among their own body, by urging these ruffians to go forth and kill.

Mr. Edkins is a man of very different spirit to such as these. Upon the testimony of the linguists of Paris and of the Chinese here, I know him to be one of the greatest of Chinese scholars, and from my own intercourse with him I can say that he is fairly read in the sciences, and well acquainted with Western literature. He has undertaken the task of showing the Chinese that we have a literature, and thus disabusing them of that contempt which extends itself to our faith. His American coadjutor, Dr. McGowan, undertakes to instruct their graduates in the mysteries of the electric telegraph, and their pilots in the law of storms.

Missionary labours thus directed must result in good. Your medical missionaries, such as Dr. Lockhart and Dr. Parker, command the gratitude and goodwill of the people. Men of learning like Mr. Edkins and Dr. McGowan gradually compel the respect of the literati. These men are ploughing a soil in expectation of a seed-time which is not yet. To the missionary societies of England and America I would say, *hæ tibi erunt artes*,—ignorant declaimers in bad Chinese have no success in China. Their preaching is foolishness in more than the Apostolic sense; but this practical and conceited people only jeer and blaspheme.

Yet I have found even the higher class of missionaries hoping against hope that the rebels may succeed, and that they may turn out to be Christians. I have objected to them the material miseries the insurrection has caused; they have quoted against me Mr. Cousin's defence of war, which is no other than that war is in itself a good, and that the abridgment of longevity is not necessarily an evil. When I reply that this is all that could be said by an infidel philosopher against a certain article in the Decalogue, they have replied that, notwithstanding this commandment, the Israelites were enjoined to exterminate the Canaanites. I reply that to establish an analogy between the cases, it will be necessary to admit Taeping-wang's pretensions to direct personal intercourse with God the Father. No missionary is prepared for this admission, and our argument closes. With these men it is a hope and a sympathy which they cannot but feel and cannot justify. With some others it is a truculent spirit of partisanship, embittered not a little by envy and hatred of the merchants.

I know no more of the rebels than others who write about them do; that is, I know very little indeed; but having talked the matter over daily and in all societies for the last two months, I know pretty well what the views of the officials, merchants, and missionaries are upon the subject.

Meanwhile, my Chinese guest is sipping his tea, looking through my opera-glass, and condoling with me upon my sad condition in not being able to understand Chinese. I hope I omitted no point of ceremonial with him. When he

begged to present me his spectacles, which I had affected to admire, and pressed them upon me with as much earnestness and sincerity as a Downing-street secretary assures you he is your most obedient, humble servant, I declined the gift according to Chinese forms; but I confess I could not prevail upon myself to offer him my opera-glass. Human nature is weak, and the China gentleman's admiration was evidently very strong. We parted with a hundred chin-chins.

Up the flood-tide of the Wangpoo. Dr. Dickson's boat separated from us last night, and is not come up. The boatmen talk of perils from pirates or foundering in the storm. We wait and send back runners, and, learning no tidings, conclude he has returned to Shanghai. Two large navigable tributaries fall in, but the river above is not much decreased in width. After some hours' further voyage the Wangpoo loses its name and form. It divides into two equal channels, one of which descends from the right, and comes down from a string of lakes that extends to Souchau; the other is our way. Tributaries and canals now come quickly in, showing how wonderfully ramified is the internal water-communication of this land. Of course the volume of the stream contracts as we ascend. At night the action of the tide is but faintly felt, and we anchor in a channel about fifty yards wide. In the moonlight Dr. Dickson's boat comes up with a tale of adventure. The next day was a day of canals and great cities.

I have a Ningpo servant, hired for this trip; for when, upon arriving at Shanghai, I found Mr. A'Lin trying to communicate with his countrymen by means of Canton English, it was plain that he would not be of much use to me in difficulties up the country. I had no idea that these provincials were so entirely incomprehensible to each other. The voice of A'Yu awoke me to a sense that I was a public character. We were moored in the suburb of the city of Kiahing, and every barge in the neighbourhood was crowded by spectators contemplating the sleeping and, doubtless, snoring barbarian. The excitement was very great when the outer foreigner threw aside his mosquito curtains and appeared in loose jacket and sleeping trousers; but it reached its highest point when he took a header into the canal.

The best part of the entertainment, however, seemed to be when the barbarian, his swim being accomplished, had to climb up the rope into the boat, with his dripping pajamas, and pull all his curtains about him. The water is quite clean, and the Chinese throw nothing away. We have now got into districts where the people very rarely see foreigners, and their surprise and astonishment are as great as if they had never even seen one before. I confess I think this perpetual mobbing insufferable. My Chinese disguise does very well to go through a city in a chair, but it will not do to walk about with. The first dog I meet resents the imposture and draws upon me the criticism and curiosity of the multitude. A Chinese bourgeois wears no hat. He is the only human creature who shaves his head and defies the blazing sun. Five minutes of this would infallibly produce brain fever in a European; so we are obliged to use either the straw hat of the Chinese peasant or the pith hat of the Hongkong merchant. You must, however, wear Chinese clothes; you could not move a step through these cities in European clothes—they would excite a frenzy of curiosity. I saw much more of the city of Kiahing by water than I did by land; but these cities of the delta are like Venice or Amsterdam, it is only from their canals that you can see them.

Although but a third-class city, we were at least an hour passing through Kiahing. There are vast stores of that thick pottery-ware used at Shanghai for baths and coarser utensils, much of it well ornamented. There are large carpenters' shops containing the simple silk-winding machine of the Chinese, in every stage of completion. We are now far advanced into the silk district. There is a large establishment for crushing seeds and making oil. We land to inspect it, and the proprietor is polite and explanatory. There are tea-shops overhanging the water, and the customers, naked to the waist, are lounging and smoking, and sipping from their little cups a weak infusion without milk or sugar. Then there is a break in the continuity of habitations—a rick of rice-straw and a grove of mulberry-trees; not large round-topped trees such as we see in France and Italy, but trees free to grow as nature pleases, and bearing

their leaves down to the bottom of their stems. Of the millions of mulberry-trees I have seen in this part, every one has a good healthy foliage, and not one has been stripped in the manner I have somewhere seen described. Passing this agricultural interval, we again immerge into the city. We seem now to be in a district of merely domestic dwellings. The enormous signboards covered with gigantic Chinese characters are less frequent. There is a fat Chinawoman and her pretty little round, plump daughter hanging out clothes in a very small number of square inches of drying-ground under the eaves of their cottage. In another building there is a solitary damsel employed upon her embroidery; and in another a palm-leaf fan is being used to drive the mosquitoes out of the curtains. The little domesticities of life are going on while the men are at business. Throughout the whole extent of Kiahing, and of every other city in this neighbourhood, there are well-finished quays of faced granite, having at every twenty yards broad stone stairs down into the water; upon these the long-tailed race, both men and children, stand and fish. Some of the stores are very extensive, run a long way back, and are divided from their neighbours by thick and high party-walls; but the houses are all built to the same pattern—a garret above a shop, a slanting roof of tiles, and projecting eaves over both the shop and the garret. This is the unvarying form. Signboards with immense characters, the presence or absence of flowerpots and casements, and the various characters of the commodities for sale, constitute the only difference. We entered Kiahing through an archway in the wall, and quitted it through a similar aperture. There is no difference between the city and the suburb, except that inside the walls the canals are narrower.

Again we were in the country, among the mulberry-trees and the rice-fields, the patches of tobacco, the sepulchral mounds, with their waving banners of high reeds, the gourds trellised on bamboo framework, and the agricultural population all at work—men and women, with equal energy, treading at their irrigation-wheels. Here is the secret of the fertility of this great delta. Every hundred yards a little family treadwheel, with its line of tiny buckets, is

erected over the canal, and the water is thrown up to refresh the mulberry-trees or mature the rice. When the Arabs learn to labour like this, the plain of the Metidja may become as productive as this delta of the two rivers. We must have passed 10,000 people to-day engaged in this irrigation process.

Towards evening we arrived at the first-class city of Keashin, where I found myself surrounded by all the scum of the city. They were never hostile, but they stoop and poke out their heads and stare their very hardest at you in a close circle. They gently lay hold on your hand to examine your ring; they beg to be allowed to remove your spectacles, and make the most impertinent remarks upon the colour of your eyes. Mine are of the most ridiculous and unnatural of all colours—blue; and they are such a curiosity that a crowd of Chinamen will stare at them for half an hour without winking, but occasionally laughing heartily to each other. My chief persecutor at Keashin was a fellow who squinted horribly. I thought myself justified in pointing out this fact to the crowd, and thus got rid of him; for there was a roar of laughter, amid which he slunk away.

All this is mere curiosity: there is no feeling of hostility to strangers. If a mandarin were officially informed of our presence, we should probably be arrested and sent back; the fact that no one cares to do so, shows that the people feel no displeasure at our presence.

After a little intercourse this would all cease, but at present it is an insufferable affliction. I am not fastidious; but a hundred Chinamen crowding round and pushing one another close upon you, is not a pleasant position. You must add, moreover, that the thermometer is standing at 100, that these fellows are all naked to the waist, and that the Chinese are not only a 'cute race, but also eminently a cutaneous people.

Keashin is but a larger Kiahing. All these cities on the plain are just alike. At Keashin, however, we leave that network of canals which, although over fifty yards broad, are now narrowed to a channel by light bamboo partitions on each side. The inclosed sidewater is hired and cultivated

as gardens for ling, a water-loving root which the English call "buffalo-head," and which the Chinese much affect. Worse, however, than the ling-gardens, the huge hulks of the Imperial grain-junks encumber these small canals. Since the rebels have been established at Nankin, the inland communication has been stopped, and the food of Pekin goes round by sea. Many hundreds, therefore, of these junks have become useless. They are rotting in all directions, filling up the channels—some above water, some below, all of them in decay. They must not be broken up, or sold, or burnt—they are Imperial property. At Keashin we enter upon the Imperial canal. Between the carefully piled banks of this noble river, for it is as wide as the Thames at Kew, we journey for three days, passing and sometimes tarrying at villages and towns and cities. It is the country, however, which is most interesting.

"God made the country, and man made the town,"

may be true in England, but here man has as much to do in making the country as in making the city.

There is no lack of objects as we pass up, towed by these hardy boatmen. The irrigation-wheels are constantly going; men and women working under their awning of mats. The junks and boats are never ceasing. Who shall number the vehicles for water-carriage which China possesses? The fisherman with his flock of fishing cormorants perched on his punt or swimming after him, is passing up under the bank; and I notice that if a cormorant gets a large fish which he cannot swallow, he takes it to the punt and receives something which his master pushes into his mouth in return for it; but if it be an eel or small fish he tries to escape with it and swallow it, and if he is beyond the reach of the fisherman's crook, he generally does so. Near the towns the banks are lined at intervals of a few hundred yards with triumphal monuments in stone. These monuments are of one type, but not always of one pattern—two upright square pillars, two or three horizontal bars bearing inscriptions, and a pediment on the top like a section of the roof of a Chinese temple. They have erected six of these at Canton to celebrate the expulsion of the English. Here they com-

memorate the virtues of some defunct matron. There are graves also. Sometimes these are mounds, sometimes coffins placed upon the earth, and sometimes coffins cased over with dry brickwork. Occasionally a beggar has made his home in the coffin, and comes forth from it to beg.

The only Chinese objects which, to the eye of Western taste, are really beautiful, are the bridges that cross their canals at frequent intervals. The willow-pattern plate, so faithful in other matters, does not do them justice. Occasionally they consist of three arches, but generally of only one. In the latter case, solid masonry of carefully faced granite or limestone advances into the water from either side. In the centre springs a light and graceful arch, more than a semicircle, quite half an oval; it springs forty feet high, and the crown of the arch has not two feet of superstructure resting upon it. There is no keystone, but the thin coping stones are cut in the proper curve. The bridge itself is a terrace mounted by steps on either side at an angle of forty-five degrees. The effect is very graceful and airy; and as no wheeled carriages are used in China (except wheelbarrows), they answer all practical purposes. A sunset on the Imperial canal, with the monuments on the banks, a vista of these bridges, and the mountains of Nganhwui in the far distance, is a sight I shall remember when I look again upon Claudes and Turners.

We are thankful that at last there are mountains in view; for this perpetual level, fat and fertile as it is, grows depressing.

It is our fifth day, and we are expecting to reach Hangchow, where all our difficulties of transit must be expected.

While writing I have passed along five miles of rural district with banks all built up, like a Parisian quay, of wrought granite, and the towing-path carried over stone bridges which cross the frequent branches of this immense artifical navigation. I despair of conveying the idea of cyclopean work, enormous traffic, patient industry, vast natural fertility, individual content, and peaceful prosperity with which this journey impresses me. The pagodas are in ruins, and where the quays have fallen there is no hand to repair them. The Imperial grain-junks are rotting, and the

few forts are in decay. But these evidences of decrepitude in the rulers have not yet operated to affect the personal happiness which springs from fertile lands and industrious husbandmen.

At the end of one of the long straight lines of this highway we discern at last a far-extending mass of houses, whose walls exult in bright whitewash, and whose roofs are all of old gray tiles. These houses seem to extend far back and to overspread the plain that intervenes between the bank of the canal and the highlands that form the background of our present view.

This, seen through a mob of junks, moving and still, is Hangchow as it appears from the Imperial canal. All things indicate the capital of a great province. Our old friends, the Imperial grain-junks, have been rotting in hundreds for the last ten miles; the canal has been of extending width, mandarin passage-boats, towed by strings of coolies, have gone by, sounding their gongs and flaunting their banners, while the mandarin looked out from his seat of honour, and from behind his fan eagerly eyed the strangers. The commercial navy of China (*pur sang*—no schooners or lorchas) was taking in paper, tea, rice, oil, bamboo basket-work, and a thousand other articles of produce. They are loading the tea here in its natural state, in chests protected by matting. It is all for Shanghai and the export market; that is to say, it is all of that high-dried kind which will pass the sea. I counted eighteen junks, of about 200 tons each, lying together ready-laden with this European necessity.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HANGCHOW AND ITS SUBURBS.

The "Ta Kwan," or "Great Custom House"—Difficulty of Entering Hangchow—The Sehoo Lake—Buddhist Temples—The "Yun Lin"—The Philosophy of the Buddhists—The Ten Gods of Hell—The "Do-Nothings"—The Taoists—The Confucians—Apathy of the Chinese in Religious Matters—Entry into Hangchow—Interior of the City—Journey Onwards—Arrival at Ningpo—Reflections upon this Journey.

SUBURBS OF HANGCHOW, *August* 11.

THE irrigation-wheel has now entirely given way to the wharf. The banks on either side are as the banks of the Thames when the river reaches the city's eastern suburb. High above roofs and masts rise two lofty poles, whose cross bars show them to be ensigns of official authority. They stand before a large public edifice. In China all public edifices are of the same pattern; joss-houses and palaces and public offices might and very frequently do interchange their purposes without much alteration. The building before us has the usual double tier of shelving roofs with upturned corners, as though the original designer of this style had taken the prows of four Greek galleys and put them together, with their rostra facing to the four cardinal points. It also has a very extensive gallery, which comes out on piles into the canal, and is roofed and ornamented in proper official style, and crowded with Chinese officials. This building is the celebrated "Psin Kwan," or "Ta Kwan,"—the "new" or the "great" Custom-house. This is the foe of Manchester and Leeds, and Nottingham and Sheffield. This is the first lock in the ascending water-way. Here British calicoes get their first lift, to be still further lifted at very short stages. There is no escape. Here the Imperial canal ends. There are small feeders which come down from places in the neighbourhood, but here the navigation ceases. There is a magnificent navigable river which rolls on the other side of

the city, but with this the Imperial canal has no connection. Such is the Imperial policy. Here at Hangchow everything must be trans-shipped.

We pulled up at the custom-house, and I prepared for the rigorous search which must take place. I was determined to solve this mystery of the differential duties. I had a piece of printed calico and a packet of clasp-knives, and also some of my Chinese clothing, not yet worn, on the table before me. I was fully resolved to have a considerable discussion over the payment for these things.

After a few moments, a man, something between the coolie and comprador class, and without even the small pyramidal official straw-hat, put his head into the boat and said, as plain as unintelligible words and significant gesture could speak, "That will do—go on."

"But tell him," roared I to A'yu, "that I have duties to pay."

"He talkee all right."

"Tell him these boxes are all full of salt, and the boat is full of contraband goods."

"He talkee maskee."

"Tell him we haven't paid the boat toll."

"He talkee bamboo boatee men."

At this hint we were at once propelled from the shore, and I was left with my British produce to mourn over the fallibility of the best-laid schemes. It was quite evident now that the officials were determined to ignore our presence. I knew there was a toll that would amount to nearly a dollar each on our boats; they refused, however, to take it from us. They allow us now to pass the custom-house unquestioned. They are clearly treating the three Englishmen as Dogberry thought it best to treat rogues. Now I began to make frantic inquiries from Chinamen about the matter I had intended to settle for myself. I am told that at this "Ta Kwan" they take 15 cash, or about three-halfpence, for a piece of China cloth, and 400 cash, or 3*s.*, for English. A Chinaman will always give you an answer, and it will generally be the first phrase that comes into his head. I paid little attention to this assertion, and should not have repeated it, but that it seems to accord with my

subsequent experience. Shanghai is full of English goods; at Keahing and Keashun I saw some English "domestics;" but after we had passed the "Ta Kwan," I never saw anything English exhibited for sale, except English sewing cotton, which had penetrated even to the primitive city of Peh Kwan. It may be that the duties on English goods are as heavy as my Chinese informant says, but I must admit that I do not think the testimony worth much.*

We now held a council. Shall we try to invade the city or not? Hangchow is, next to Pekin, the most zealously-guarded city in the empire. "There is Heaven above, but there are Hangchow and Soochoo on earth," say the Chinese poets. It was for no short time the Imperial capital. It has always been essentially Chinese. Annals of martyrdoms tell still of the massacre of 800 Christians at Hangchow. During the last war many of our kidnapped sailors were sent here as to a place of security, and butchered after a mock trial. Several Europeans have said they have been into the city, but they have given no more description of the place than if they had not been there. They probably passed through in well-closed chairs. Even this cannot be easily done. The last attempt made was by Mr. Edkins, and it resulted in his being taken into custody and sent back under an escort on his road to Shanghai.

On the whole, it was thought wiser to go on at once to the famous lake with its gardens of ling, its fairy tea-houses, its mighty Buddhist temples, its Imperial palace, and its pagoda-crowned surrounding mountains. On one side it washes the city walls, so we shall not be far away. It is the glory of Hangchow and the boast of the Celestial Empire; so it is probably much better worth seeing than the city itself.

VILLAGE OF SEHOO, *August* 14.

Avoiding the gates of Hangchow, and making wide circuit, we tracked our way through devious ditches up to a village about half a mile distant from the lake and about a mile distant from the walls of Hangchow. This village is full of coolies and chairs, and its business seems to be to

*It will be seen that after-inquiries confirmed my distrust.

convey the burgesses of Hangchow about to the temples and gardens. There is no entrance into the lake for us. We lie off the village in six inches of green water. Ague and fever seem to float around.

Three nights we slept in this swamp.

Our days were passed in the great Buddhist temples and in the monasteries of the bonzes. They take us to the temple of the Great Buddha—a mighty bust, forty feet high, carved out of the rock and gilt; thence to a still larger temple, where a moving pagoda and forty-nine colossal idols commemorate the forty-nine transmigrations of Buddha. Thence across rich pleasure-grounds, where streamlets ripple and some spots are shady, but where still that knife-grinding din pursues us, for—

"Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis."

We are borne to the temple of the Fish Buddha, where enormous carp grow fat in pleasant ponds. At least a thousand of them contended for our votive biscuits, and some of them weighed, to a fisherman's eye, quite 40lb.

These temples, however, great as they are in size and grotesqueness, are but as little Welsh churches compared to the wonders of the "Yun Lin," the "Cloudy Forest." This is not so much a temple as a region of temples.

It is suggestive of the scenes of those ancient Pagan mysteries, where the faith and fortitude of neophites were tried, and their souls purified by successive terrors. It is a limestone district, abounding in caves and far-reaching dark galleries and mysterious internal waters. These natural opportunities are improved by a priest and an altar in every cave, gigantic idols cut into the rock in unexpected places, rays of heavenly light which only the faithful votary ought to be able to see, but which, as they come through holes bored through the hill, sceptics sometimes catch sight of; inscriptions 2,000 years old, but deepened as time wears them. The place is a labyrinth of carved rocks, a happy valley of laughing Buddhas, and Queens of Heaven, and squatting Buddhas, and hideous hook-nosed gods of India. There is a pervading smell of frankincense, and the single priest found here and there in solitary places, moaning his

ritual, makes the place yet more lonely ; and through this strange scene you pass by narrow paths to the foot of the colossal terrace steps which mount to the great temple itself. The wild birds are flying about this vast echoing hall of Buddha ; the idols are still bigger and still more richly gilt. In the great " gallery of five hundred gods," all that can be done by art, laborious, but ignorant of beauty, reaches its climax.

The cowled and tonsured bonzes come forth to greet us. Excellent tea and great choice of sweetmeats await us in the refectory.

The wonders of this Sehoo Lake deserve better description than the object of these letters will allow me to attempt. The temple and tomb of the faithful minister of state, Yo Fei, occupy acres of ground and thousands of tons of monumental wood, stone, and iron. The Imperial Palace upon the lake, with its garden of rockwork and green ponds, its large library of unused books, its dim metal mirrors, richly embroidered cushions, and rickety old chairs, opened to us with great difficulty, and under the immediate pressure of the almighty dollar. I hope some one under less imperative obligation to eschew the merely picturesque and to seek only for facts which may have practical bearings may yet describe these objects. My favourite eventide occupation was to ascend one of these hills, and sit at the foot of one of these half-burnt pagodas which stand about like blasted cypress-trees, and look down upon Hangchow. The famous city lies like a map beneath me. Not a curl of smoke, not a building more lofty than the orthodox two-storied josshouse. I can follow the line of outer walls, and even track the course of the inner enceinte. Marco Polo says they were 100 miles round, and a Chinese chronicler records that in a single conflagration, while Hangchow was yet the capital of China, 530,000 houses were burned. These are foolish fables. Hangchow, from its position, never could have been much larger than it now is. It stands upon a slip of land about three miles wide, intervening between the river (which is wider than the Mersey and has thirty feet of water at low tide) and this lake. At one end the ground swells into a hill, across the crest of which the

city wall passes. The shape of Hangchow, therefore, is very much that of a couch, the hill part being represented by the pillows, and being the fashionable part of the city. I can see not only public temples, but also many of those private ancestral temples, which are to a Chinese gentleman what the chancel of his parish church is to an English squire. Little gardens, perhaps not forty feet square, full of weeds and rockwork and small ponds; an oblong pavilion with tablets upon the walls, descriptive of the names and achievements of the ancestors—a kneeling stool, an incense vase, candlesticks, a brazier to burn paper made in imitation of Sycee silver, and a sacrificial tub—such is a Chinaman's private chapel. Here he comes on solemn days, and, the garden being weeded, and all things painted and renewed for the occasion, he prays and sacrifices to his ancestors, and feasts with his friends. If the Chinaman has a superstition, this is it. His Bhuddism is a ceremonial to the many and a speculative philosophy to the adept, no more. Mr. Edkins's object in visiting the temples of the lake, was to hold controversy with the priests, so I had more opportunity of hearing what they really believe than usually falls to the lot of travellers who cannot read the Pali books. They did not feel his arguments against idolatry. They treat their grotesque gods with as much contempt as we do. They divide the votaries into three classes. First come the learned men who perform the ritual and observe the abstinence from animal food merely as a matter of discipline, but place their religion in absolute mental abstraction, tending to that perfection which shall fit them to be absorbed into that something which, as they say, faith can conceive, but words cannot describe. Secondly come those who, unable to mount to this intellectual yearning after purification from all human sentiments, strive by devotion to fit themselves for the heaven of the western Buddha, where transmigration shall cease, and they shall for all eternity sit upon a lotus-flower and gaze upon Buddha, drawing happiness from his presence. Thirdly follow the vulgar, whose devotion can rise no higher than the sensual ceremonies, who strike their foreheads upon the steps of the temples, who burn incense, offer candles made from the

tallow-tree, and save up their cash for festival days. So far as my experience goes, this class is confined almost entirely to old women; and the priests say that their one unvarying aspiration is, that at their next transmigration they may become men.

Such is Buddhism as we see it in China. But this is not all. A Chinese poet who 800 years ago built an ugly straight dam in this beautiful lake of Sehoo, about the same time invented the Ten Gods of Hell, and grafted them upon the Buddhist faith to terrify men from crime. There is also a reformed sect of Buddhists, who call themselves "Do-Nothings," and who place the perfection of man in abstaining from all worship, all virtue, and all vice. When the Jesuit missionaries saw the mitres, the tonsure, the incense, the choir, and the statues of the Queen of Heaven, they exclaimed that the devil had been allowed to burlesque their religion. We Protestants may almost say the same. These reformed Buddhists deduce their origin from a teacher who was crucified in the province of Shantung some 600 years ago, and they shock the missionaries by blasphemous parallels. I have heard that the present bishop of Victoria investigated this sect, and sent home an account of them, but for some reason, the statement was suppressed.

Then we have the Taoists, or cultivators of perfect reason, which is another philosophy having its temples and its ceremonies. We have the worship of Heaven, which is the prerogative of the Emperor; and we have the State religion, the philosophy of Confucius, which is but metaphysics and ethics.

All these may form good subject of discussion to laboriously idle men, but they are of very little practical importance. They are speculations, not superstitions. They are thought over—they are not felt. They inspire no fanaticism, they create no zeal, they make no martyrs, they generate no intolerance. They are not faiths that men will fight for, or die for, or even feel zealous for. Your Chinese doctor is a man of great subtlety, of great politeness, but of the coldest indifference. He is a most pachydermatous beast, so far as the zeal of the Christian missionary is concerned. "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" asks the missionary after long

teaching, patiently heard. "Certainly I do," coldly answers the hearer. "But why do you believe? are you convinced? do you feel that what I have been saying is true?" "I believe it because you say so," is the polite and hopeless answer.

It is this which makes the earnest missionary despond. A Chinaman has no superstition He has nothing that can be overthrown and leave a void. He will chin-chin his joss, burn crackers before he starts on a voyage, or light a candle for a partner or a useful clerk who may be in danger of death. But it's only hope of "good luck," or fear of "bad luck." The feeling is no deeper than that which in religious and enlightened England causes so many horseshoes to be nailed up to keep out witches, or which makes decent housewives, who can read and write, separate crossed knives, throw pinches of salt over their shoulder, and avoid walking under a ladder.

Clustered upon this hill, within the walls of Hangchow, are temples of all these varied forms of paganism, and perhaps within the year the same idolater has bowed in all of them. Two lofty green mounds are perhaps too large for mere private tombs, and mark the spot of some public hero-worship; but in other cases the architecture of the sacred and public edifices is all alike, and you cannot distinguish temples from custom-houses or mandarin offices.

CHAO-HING, *August* 15.

Having made careful survey of the environs of Hangchow, we now determined to attack the city.

With a retinue of twelve chair-bearers, and ten coolies who followed with our baggage, we left our boats during the mid-day heat, and skirting the border of the lake, reached the wall of the city. Here we shut ourselves up, and Mr. Edkins, profiting by former mishaps, instructed the party to avoid the Tartar part of the city and the Manchoo gate. It was an exciting moment when the first palanquin passed under the city gate. From behind my exaggerated fan I could see a fat Chinese official, who was evidently on duty, but who had his back turned to us. The rascal pretended he was quite unaware of our presence. I found out after-

wards that he knew that three Englishmen were passing in just as well as we did. I breathed more freely when the gate was passed, and when we became entangled in the narrow streets. They bore us through the dirtiest parts of the town, and passed the Yamun, or police-office, known by the horrible Imperial lion scrawled in paint upon the opposite wall. The people soon began to run together. The blinds of the chair were sufficiently transparent to allow them to see there was something unusual; perhaps the fact of the chairs being closed was enough in itself. Then we grew bolder and opened the blinds, and, although the crowd pressed to see, there was no hostile demonstration. At last, when we got to a better part of the city, we boldly descended, and found ourselves in the streets of Hangchow. We now bade one of the coolies guide us to the upper part of the city, while the chairs followed. We passed several curiosity shops, where there were some few things I should have bought, but, alas! our expenses had so far exceeded our expectation that we were already afraid our funds would fall short—a contingency which actually occurred, for we had to borrow of a Chinese inn-keeper. I noticed that in one of the curiosity shops an English beerbottle was placed among the vases in a post of honour. As we ascended the hill, we passed a tea-house, which was the first I had seen in China having any pretensions to ornament. This was evidently the Véry of Hangchou. A mandarin chair was following us, and we drew up to allow the gentleman to overtake us. In evident perturbation, he stopped his chair and went into one of the temples, where he doubtless expended some cash in incense to be delivered from the barbarians.

We were now among joss-houses and private residences which I had seen from the Pagoda-hill, and from the terrace we could see down into the courts and houses of the lower city. It was a holiday in Hangchow. There were shows going on. We had heard much firing in the morning, and we now learned that there had been a review of 8,000 troops, and our informants added with much laughter that one of the evolutions had been to make the soldiers charge right into the river up to their armpits. In this part of Hang-

chow we were less thronged than I had ever been before in China. There was no apparent obstacle to our going where we pleased or doing what we pleased. We did not venture into the theatre, for we knew by experience, at a sing-song on the bank of the lake, that the Chinese ladies, with their smart robes, their painted faces—white and red upon their cheeks and vermilion on their lips, little enamelled stars beside their eyes, and black upon their eyebrows—would almost jump out of their boxes with fright; while the populace would throng about us, and the actors would stand still and stare like the rest. Being a little overcome by the sun, I strolled away by myself back to the tea-house, and took my place at a little table as complacently as I should on one of the boulevards; the tea was exquisite,—that slightly-dried, small, green leaf which you never can taste in England; for tea will not keep or pack, or stand the voyage, unless burnt up to the state of insipidity in which we get it. A poet emperor of China, Khian-Loung, has not disdained to sing the praises of tea, and, like a practical Chinaman, he teaches us how to make it:—

"Graceful are the leaves of mei-hoa, sweetly scented and clear are the leaves of fo-cheou. But place upon a gentle fire the tripod whose colour and form tell of a far antiquity, and fill it with water of molten snow. Let it seethe till it would be hot enough to whiten fish or to redden a crab. Then pour it into a cup made from the earth of yué, upon the tender leaves of a selected tea-tree. Let it rest till the mists which freely rise have formed themselves into thicker clouds, and until these have gradually ceased to weigh upon the surface, and at last float away in vapour. Then sip deliberately the delicious liquor. It will drive away all the five causes of disquietude which come to trouble us. You may taste, and you may feel; but never can you express in words or song that sweet tranquillity we draw from the essence thus prepared."

I sipped and was refreshed; but the sweet tranquillity was not mine. The curious tea-drinkers pressed around me, and there was a waiter whose nature it was to walk about with a kettle of boiling water, and whose unconquerable instinct compelled him to fill up my cup whenever it was getting three degrees below boiling point, and was becoming possible to drink. The people were very good-tempered, but they came very close, and the day was very hot. I was

so strict in my Chinese costume that they could find nothing to wonder at but my physique and my pith hat. They made the most of these. If I had been dressed in European costume, I believe they would have undressed me in their ardent curiosity.

Meantime our coolies and luggage had been stopped at the gate we passed through. The officials told my man that we had acted wrong in not presenting our cards and the Footei's pass; however it was not their business, but that of another officer, to stop foreigners. They did not wish to stop Englishmen's luggage, but looked into the servants' boxes. They asked where the Englishmen were gone, and were satisfied when told that we had gone up the hill "to chin-chin joss." All this talk about cards and passes was, of course, Chinese tarradiddles, but it shows that the Chinese authorities were perfectly aware that they had three Englishmen among them.

I could find no silk weaving in the city, but there must be quarters like the suburbs of Lyons, for this is the very centre and depôt of the silk district.

After several hours in Hangchow we got into our chairs again, and passed through the opposite gate of the city along a dirty faubourg and over a flat to the Tsein-tang river, which is here about two miles wide. There is a little custom-house, but no ships and no commerce. Hangchow evidently depends upon its inland trade, and seeks no communication by sea. As we crossed the broad river I looked back upon this picturesque city, and felt that its environs were as familiar as those of Liverpool, Cheltenham, or Richmond.

We had five days' journey yet before us, the greater part through country even less visited than Hangchow itself. I should grow intolerable, however, were I to describe the rest of the route with the same minuteness. I must not even venture to describe the sepulchre of Yu, the founder of the Hia dynasty, although it is the grandest sepulchral temple in China, and boasts an antiquity of 2,000 years—and although a fierce thunderstorm burst so close that there was a smell of fire, and the gigantic idol trembled. Perhaps I may be permitted, however, to say that nearly 100 lineal descendants of the great emperor who controlled the great

inundations and curbed the waters of the four great rivers, still live in poverty under the protection of the temple. Under the Ming dynasty they received pensions; the Tartars allow them none. Here is a pedigree, ye followers of Rollo. Enough to say of Peh-Kwan that the people asked us whether we were Siamese. They had seen the Loochooians, and we were not like them, and they knew we were not Japanese. Chao-hing is for many miles round girt with sepulchral monuments. It is to the worship of ancestors what Hangchow and its lakes are to Buddha. All the wharves and bridges were crowded by all the population of the place as we went through. The half-naked bodies seemed countless as we moved slowly through canals, exactly—bridges, smells, and all—like some of the back canals in Venice. We passed several nights among the most uncultivated crowds of boatmen, while awaiting our turn to be dragged by windlasses over those dikes of slippery mud which in China do duty for locks. We spent other nights in passing through lakes and listening to the songs and cymbals which told of marriages in the villages on their banks. We watched the paddy harvest, examined the tallow-trees, with their poplar-like leaf, their green berries, and their alder-shaped form. We saw the cotton come into flower. We fired in vain at two eagles circling round the head of a man who was accompanied by a little dog, which they wanted to carry off. We stopped and interrogated a sort of Chinese Gil Blas, who was travelling on foot (almost an unprecedented thing in China), and who carried with him all his worldly goods—a pair of blue breeches, a pipe, and a small teapot. We investigated at Yu-Yoa the country from the top of the Citadel-hill, and in the dyer's shop we examined the dye wherewith those ever-present blue breeches are dyed. After ten days of sight-seeing, everything seemed to repeat itself and to revolve like the events of the Platonic year. We became convinced at last that if we were to journey from Hangchow to Pekin, and from Pekin to Szchuen, we should find just the same arts and manners and agriculture, varied only by the exigencies of nature.

On the 10th of August we arrived at Ningpo, after some discomfort and some necessity for strong doses of quinine, but after

much excitement and great enjoyment. We have passed 400 miles of country not often before traversed. We have entered four first-class Chinese cities (two of them unknown to European travellers), many second-class cities which in other countries might be classed as first, and innumerable towns and villages. Throughout the whole of our journey we have received from no Chinese an uncivil word or insulting gesture. No mischievous urchin has thrown stones down upon us from any one of the hundreds of bridges we passed through. No one stopped us, and no one waylaid us. It is true that the mandarins at Peh-Kwan sent us a message to appear at their yamun; but when we sent answer that we would endeavour to make preparation to receive their visit on board our boats, and when Mr. Edkins had sent them a Testament, they took the evasive answer in good part, and suffered our boatmen to proceed.

From this journey I draw two practical conclusions.

The first is, that the authorities in China are exceedingly anxious in no way to complicate their present disputes with England, and, holding in very wholesome terror the English name, are inclined to shut their eyes to the presence of peaceably conducted foreigners.

The second is that, unless excited by the authorities, as they have been at Canton—and as they might have been here, for had the mandarins chosen to say we were Portuguese, we should certainly have had our throats cut—the Chinese people have no objection whatever to the presence of foreigners in their cities.

Whenever, therefore, the provisions of a new treaty shall open all China to every European provided with a passport from his own consul, there will be no difficulty in the English merchant carrying his own goods up the rivers and canals and into the great cities of China.

The people will be glad enough to trade with him, and the authorities can, if they will, protect him.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## THE NINGPO MASSACRE.

Commercial Character of Ningpo—Piracy—Massacre of the Portuguese Pirates by Cantonese Pirates—Political Occurrences.

NINGPO, *Aug.* 24.

THIS great city, with its 350,000 inhabitants, its beautiful river, and its excellent water-connection with the interior, is the least valuable of all our commercial stations. Neither tea nor silk is brought down in any quantities, and the little tea that is prepared here is sent to Shanghai to be shipped. The importation of British and Straits' produce was last year but £136,359. 9*s.*, and not two-thirds of this was British manufactures. The greater security of European shipping, and its comparative immunity from the pirates outside (whom I saw the other day send a whole fleet of junks back into the river), have given it some importance as a shipping-port for Amoy, Formosa, Swatow, and the Straits. In 1856, 198 British ships, with an aggregate of 25,506 tons, loaded here. This carrying trade is likely to increase, for the Chinese are becoming quite alive to the advantage of a stout ship and an English flag. "Can insure?" is a question now very often in a Chinaman's mouth, and Chinamen are rich at Ningpo.

Ningpo is still in the after-throb of great excitement. The European settlement is on the side of the river opposite to the walled city. The hongs are not numerous nor very large, and they are mixed up with Chinese residences and large timber yards (timber is the staple of Ningpo); and they form a rectangle, the area behind which is occupied by graves and paddy-fields, but chiefly by graves.

On the 26th of June a naval battle was fought in the river, and a massacre took place among the tombs.

The story is somewhat out of date, but I must deal with

it here, where alone I could do so upon a proper knowledge of the facts, because it is illustrative of the state of affairs we have to deal with in China. To understand this transaction we must recollect, what it is so difficult for people in England to believe, that the whole coast of China is so infested with pirates that even a fleet of fishing-boats cannot venture out without armed vessels as a convoy.

The fishing-boats which ply off the mouth of the river Yung pay convoy duties to the extent of 50,000 dollars a year; and the wood-junks that ply between Ningpo and Foochow, and the other native craft, raise the annual payment for protection to 200,000 dollars (£70,000) annually. These figures are startling, but I have taken pains to ascertain their correctness.

The vessels employed in this convoy service were Portuguese lorchas. These vessels were well armed and equipped. There were no mandarin junks and no Portuguese ships of war to cope with them or control them, and they became masters of this part of the coast. It is in the nature of things that these privateers should abuse their power. They are accused of the most frightful atrocities. It is alleged that they made descents upon villages, carried off the women, murdered the men, and burnt the habitations. They became infinitely greater scourges than the pirates they were paid to repel. It is alleged, also, that complaints to the Portuguese consul were vain; that Portuguese sailors taken red-handed and handed over to this consul were suffered to escape from the consular prison. Rightly or wrongly, the Chinese thought that the consul was in complicity with the ruffians who were acting both as convoy and as pirates. The convictions of the English and French residents at Ningpo do not differ from those of the Chinese; and although, having no means of guarding my inquiries with the securities of a judicial investigation, I am unwilling to make any strong assertion, I think I may reasonably say that the honour of the Government of Portugal is so compromised that European nations, for common character's sake, should require it to institute a searching examination into the conduct of this official.

The leader of the pirate fleet was—I am going back now

to a time three years ago—a Cantonese named A'Pak. The authorities at Ningpo, in their weakness, determined to make terms with him, rather than submit to the tyranny of the Portuguese.

A'Pak was made a mandarin of the third class; and his fleet—not altogether taken into Government pay, for that the Chinese could not afford—was nominally made over to A'Pak's brother, a gentleman with a long name, which I cannot remember.

This fleet, now turned nominally honest, began to compete with the Portuguese for the convoy business, and, their business being now tolerably respectable, they were joined by several English, American, and French deserters from ships-of-war and merchant vessels.

This has been the position of the two parties for the last three years.

The fishermen and carrying junks, glad to be rid of the Portuguese yoke, gradually transferred their custom to the Cantonese fleet, and the Portuguese, hungry and furious, became more active in their piracies, and attacked the Cantonese ships when they could get them at an advantage, and murdered their crews with circumstances of great atrocity.

The Cantonese do not look upon the Portuguese as Europeans. They have not the same fear of them. They can fight them man to man. Macao would have been taken by the Chinese long since, had they not dreaded the interference of the other Western powers. After a few of these very sanguinary provocations, A'Pak—not, it is believed, without the concurrence of the Toutai of Ningpo—determined to destroy this Portuguese convoy fleet.

For this purpose A'Pak's brother collected his snake-boats and convoy junks from along the whole coast, and assembled about twenty of them, and perhaps 500 men. The Portuguese were not long hearing of these preparations, but they seem to have been struck with panic. Some of their vessels went south, some were taken at the mouth of the river. Seven lorchas took refuge up the river, opposite the Portuguese consulate. The sailors on board these lorchas landed some of their big guns, and put the consulate in a state of defence, and perhaps hoped that the neighbourhood of the

European houses and the character of the consulate would prevent an attack. Not so. On the day I have above mentioned the Canton fleet came up the river. The Portuguese consul immediately fled. The lorchas fired one broadside at them as they approached, and then the crews deserted their vessels, and made for the shore. About 200 Cantonese, accompanied by a few Europeans, followed these 140 Portuguese and Manilla-men ashore. A fight took place in the streets. It was of very short duration, for the Portuguese behaved in the most dastardly manner. The Manilla-men showed some spirit, but the Portuguese could not even persuade themselves to fight for their lives behind the walls of their consulate. The fortified house was taken and sacked by these Chinamen, the Portuguese were pursued among the tombs, where they sought refuge, and forty of them were shot down, or hunted and butchered with spears.

The *Capricieuse*, French frigate, now came up the river, fired upon the Cantonese who were sacking the consul's house, and put an end to the conflict. The French captain received on board the Portuguese consul, not, I am told, with great cordiality, and also the fugitives who had escaped the massacre. The latter he conveyed as prisoners to Macao, to be tried as pirates.

Merciless as this massacre was, and little as is the choice between the two sets of combatants, it must be owned that the Cantonese acted with purpose and discipline. Three trading Portuguese lorchas which lay in the river with their flags flying were not molested; and no European, not a Portuguese, was even insulted by the infuriated butchers. The stories current of Souero and his Portuguese followers rivalled the worst of the tales of the buccaneers, and public opinion in Ningpo and the foreign settlement was strongly in favour of the Cantonese.

The Chinamen lost only two Chinese. One vagabond Englishman fighting on their side was shot by a Manilla-man.

After the departure of the *Capricieuse*, the Portuguese brig of war, the *Mondego*, came up the river, accompanied by about twelve Portuguese lorchas, and made formal demands of the Toutai, that the captured lorchas should be

restored and other restitution made. The Toutai replied that the two convoy fleets must settle their own quarrels, for he had nothing to do with them. The Portuguese and the Cantonese then made ready for a fight, and the general opinion was that the Cantonese would have again been victorious. Meanwhile, however, Commander Dew, in the *Nimrod*, had steamed up the river. He sent a message to the Portuguese commander to say that his instructions were to remain entirely neutral, and if the brig was about to attack, he would move his ship out of the line of fire; but that if the *Nimrod* or the houses of British residents on the river were struck by shot, it would be his duty to interfere. The *Mondego* and her consort lorchas immediately departed for Shanghai. The Canton fleet is still either engaged in convoying or at anchor in the river; and, to the great comfort of the merchants and the missionaries, so also is the *Nimrod*.

I do not for a moment seek to implicate the Portuguese nation in the crimes of the Macao ruffians, except so far that it was the duty of Portugal to prevent such deeds. But these circumstances suggest serious considerations in connection with our next treaty with China. They show how important and how difficult is the question of policing the coast and exterminating piracy; they show also how important it is that the great European powers should exercise a strong control over such lawless vagabonds as those who acted with the Cantonese; they also suggest very grave considerations as to how far it may be right to extend to small and not very conscientious Governments like that of Portugal the treaty privileges which England is about to ask, not only for herself, but for all other civilized nations.

A circumstance has just occurred which still further illustrates the great impolicy of allowing European vagabonds to be uncontrolled in this country. "Squeezing" has become so intolerable in this province, that a large city not forty miles distant is in rebellion. Every power in China "squeezes." The Toutai sends forth to "squeeze," the Canton fleet sends out to "squeeze," and squeezing parties are undertaken upon private account.

A few days since, an Irishman, accompanied by some

Chinese, went into the interior (to one of the villages where I had passed the previous night) upon, it is alleged, a squeezing expedition. While there, he accidentally shot one of his Chinese companions. Delighted with this opportunity of "getting the law on their side," the populace rose, seized the Irishman, bound him as though he had been a wild beast which no thongs could make harmless, and sent him up—after severe debate among themselves whether they should not behead him on the spot—to the Toutai of Ningpo. He arrived here in a terribly macerated condition, and claimed the protection of the British consul. Doubtless it became the consul's duty to grant this protection, and the man is now in Dr. Parker's hospital. Small advantage, however, will be derived by any British merchant from any treaty which may "open up China," if China is to be opened up to European brigands. There must be some arrangement among the European powers upon this matter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHUSAN.

Voyage from Ningpo to Chusan—The River Yung—A Night in a Joss-house—Chinghai—Chusan Harbour—No Guns in the Batteries—Aspect of the Island—May be Re-occupied without Resistance—A Typhoon.

CHUSAN HARBOUR, *September* 9.

ON the 6th of September, in a boat with two ears and two eyes, a foresail and mainsail kept taut by bamboo sticks worked into them, and a comfortable cabin, built as a hurricane-house, and occupying nearly all her length, I started, with a strong adverse wind, for Chusan. The *Rosina* is partly used as a passage-boat, partly to carry information, but chiefly to carry "drug"—the commercial name for opium. She belongs to an eminent commercial house, is navigated by one European and a Chinese crew, has good store of Minié rifles always fit for service, is a good sea-boat,

a fast sailer, and the type of a numerous class. Everybody of any importance has one of these Ningpo boats.

It would take more space than I dare occupy to describe the ten miles of the river Yung. The simple, yet effective ice-houses, and the no less simply constructed salt-stores, which occupy the right bank; the wood-junks, each in its separate mud dock (so closely packed that there is not room for another), which line the left bank; the "frowning" batteries which are built at the end of every reach—all deserve description. I can only pause, however, to say a word about the batteries. They are built of stone, and some of them have very powerful guns, but the wonder is that their armament has not long ago been stolen by the pirates and convoy lorchas. I have visited them all in different excursions down the river. There is no guard-house, no magazine, no sponge rammer or worm; the iron guns and the stone walls make up the battery. A naval officer who accompanied me in one of my wanderings was positively distressed at the forlorn condition of an English-cast 32-pounder thirteen feet long, and weighing four tons, so mounted that a charge of a pound of powder would have thrown it from its rotten carriage. I believe he would have provided the poor gun with a decent carriage at his own expense, even if he knew that he must meet its fire next day, so indignant was he that a good gun should be so shamefully treated.

At the mouth of the Yung we come to the city of Chinghai, with its enormous fleet of junks which crowd the river, and its extensive artificial sea-beach of hewn granite. Here are those extraordinary natural fortifications which the Chinese attempted to utilize in the last war, and this was the scene of the most tremendous slaughter that occurred.

The mouth of the Yung is beset by rocky islets and sunken shoals, which make the approach difficult and the channels intricate. Each shore is commanded by a high conical hill. That on the left is surmounted by a stone tower; that on the right by a fort and a joss-house. On a former occasion I passed a night and two days in that pagan temple. I slept, wrapped in my cloak, at the feet of a terrible Indian god. All night long the abbot in his mitre

sat upon his throne turning his back upon a gigantic idol of "the Queen of Heaven," and his priests sat round the table before him. A thousand little dishes, each containing some article of vegetable food curiously cooked, preserved, or made into sweetmeats, covered not only the table, but also many temporary scaffoldings erected for the purpose throughout the temple. It was a great ceremony, with a highly emblematical ritual. The prayer was, evidently, for a favourable harvest, for every fruit was taken up and blessed and chanted over. The picturesque scene, the monotonous mutterings, and perhaps also the musquitoes, kept me awake till past midnight. When I awoke in the morning the sun was invading my corridor, and priests, and food, and scaffoldings and tables had all vanished. But the old Indian god scowled upon us as ridiculously fierce as ever. Alas! his divine scowl had not scared away the musquitoes.

From the embrasures on the top of this joss-house fort I could look down upon the scene of that terrible carnage, when, in the last war, the Chinese army of ten thousand men were routed in ten minutes,—when the flying multitude was arrested by a line of bayonets, and when, before the slaughter could be stayed, one-half the number either perished by the steel or were forced into the broad river. This lesson, repeated at Ningpo, and again on the hills beyond, has never been forgotten.

In the joss-house fort there is one gun, mounted, probably, as an alarm-gun. There is another sunk half-way in the earth, with a British spike in it. These are the defences of the mouth of the Yung.

At four o'clock in the morning we were tacking through the islands; at ten we cast anchor in the harbour of Chusan. We are accustomed in England to think of Chusan as a fine, large island, open to the Chinese seas, where you may see the sun, with purple-coloured face, lift up his head from the distant waters. So upon its eastern side it probably is; not so as we are in the habit of approaching it. The harbour of Tinghai is a land-locked strait about three-quarters of a mile across—not unlike the Menai in some places. You might be in a moderate-sized river; you have come in through a labyrinth of narrow channels, and you see no

evidence of an open sea. Many a city upon a Chinese river looks more like a seaport than this famous port and harbour of Tinghai.

Nothing can be more picturesque to look upon than the mountains and valleys of this fair island, which now occupies all scope of view upon our left. Gradual elevations, clothed with small hamlets and many-coloured vegetation, swell from the strait, affording charming sites for barracks and hospitals and head-quarter houses. Away behind, the interior hills rise into peaks on which the clouds are resting. Narrow gorges and deep valleys run far up inland, offering shady retreats in hot summer months and fertile fields in every season.

The least pleasant is the flat on which the city stands. Opposite to the spot where we cast anchor the hills retire from the strait and form an amphitheatre. The interval between their base and the water is a semicircle. Let the hills represent the arc of a strung bow and the strait represent the string. The area between is the swampy marsh upon which the city of Tinghai stands, surrounded by paddy-fields and moist grounds. Just at that point of the string where the archer would fix the notch of his arrow, there is a hill, which nature seems to have placed there to command and protect the strait.

Such is the natural site of the land at the port of Chusan. Along the shore of the strait, to the full extent of the string of our bow, runs a green embankment. You would think it a dam thrown up as a protection against high tides, but that at regular intervals embrasures are left. The hill which stands in the centre of the chord of our arc has been fortified with walls and parapets of stone masonry; and it is still surmounted by that same joss-house which seventeen years ago obtained for it the name of Joss-house Hill. There are stone batteries also upon several of the islets; all the narrow channels are thus commanded, and there is a large battery far up the valley.

Except that the harbour contains, instead of a mandarin fleet, some sixty small trading-junks, the place must now look much as it did when our fleet first sailed in; when the Chinese admiral so feelingly expostulated with us upon the

injustice of revenging insults put upon us by the Cantonese, by slaughtering the defenders of those weak intrenchments; when the old man, with a dignity and courage worthy of a better fate, acknowledged that our power was too great to allow him to hope for success, but, declaring that his orders and his duty enjoined him to die at his post, went smiling down the side of our flagship, resigned to meet the doom which too surely awaited him in its most painful form on the morrow.

If I recall the memory of these painful scenes, it is to protest against their recurrence. If these places are to be again occupied, let it be done suddenly, before any peremptory orders for a desperate defence can arrive from Pekin. Not that Tinghai is, under proper conditions, incapable of defence. Garrisoned by English troops, it is difficult to conceive a place more impregnable. Approached by narrow rock-bound channels, covered by commanding heights, and having its own citadel-hill, it is formed for a place of strength; but the Chinese at Chusan seem to have learnt only one lesson from the last war—the inutility of all defences. Yes; I think they have learnt one other lesson; it is that British dollars follow hard upon British bayonets. I landed and walked along the embankment; there was not a gun. I climbed the Joss-house Hill. The masses of masonry that look so imposing from below are all loose blocks which a shot would topple over; still no gun. In the joss-house was an old priest muttering and beating his little drum, another smoking his pipe, and a third asleep. A half-starved dog seemed perishing under the same vice of idleness which pervades the place. His diet in a Buddhist temple could not be very succulent, and his skin was worn raw from lying all day long upon the stone floor. Sloth had eaten into his bones. Two or three Chinamen, sailors from the junks, were venting their "Ey yaw," as they examined the representations of the punishments of the Bhuddist hell. Not without reason, for the joss-house of Tinghai is richer than any temple I have seen in ingenious tortures. The kings of hell sit in judgment like Chinese mandarins. The executioners are braying the victims in mortars, boiling them in

furnaces, skinning them with knives, throwing them to tigers, squeezing them between boards, cutting them up and hanging the bits on hooks, beating them with mallets, tormenting them with hot irons, all represented in coloured plaster groups with a horrible fidelity of detail, and with an ingenuity of conception as to the instruments employed which would argue that the Buddhist priests are no contemptible mechanics, and that it is well for the barbarians they are not employed in the invention of warlike *tormentaria*.

No one, not even the dog, took any notice of me. I looked from the top of the hill down into the city of Tinghai—into the suburb which extends from it up to the water-side—upon the pagoda and the Artillery Hill—and upon the English tombs which cover the descent of the hill upon which I was standing. Everything was swamp and paddy. Everything had the same listless, unprepared, care-abandoned air. There was not a gun visible from the spot, not a muzzle lurking behind any one of the hundreds of embrasures which I could count around. A few junks were working up the canal or river which runs from the harbour up to the city, and some others were unloading joss-house furniture upon the wharf below me. I had heard men of the last war talk of gravel walks and parade-grounds, European houses and drained spaces. No vestige of any such innovation remains. All is gone back to Chinese notions of propriety—squalid houses for Chinamen to herd in, paddy-crops for Chinamen to eat. These paddy-fields were now full of water; the city also was slighty flooded. The Chinamen seemed to have clustered like flies upon the only foul spot in this beautiful island.

I walked down into the English burial-ground. The inscriptions have been torn away from the square tomb, and the obelisk has been broken. The Chinese have crowded the place with the coffins of their own dead. A fellow who was working there at this "pigeon" addressed me in the jargon they use for English, and told me there had been an insurrection in the city two days before. The "soldiers" had assembled from their shops and had beaten the mandarin almost to death because he had paid them

their pay in the new depreciated cash. He ended by a patriotic wish that we English would come and take the island again. His English acquirements showed that he had found his account in the last occupation.

If it be our policy to retake Chusan, it may be done without the expenditure of a shot or a life, provided it be done promptly. I know not where else we can find a basis for naval operations upon the coast. If we have to police the Chinese coast, or to hold power in the great inland waters, we must have a large naval depôt, and that can be no other than the harbour of Tinghai. It will, however, be a naval depôt and no more. Not only past experience, but also all *à priori* reasoning shows that Chusan can never become a place of great commerce.

I had seen enough—enough, at least, for one day. It was raining a drizzling rain and blowing hard. I was racked with rheumatism, and tortured by that horrid pestilence which no one can escape, for they are the blossoms of this flowery land—an eruption of boils. I sent into the city for coolies and a chair, to penetrate a little into the interior on the morrow, and I returned on board.

The *Rosina* lay just abreast of a long, low building of European, or rather of Anglo-Indian, build—eleven windows and a verandah. Part of it is now used as a custom-house, and the rest is dirt and desolation. This was the British hospital. The man who chose that site is guilty of many of the deaths recorded in that graveyard, and also of many of those upon the Cameronian Hill. There are hills and valleys close around where at small labour you might make a little Eden. If you must be near the dirty town and the Chinese samshoo—which, of all Chinese inventions, is the most deadly to the English soldier—there is the joss-house hill. The British hospital is placed on a level with the swamp, in full reek of the paddy-fields, within the circuit of the stench of that filthy suburb, and in a spot where samshoo can be conveniently handed in through every window; yet we wonder in England that Chusan was found unhealthy!

I had full opportunity of contemplating this place. No sooner had I got on board than the breeze became a gale, and the misty rain a driving storm. Then rose the tempest

—a tempest such as the China seas only can show. It lasted all night, and the next day, and the next. During a momentary pause we saw through one of the narrow islet channels a large screw-steamer carrying her funnel abaft her mainmast, struggling down under the mainland. Some one has since said it was the *Durance,* French transport, and that she grounded at the height of the Typhoon. The "Shanghai Shipping List" afterwards repeated this latter report. It may be so, but I doubt it. I believe it was the same steamer I saw two days later in company with the *Capricieuse* frigate off Lookong. She might be the *Durance;* but we did not make her out to be aground, or any otherwise in "durance vile." Whatever she was, however, she passed like a spirit on this hurricane. Outside, the typhoon was sweeping the seas and ravaging the coasts. It drove the light ship at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang from her moorings, it strewed the junks about in pieces of floating wreck, it broke down walls, it cast away a three-masted English ship, and lifted a schooner over the sand of the south bank and deposited her in the paddy-fields. It dammed up the waters of Wang-poo and the Yung; and here, in this bay of Chusan, it put junks adrift and bands of wreckers upon the alert. The *Rosina* had ground-tackle made for such emergencies. She drifted at first, but her second anchor brought her up. We were fortunately in the best harbour on the coast of China. After this experience I have a right to speak well of the harbour of Chusan.

On the night of the third day we sailed forth with a moderate wind and a bright moonlight.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENTS.

Arrival of Count Putiatin, the Russian Ambassador—Attitude of Russia towards China—Reports from the Interior of Canton City—Defenceless State of the City of Ningpo—System of Purchase in the Army invented by the Chinese—English and French Ambassadors expected at Shanghai—The Pekin Gazette adopts Yeh's Policy towards Foreigners at Shanghai.

SHANGHAI, *September* 15.

THE Russians have played the first card in the game which is now to come off in the north. On the 2nd inst. Count Putiatin, vice-admiral, aide-de-camp, general, governor of Amoor, minister plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary from his Imperial Majesty the emperor of Russia to the court of Pekin, landed in plain costume and from a little boat, accompanied by a suite as unpretending as their principal. He had left his steamer at Woosung to coal, and took up his residence with the American house of Russell and Co. The only visits he paid, except return visits of ceremony, were to Mr. Beale, an old friend, whose guest he had been when stationed here before the war, and to Mr. Heard, the head of another of the principal American houses at this port. From these little facts some people draw conclusions as to a probable coincidence of Russian and American counsels in the forthcoming negotiations.

Count Putiatin left Petersburg in April, travelled overland in seventy days to the Amoor, where he found the *America*, a paddle-wheel war-steamer, built in America during the war, and sent round the Horn and across the Pacific by our kind cousins. The count steamed down to the mouth of the Peiho, and, after delays and much difficulty, succeeded in despatching an announcement of his mission to Pekin. Having occupied the necessary interval very agreeably in Shanghai, he is now gone north again to

seek an answer to his despatch. The *America* left Woosung just before the Typhoon, and was seen standing northward making very heavy weather. The admiral has no force with him, and his embassy is evidently of an entirely pacific character.

It seems to be thought here that the objects of the Russians extend no further than to convert their college at Pekin into a diplomatic establishment, and to obtain a participation in the privileges granted to nations "heretofore trading to Canton." With an ambassador at Pekin they can work out the rest at their leisure. Meanwhile the odium of all coercive measures is to be thrown upon the English and the French.

We shall see presently how this will work. The count will either go to Pekin, or he will be back here before the next mail leaves. If Russia gains time by this quick isolated step, she also incurs risks. From the treatment she receives we may surely learn something that may be useful to us.

The weather has broken up, and we are suffering that succession of gales which marks the change from the south-west to the north-east monsoon. Steamers, therefore, will come slowly and at much expenditure of coal from Hongkong hither ; and sailing ships, if these encumbrances are to come, must be towed. After the north-east monsoon has settled into its steady course, there are, however, usually some weeks of fine weather, and we may still hope that something will yet be done. I believe the Pekin winter to be a bugbear. Lord Macartney did not leave Tartary for Pekin till the 21st of September, nor Pekin till the 8th of October. He traversed the whole of China to Canton between the 8th of October and the 18th of December.

We have heard nothing here either of the French ambassador or of Lord Elgin. But this is not despiriting, as, according to former computations, they are not due at Shanghai till the last week in September. Perhaps this mail, as it passes Hongkong and Singapore, may gather some tidings of them both.

The French show signs of movement. As I came here from Ningpo, we had opportunities of seeing the coast. My little sailing-boat sped from point to point during the

intervals of light skies and moderate weather; and then, when night or the gale grew heavy, flew with half-closed wings before the howling blast, and nestled in some winding inland creek known only to experienced opium-runners, or the native fishermen or pirates. During these devious fits of progress we saw the *Capricieuse* French frigate trying to make way northwards, and a large steam-transport, which we thought to be Russian, but which turned out to be also French, lying at anchor under a sheltering headland.

This is all the news Shanghai affords. The Russian officers have, indeed, been most provokingly candid and circumstantial as to their means of defence at Castres Bay and Petropaulovski, and as to their escapes. It would be easy to make an amusing letter out of these revelations. But *cui bono?* Let these unpleasant topics cease. Some Horace Walpole is no doubt telling the next age all about it.

In a former letter I told you that I had established a little channel of communication with Mr. Commissioner Yeh's back parlour in Canton. Unfortunately, the difficulties of transmission, translation, and testing make the underground way very tortuous. I send you some reports, however, which I think you will find interesting. Subsequent events have shown that I might have relied upon my informant's first despatch more than I felt justified at the time in doing. The proceedings respecting the overtures made by the Americans are, we now know, at least founded on fact. The blockade which was, of course, at once instituted by the admiral when the scheme reached his ears, put a stop to its execution. In a printed publication, having something of the character of a newspaper, which is in circulation at Canton, it was stated three weeks ago that negotiations for peace, together with resumption of trade, have been delayed in consequence of the English "head man" having been compelled to leave for Calcutta to take part in the fighting that is going on there, and the settlement of these questions is accordingly for the time postponed until the American commissioner "Forbes" (!) can come down from Shanghai.

If it be true, as my informant states, that Yeh has removed all prohibitions on trade, you will probably hear of

a brisk traffic being done at Macao in the teas, &c., that we know were shut up in Canton or its vicinity, as much of this and other produce can reach Macao from the west without risk, so long as the port and river of Canton are the only points blockaded.

The most important, however, is what is said of the advance of the rebels towards Canton. Shaouhing is scarcely ninety miles west of Canton, the river leads direct from one place to the other, and there is no point between the two at which the passage of a force could be disputed. Our best hope that the rebels will not traverse those ninety miles must be that they know they will find only famine at their journey's end.

[Translation.]

"REPORT No. 1.

"On the 28th July Howqua visited the yamun of the Governor-General (Yeh), and was received by his Excellency in the western reception-room. The interview lasted for a couple of hours (Chinese or English not specified—one of the former is equal to two of ours), and the attendants and every one else were excluded from it. It is impossible, therefore, to say what formed the subject of it.

"At about 8 A.M. on the 29th, the Governor-General summoned two of the linguists before him, and put various questions to them, the subject of these questions being the state of affairs in Hongkong and its vicinity. He also required the linguists to bring to him an official letter that had been brought to Whampoa by an American ship. As soon as the Governor-General had perused this letter, he ordered the officer in charge of the gate of the yamun to inform Howqua that his Excellency wished to see him, and the expectant taoutae (or intendant of circuit) Chin, was also desired to wait upon his Excellency. The subject of the conference held by his Excellency with these officers, was an application on the part of the Americans to be allowed to trade.

"We hear that the Americans have expressed their readiness to present the Governor-General with 200,000 dollars, in the event of his permitting them to carry on trade (at Canton) as heretofore.

"On the 30th of July, Howqua proceeded, by direction of the Governor-General, to Whampoa, to see there the American consul and other officers, and to settle with them relative to the permission given to the American merchants to trade at Fuhshan, Chintsun, and other places.

"The Americans had another request to make—namely, the grant of an island at which they might carry on their trade with China, but the Governor-General said he could decide on nothing in reference to

this important matter without previously bringing the subject to the notice of the Emperor.

"Letters have been received from Foochow, stating that the committee (for supplies of war) at Nantai, the suburb by the bridge, resolved on levying a tax on Patna opium of forty dollars per chest, and four dollars per ten catties on Malwa and Turkey opium.

"The Governor-General took occasion only recently to inform all the high principal officers, comprising the principal Committee for War Supplies, that as the barbarians now desired to treat for peace, some relaxation might be allowed in the strict guard hitherto maintained, and that with this view the (or certain of the) city-gates might be opened, and traffic again permitted. Subsequently to the issue of these orders, reports were repeatedly received of Shaouhing being greatly distressed by rebels, who, it would appear, have invested that city. Directions were thereupon given for the despatch of some of the officers, soldiers, and braves who had been employed against the barbarians, to relieve the said city by extirpating the rebels, and accordingly a force embarked in seventy boats, under the orders of Soohai, bound to Kaouming, a district city near to Shaouhing. This force took its departure on the 25th and 26th of July, and on the 2nd inst. word came that it had sustained a severe defeat, many of the boats having been burnt, and the whole force scattered. Soohai himself was among the missing.

"The 29th of July being the emperor's birthday, all the provincial authorities were in attendance at gunfire, in the temple dedicated to his Majesty, where they did reverence before the sacred tablet. For seven days—namely, from the 26th of July to the 1st of August—they all appeared in public in full uniform."

"Report No. 2.

"The following particulars have been taken from the records in the yamun of the Governor-General:—

[The first report describes the measures taken by the Governor-General to prevent the exportation of copper cash to Shanghai, his interviews with the prefect and magistrates of Canton, and the orders issued resulting in the arrest of twelve of the money-changers, who, it was understood, would be severely punished, &c.]

"On the 6th of August the Governor-General summoned Lin Fuhshing, an expectant prefect, and one of the officers on the Committee for the Supplies of War. Shaouhing, it appears, has been invested by a rebel force, who, taking advantage of the swollen state of the West River, swept down past Fungchuen and Tihhing, two cities near the borders of Kwangsi province and about 150 miles to the west of Shaouhing, their advance being greatly assisted by means of large rafts constructed of heavy spars lashed together, and having fires lighted at the foremost end. Their presence before Shaouhing occasioned the greatest distress and alarm in that city. News had previously been received (at Canton) of the defeat of Soohai's (late admiral at Escape Creek) fleet, with the loss of seventy junks: the

number of missing soldiers and officers had not been ascertained. The Governor-General's object in now summoning Lin Fuhshing, was to direct him to go to the relief of that place with 1,000 of the Lin Braves (a body raised for the defence of Canton by his father, who acted at one time as chief magistrate of Shanghai, therefore called Lin Braves—the braves raised by Lin), and the Governor-General authorized him to hire thirty fast boats to serve as transports, and to travel day and night. Kwan Tapir, the military commander-in-chief of the whole province, is holding Shaouhing against the rebels with about 3,000 regulars.

"On the 7th of August, the Governor-General ordered the acting taoutai Le and the expectant prefect Chin to take a linguist with them, and proceed to Ta Shih and Changchow to confer with the American merchants there, but the particular nature of the business did not transpire.

"Again, all the boats at Chintsun, Kiangman (towns of supply for Canton and Macao), and other places, that have been lying there laden with tea and silk and other produce, have received passes from the Chinese authorities allowing them to proceed to Macao and to trade there with the foreign merchants.

"The principal officers on the Committee for the Supplies of War, viz., the Commissioner of Finance and Commissioner of Justice (being the highest officers of the province next to the Governor-General and Governor), had an audience of the Governor-General to discuss in an informal manner the condition of the funds at their disposal. They represented that they had already delivered to the committee the following recent contributions :—

| | Taels. |
|---|---|
| From the Shuntih district .. .. .. .. | 150,000 |
| From the Heangshan district .. .. .. | 120,000 |
| From the Sinhwuy district.. .. .. .. | 120,000 |
| As well as additional contributions or per-centages from other sources of .. .. .. .. | 78,000 |
| Total .. .. .. | 468,000 |

"They further represented that now, while the barbarian affairs remained unsettled, the daily expenditure of the committee for the hire of junks, braves, and their equipments amounted to upwards of 12,000 taels, and that this sum would now be further increased by upwards of 7,500 taels, in consequence of the additional outlay they were obliged to incur to provide means for checking the alarming advance of the rebels upon Shaouhing; that therefore the incomings were not sufficient to meet the expenditure, and they accordingly moved the Governor-General to appoint a deputation, consisting of a taoutai and a prefect, with ten associates of the rank of district magistrates, to make a tour through all the districts of the province, to raise therein all the contributions in their power, making returns of the same every three months to the provincial government.

"The proposal received the assent of the Governor-General, who said that the appointment of the officers who were to compose the deputation should be made on the 11th or 12th of August.

"The levy of an import duty on opium, both in the viceroyalty of the two Kiang provinces and in that of Fuhkien and Chehkiang, has been officially announced (by the governors-general of those provinces to the Government of Kwangtung), and his Excellency the superintendent of maritime customs at Canton and the Governor-General Yeh have despatched a joint memorial to the Court, begging to be instructed whether it is his Majesty's pleasure that the same course should be adopted in these provinces. This memorial was sent off in the charge of a special officer on the 8th instant.

"The Le Szeting (a Tartar civilian) reported the issue of rations to the Tartar troops for the fifth month (May-June). On this occasion 7-10ths had been issued in grain and 3-10ths in cash, the total amount of grain being 7,600 shih, and of cash 3,200 teaou and upwards. (A shih is about equal to a picul, 133lbs. ; a teaou is 1,000 cash, about 6*s.* 8*d.*)

"On the 8th instant an officer reported his return from Pekin, and that he was the bearer of a present, consisting of incense, deers' sinews (which are stewed into a soup—a great Chinese luxury), and other things, which the Emperor had been pleased to confer on Yeh's father. These were accordingly received in state in the viceroy's yamun.

"*Dated* CANTON, *August* 10."

[Translation.]

"REPORT No. 3.

"*Note of Occurrences in the Yamun of the Imperial High "Commissioner Yeh.*

"*August* 20.

"One of the viceroy's messengers (an officer) arrived to-day from Pekin. He brought a despatch from the Nuy-woo-foo (or office for the management of the Imperial household), stating that the Emperor had been pleased to direct that the superintendent of maritime customs for the province of Kwangtung (or hoppo of Canton) should continue to hold that appointment for another year. A second despatch from the Nuy-woo-foo enclosed eight taels' weight of pearls and 370 pieces of ginseng, the value of which, estimated at 114,000 taels, the hoppo is required to pay into the treasury of the household. He has given notice of his readiness to pay 74,000 taels, but has applied to the Governor-General to call on the salt commissioner for the remaining sum of 40,000 taels.

"A despatch was also received from the Board of War (at Pekin), urging the transmission without further delay of the following supplies for the use of the main army near Nankin:—170,000 taels of silver, 8,000 catties of gunpowder, 1,000 catties of bullets.

"The governor (Pih Kwei) had an interview to-day with the viceroy

on the subject of supplies required for the army in Hoonan. The commissioners who have to provide for the necessary munitions for that force have sent an officer to Canton to purchase 2,000 rattan shields and 500 foreign muskets, and their excellencies had to consider whom they should depute to procure the latter either at Hongkong or Macao.

"Tsang-fungn-een, the admiral commanding at Yang Kiang (in Shaouhing department), and Wei-tse-pang, commanding the naval station at Shuntih (between the Bogue and Canton), were admitted to an interview with the Governor-General, and received directions to take under their orders 3,000 regulars and militia; and having embarked them in fifty war-boats and thirty cargo-boats, to proceed with them to the relief of Woochow with all possible despatch.

"The head committee for the supplies of war issued 20,000 taels of silver to certain officers deputed by them to purchase at Chin-tsun and Kiang-mun 10,000 piculs of rice, which it is the intention of the committee to forward immediately to Woochow, under convoy of a force of 500 men that have been told off for the purpose.

"The commissioners of finance and of justice waited upon the viceroy to report to him the condition of the funds of the head committee for the supplies of war. They have still in hand 581,000 taels, but this sum, it appears, is not more than sufficient to meet the demands that will be made upon them during the first ten days of this month (August-September). They therefore suggested that officers should be deputed to visit the various districts in the vicinity of Canton, in order to secure the prompt payment and immediate transmission to Canton of fresh contributions.

"The Prefect of Canton reported that the Wan-ming gate (on the south face of the old city) had been again opened and placed in the charge of an officer and guard.

"His Excellency Shwang, the Tartar Lieutenant-General of the right division (of the garrison), had an interview with the viceroy, to request his assistance in procuring for the use of the naval brigade to be attached to the Tartar force 1,200 jackets of cow-hide and 800 foreign muskets. The head committee for supplies of war were directed to arrange for the purchase of these articles, the cost, amounting to upwards of 7,000 taels, being defrayed by the Tartar commander-in-chief.

"*August* 23.

"Reports were received to-day from the west (of the province). It appears that, although the rebels of Tihhing and Fungchuen have fallen back, Woochow is suffering severely from the long siege, and is now without provisions. In the middle of the sixth month (beginning of August) a tael (or ounce) of silver could only purchase ten ounces of rice, and both soldiers and people were dying in great numbers. This slender supply of grain is now exhausted, and hides, offal, birds, rats, and other vermin, are eagerly sought after as food. The sufferings of the survivors cannot be described. They make the most urgent appeals for assistance or relief of any kind, and the viceroy has called upon the

different tradesmen and shopkeepers to contribute dried meat, dried potatoes, rice, cakes, and portable foods of that nature, which are to be conveyed to Woochow as fast as they are received.

"A viceroy's messenger left for Pekin with three memorials from his Excellency Yeh to the Throne, one reporting the remission of six months' taxes to the inhabitants of Siuhing, Siuning, Kaouming, and other districts in the vicinity of Shaouhing; another announcing the arrival of the governor (Pihkwei), and his resumption of office; and the other reporting the recent descent of the rebels upon Shaouhing, the defeat of the Imperial fleet, and the death of Soohai.

"*August* 24.

"An officer from the department of Chaou-chow-foo (in the east of the province) reported his arrival at Canton as bearer of 65,000 taels, which had been contributed by the mercantile classes of Chaou-chow. The viceroy directed that the money should be paid over to the committee, and that the officer should be admitted to an audience to-morrow.

"The district magistrate of Shuntih, near the Bogue, reported his arrival with 137,000 taels, being the amount realized upon the lands and property of rebels, or people in their interest, that had lately been sequestered. The viceroy directed the delivery of the money to the committee, and the admission of the magistrate to an audience to-morrow.

"The district magistrate of Nanhai reported the detection of certain frauds in the collection of the sums which the pork-butchers of Canton had been called upon to contribute. The fraud had been committed by the butchers themselves, and the magistrate was authorized to proceed against them for the sums that had been short paid, amounting to 18,000 taels."

Such are the reports of my Canton spy.

In my last letter I ventured to point out that when England assumes the character of champion of all civilized nations she incurs some rather onerous responsibilities. If all are to share in the advantages she claims for herself, she is bound to guarantee to the Chinese that by none shall those advantages be abused. I must recur to this subject, even at the risk of being tedious, for it is a most important topic for consideration in any future treaty.

Every one who looks at China from the English point of view must now be satisfied that no treaty can be worth the powder which salutes its signature if it do not stipulate that China shall become one of the great family of civilized nations. Foolish people treat children with alternate coaxings and floggings, and John Bull, with a certain conceited

pity, has so treated John Chinaman. Treat him as a man, and exact from him the duties of a civilized man, and you will have no further trouble with him.

The port of Ningpo is an example of what a hundred other large cities will be when you have obtained your object of an unrestricted trade up all the great rivers on all the coasts of China. It is what Hangchow, Chin-Kiang, and Nankin will be. Your direct trade is only to the immediate district; the carrying trade will attract ships from all European countries. Hamburg sends more ships up the Ningpo river than even England. Every petty nation that has a flag to lend or sell is represented either by its square-rigged ships or by its nondescript lorchas. Sweden and Denmark, and Hamburg and Holland, and Spain and Portugal, are all Christian nations, all have traded, or say they have traded, to Canton, and all have flags under which honest men and scoundrels may equally claim treaty rights. But these nations have no consuls and no men of war to keep the peace. If an English, an American, or a French ship comes to Ningpo, she must pay her tonnage-dues and get her grand chop before she can clear out. If an armed Hamburg ship comes up the river she does as she pleases,—that is to say, she pays no tonnage-dues, to the obvious disadvantage of the ships of the great Powers. The other day five Europeans boarded a Chinese junk in that river, and, under pretence of being officers entitled to see her papers, plundered her of all the silver she had on board. Complaint was made.

One of the pirates was found to be an English subject—one Murphy—he was tried before the consul and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Several of the others were Europeans, subjects of nations represented by no authorities here; *there was no power to touch them.*

This is a difficulty which must be met, if we would not "open up China" to all the outlaws of Europe; but it is not insurmountable. Let it be part of the treaty stipulation that no nation shall claim the advantages of a treaty power except under conditions. Let one of those conditions be, that when that nation is unrepresented at any port the two senior consuls, or the English, French, and American

consuls, or the consul chosen by the other resident consuls for that purpose, shall have the consular power over the subjects of the nation. I believe that to render the remedy perfect you must go still further, and provide that the resident consuls shall assist each other with any force at their command in order to preserve order and enforce the provisions of the treaty. The time is not far distant when commerce will teach China how to defend herself. I noted these remarks at Ningpo in sight of an armed commercial steamer and four large ship-rigged vessels, all owned by merchants of Ningpo who wear tails and carry fans. At present, however, Chinese mandarins in this peaceful North dread all hostile contact with Europeans who are not Portuguese, and it is rather our policy to cherish this feeling.

The case of Tobin, the man who went up the country to collect "convoy money," or, in plain English, to rob with violence, is another embarrassment. The man is dead, and the circumstances are, it appears, worse than they were first reported. When he had, either in anger or by mischance, shot one of his Chinese comrades, the villagers seized him and lashed his arms and legs to a bamboo pole, passed up his back. The poor wretch's torments must have been fearful. He could not lie, he could not sit; the thongs were eating through his flesh, and his wounds were festering in the sun. A little boiled rice was daily put into his mouth, and that was all. Six days he endured this. On the seventh he was taken to Dr. Parker's hospital, his wrists, and legs, and back, all covered with sloughing sores. He had been tortured to death, and he died.

Now, this is the most important fact that has occurred since the late war. The affair of the *Arrow* is as nothing compared with it. It is the murder of a British subject. There is no reason to regret that this wretched ruffian has ceased to live; but we must recollect that he was tortured to death, not because he was a robber, but because one of his own fellow-ruffians was slain. The conduct of the villagers was in direct contravention of the treaty, and the precedent, if allowed, will apply to any Englishman who may accidentally violate Chinese law while in pursuit of peaceful avocations.

I have no doubt that Mr. Meadows will deal with this matter with the temper and firmness it requires. The elder of the village must be made accountable for this English (or rather Irish) life as he would have been accountable for a Chinese life, and the reparation should be very public. Otherwise any treaty will be a dead letter. To-day the victim is a worthless outlaw; next year the victim's name may be Jardine, or Dent, or Perceval, or Gibb, or Fletcher.

As I thought the English public may like to know what preparations the Chinese are making in the neighbourhood of Ningpo, and what probability there is of a repetition of the occurrences of the last war, I determined to spend a few days in a survey of the scenes of our most important conflicts.

I believe that John Bull will be utterly disappointed of anything like a fight. Ningpo itself is defended along the whole extent of its walls by two guns, whose explosion would be terrific and cause immediate destruction to all who should approach—to fire them.

It is said there are a thousand soldiers in the city, and the assertion is very probable. But the Chinese, who invented everything, invented that system of purchase which is the ornament and safeguard of our military system. They carry out the principle further than we have yet done. In China a soldier receives a certain modicum of cash and rice, amounting perhaps to sixpence a day, he attends parade now and then when called upon, and he works at his trade at all other times. This is an advantageous position, and the mandarins take care he shall not get it for nothing. From fifteen to thirty dollars, according to the demand, is the price paid for his commission by a private in the Chinese army. Some time since some tall strong Shantung fellows who were out of employ wished to enlist. Their offer was laughed at, and some old men and cripples whose friends wished to provide for them in the army of the Empire were duly registered. I believe that if at any moment Commander Dew were to land his seventeen marines and proceed to the toutai's yamun, and were to tell him that his sovereign had resolved to annex Ningpo and the surrounding plain, and that Mr. Consul Meadows now

reigned as toutai, the old gentleman would simply protest that such conduct was "most unreasonable" and would be led away like a lamb. As to the people, they are so worn out with continual "squeezes" that a judicious proclamation would quite reconcile them to the change.

SHANGHAI, *Sept.* 20.

Since the *Remi* started with the mail and my despatch, we have the semi-monthly from England with dates to the 28th of July. Messrs. Jardine's house, in their usual *grand seigneur* way of doing things, despatch a fast private steamer to overtake the mail or perhaps to outstrip it. So I have an opportunity for more last words.

I have nothing to chronicle, however, except the blank disappointment of all the English residents at the news just received. Delhi not fallen, and Lord Palmerston's Pekin monomania strong upon him. We had hoped that Lord Elgin, sharing, as we all believe he does, the universal feeling here, would have obtained leave to allow the Russians and the French to go up and each get his kick at the mouth of the Peiho, while he stayed south and took Canton. The Russian has got over his twenty days' naval koo-too. The Frenchman comes on very leisurely to take his turn of humiliation. Lord Elgin may now, I suppose, be expected in about a fortnight. He also, with the navy of England, must dance attendance in a sea of winter tempests while the petty mandarin at the mouth of the Pekin river is calculating how long he can keep up the exhibition of the humiliation of the "barbarians." Oh! that narrow blue ribband of the Foreign Office. It is harder, and tougher, and stiffer than the red tape of the Circumlocution Office; it swathes the energies of nations, while the red tape only cripples a clerk. The Emperor has just taken pains, by an announcement in the *Pekin Gazette*, to let the world know that he is informed of and approves Yeh's doings at Canton. France and Russia have no *casus belli*—they have no factories destroyed, no steamers taken and burnt, no proclamations of head-money to resent. They have their quarrel to seek, and they go up, therefore, and offer their faces to the smiter. We are in the position of that valorous individual who said, "Sir, you have

tweaked my nose, you have kicked me behind, you have knocked my hat over my eyes! Take care, sir; you *may* go too far; you *may* rouse the sleeping lion!" Oh for one three months of the elder Pitt! He would have telegraphed —"Take Canton and hold it with your present force." And it would have been done; for, although the authorities here are afraid of "her Majesty's opposition," they are not afraid of Chinamen. With Canton taken, and some gunboats at Tien-sing, we might write our own treaty and have it signed in three months.

But no; years, and millions, and perhaps fleets, certainly human lives, must be sacrificed to the pedantry of diplomacy. Somehow or other those six black rams who are reputed to be the genii of Canton city seem to have obtained seats in our House of Commons.

Then we are told that sailing-ships can carry troops faster than steam-ships, and judging from the choice made, we are also to believe that regular old water-bruisers with indifferent antecedents are better than good screw-vessels. I find that some people here know, or profess to know, something about these ships—what one of them was sold for, and how many times that amount her charter to China will bring, what happened to another of them, and so on. However, let us hope that they will bring us our 1,500 marines out in time to eat their Christmas dinner in Canton.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Prospects of the Silk Trade—Disturbances in the Silk Districts—Tea—Opium—Little Panics at Hongkong—Lord Elgin abandons his Intention of Proceeding immediately to Pekin—Sir F. Nicholson's Observations on the late Typhoon—Practical Deduction as to the Desirability of Chusan Harbour.

SHANGHAI, *Sept.* 27.

THIS morning the *Norna*, Peninsular and Oriental steamer (extra), starts for Suez, with 1,500 bales of silk. She has been put on entirely for commercial purposes, and will probably go round by Bombay. It is quite uncertain, therefore, whether her letters will arrive earlier than the next regular mail, so that, even if I had any political news to communicate, this is not a favourable opportunity.

The few words I have to say, therefore, must be of commercial matters—a little Rialto talk.

Silk is in Shanghai just now what the "Derby" is at Tattersall's early in May. Every one is talking about it, and some are speculating in it. The Chinamen are afraid of the news by the next mail, and have reduced their demands by twenty dollars a bale. Some people think they see their way clear with this reduction, and have bought up 3,000 bales. Others, however, believe that this will not do. They argue that the statistics of silk, the stocks in England, the stocks in France, and the 12,000 bales actually in Shanghai, look bad for high prices; that the easiest thing in the world to be *supprimé* is a silk dress; and that, therefore, the present demands are dangerously high. Of this opinion are the Capulets and the Montagues of this settlement. So John Chinaman is likly to keep a large portion of his 12,000 bales, and also of his 80,000 bales up the country, unless he can make up his mind to lower his prices.

But our long-tailed friend is very rich. He has been

tempted by last year's high prices to sell all that hoarded box-silk which Chinamen (whose civilization does not extend to a national debt or to joint-stock banking establishments) are in the habit of laying by for rainy days. He can afford, therefore, to hold, and at present he is not inclined to drop very low.

A curious illustration of Chinese government has arisen from the sudden wealth accumulated in the silk districts by the demand and the prices of the last two years. The mandarins (as in our ignorance we call all Chinese officials, from a sergeant or a tide-waiter to a governor or a prime minister) went forth into the country where wealth was said to have accumulated for a general "squeeze." The official eye had marked the sponge to swell, and the official hand descended to press it. But the country folk do not manure their mulberry-trees, and pick their leaves, and breed their silkworms, and wind their cocoons for mere amusement. They flew to arms—which were probably their bamboo carrying-poles—and drove the squeezing party out of the country. "Tread upon a worm and it will turn," say we English, in one of those pompous falsehoods which pass from mouth to mouth as coined wisdom. The Chinese silkworm-breeder ought to have known that if you tread hard enough and full enough the worm will not turn, but will squeeze. The mandarin party certainly knew this. They sent to Hangchow for soldiers—they returned and set fire to the village whence they had been ejected—and now what was, when I traversed it last month, the most prosperous district of China, is being visited with all the blessings of immediate Imperial attention. I should not wonder if this matter spread, for a Chinaman will fight for his dollars.

Tea, they tell me, is selling at from 6d. to 8d. per pound dearer in Shanghai than it is in England. The wise men say that the first crop having been lost, and the stocks being low, this uncomfortable state of things is likely to continue.

You will be glad to hear that opium has reached a tremendous price, so that the opium-smoker—and every man who wears a tail in these parts takes an occasional whiff—will persevere in his bad habits under considerable discouragement.

SHANGHAI, *Oct.* 7.

You have heard sufficiently from me lately, and happily I have nothing to say. I shall say it as shortly as possible.

We have had ten days of almost continuous rain at this most critical season of the year. The rice is rotting on the ground, and the cotton, in full flower, is soaked and spoilt. Famine and poverty will fall upon the peasantry, and what we are pleased to call the rebellion will spread and strengthen.

Canton is being fed by rice and peas and pulse despatched hence, and from Ningpo and Amoy. There is a movement also of soldiers and money southward. Peh Kwei, the Governor of Canton, under Yeh, who is Governor-General of the province, in returning from Pekin to his city, has been levying contributions and enlisting troops. My letters from Swataw tell me that he lately passed through that port, where so large an unrecognized commerce is carried on, and took the opportunity of squeezing the Chinese merchants there.

Three hundred Chinese soldiers have arrived from the army before Nankin, and are being conveyed in a British ship at five dollars ahead, from this port to Swataw. Swataw had a direct canal-communication with Canton, and is only ninety miles distant from that city.

The people at Hongkong have had many rumours that a large army was to be assembled at Cowloon, that snake boats were being built at Whampoa, and that a massacre was to be attempted inside the colony in aid of an attack from without. If the Government of her Majesty's possessions in China were to intermit the proper precautions something disastrous would undoubtedly take place, for the Chinese who dwell in Hongkong are the most malignant and the most treacherous of human creatures. We have, moreover, had warning that this would be so by writing under Yeh's hand, in his intercepted correspondence. In the absence of any gross imprudence on our side, however, I believe that nothing will be attempted. This activity in the north is prompted less by the proximity of the English than by the successes of those southern rebels of whom I have spoken in former letters, and who, as I believe, have no con-

nection whatever with those of Nankin. The Emperor would be exceedingly disgusted to hear that Canton was in the hands of a rebel chief; I am not sure that he would experience unmixed dissatisfaction at hearing that it had been taken by the English. Until it has been taken he certainly dare not make a peace.

The question of proceeding to Pekin is now settled by the delay of the French Ambassador and the efflux of time. It is understood that Lord Elgin has abandoned all intention of immediately proceeding even to the Peiho. We shall have our 1,500 marines about the beginning of December, and perhaps a few repentant Bengalese, and then, I suppose "we shall see what we shall see." Meanwhile my "British expeditionary force" has vanished. I am like an unfortunate Polar bear who has drifted southwards upon an icefield, and sees his support, which had been melting from him hour by hour, at last crack and scatter. For some time it was like the army of a small German principality—all general and staff officers. Now these are moving off—General Garrett and his staff to Calcutta, and even Captain Peel to Allahabad. However, I think we see the way very clear here when the time comes. Meanwhile "China can wait—India presses."

The Russian plenipotentiary is here, and impresses every one who converses with him as a man of great ability. He was not allowed to land at the mouth of the Peiho. He reports the river to be fortified by long lines of forts, and some round towers, and he found thirteen feet of water upon the bar at full flood. Since his visit to the Peiho he has been to Japan. He is of opinion that a revolution is taking place in the policy of this people, and that they will soon be as anxious for foreign trade and intercourse as they have hitherto been jealous of it. They are navigating the steamer given them by the Dutch with a Japanese crew—engineers and stokers included, all are Japanese.

Every day elapsed since the occurrence of the typhoon has brought tidings of some disaster occasioned by it. Sir Frederick Nicholson, of the *Pique* frigate, has occupied himself with the phenomena of this storm. He says,—

"Commencing with the log of the *Antonita*, a three-masted schooner, under Buenos-Ayrean colours, we find that she rode out the gale at anchor. On the 3rd of September she was under the island of Chinki; finding, however, that a heavy sea rolled into this anchorage, she weighed and bore up for Lotsin Bay, where she rode out the remainder of the gale. It is evident that this vessel was in the northern semi-circle of the cyclone, for the wind gradually veered round from N.E. to E.N.E. then to E., and finally to E.S.E., as the gale moderated.

"If we now turn to the *Lanrick's* log we shall find that she was nearly at the southern limit of the cyclone. On the 4th of September, at noon, she was in lat. 24° 52′ N., long. 119° 47′ E., 67 miles south of the White Dogs, the well-known islands at the entrance of the river Min, and about 220 miles south of the Antonita in Lotsin Bay.

"The *Lanrick's* log on September the 4th notes a strong gale from W.N.W. to W.S.W., veering eventually to S.W. These winds from opposite directions experienced by the two vessels afford a convincing proof that the centre of the cyclone passed between them,—a fact we are enabled to verify by the log of the *Water Witch*. This vessel had the singular good fortune of escaping with comparatively slight damage, after passing through the vortex of this severe cyclone. Her commander, Captain Baker, places the centre, at midnight September the 3rd, in lat. 26° 12′ N., long. 122° 18′ E. It bears N.E. by E. 160 miles from the *Lanrick's* position at noon on September the 4th; a position differing but little from her place at midnight; and from the *Antonita* the centre bears S.E. by S. 130 miles.

"Most striking are the phenomena noted in the log of the *Water Witch* and in the account of the gale received from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Cadiz*, which vessel steered into the centre of the cyclone, while endeavouring to get an offing in the neighbourhood of the White Dogs.

"The hurricane blowing from the north suddenly ceases, and gives place to a dead calm, lasting for a quarter of an hour. The sky is clear overhead, and the stars are seen shining brightly, while all around is gloom and darkness. Birds, and even fishes, are dropping and tumbling about the decks in great numbers. The tumultuous sea breaks in all directions, sweeping over the ship from end to end. After a brief interval of treacherous calm, the hurricane again bursts forth from the south with redoubled fury. All these are well-known symptoms of being in the vortex of a rotatory storm.

"On the 3rd of September, while the *Banshee* was at some distance from the southward of the most severe portion of this gale, 'a tremendously heavy swell from the E.S.E.' is noted in her log. On the 5th of September she fell in with the Siamese ship *Friendship*, which had been dismasted in the gale. The position of the centre for midnight on the 3rd of September then bore S.S.E. 60 miles.

"The log of the *Friendship* will no doubt prove that vessel to have been dismasted not far from the vortex of the cyclone.

"The French ship *Mansart* met the cyclone between the north end of Formosa and the island of Kumi in the evening of September the 2nd. Finding the gale rapidly freshening from N.W., Captain Grave-

reau bore up for shelter under the Meiaco Islands. After having in vain attempted to heave to, the *Mansart* continued scudding with the wind right aft, gradually altering course as the gale veered round from N.W. to W., and finally to S.W. This vessel thus sailed round the southern portion of the cyclone, and passed out to the northward between the Meiaco and Loochoo Islands, when the wind had moderated, and was blowing from S.E. The *Mansart's* log shows the gale to have been at its height on the afternoon of September 3 ; the wind was then S.W., and the centre, as fixed by Captain Baker, of the *Water Witch,* bore N.W. by W. 220 miles.

" Captain Gravereau describes both wind and sea as terrific ; his crew were constantly at the pumps, and he was obliged to throw overboard a portion of the cargo to save his vessel from foundering.

" The intelligence from Tamsui, at the N.E. corner of Formosa, announces the loss of several vessels. Exposed as that anchorage must have been to the whole fury of the worst portion of the cyclone, the centre of which must have passed within a very moderate distance of Tamsui, it is not surprising to hear that serious disasters have occurred at that place.

" At Foochow the gale was felt in all its severity. A number of the houses were unroofed, but we do not hear of any serious damage having been done to the shipping in the river Min. On the 4th of September, when the gale was at its height, the wind is stated to have been N.W. ; and on the 5th of September, the gale having moderated and the barometer having commenced rising, the wind is reported as S.E. Hence it is probable that the centre passed very nearly over Foochow. Three barometers are said to have fallen to 28·85, 28·30, and 28·40, respectively.

" The gale was not felt at Amoy."

The most important lesson to be derived from this storm is the relative safety of the harbours of China. While I was riding it out in Chusan harbour in a little vessel of Chinese rig, square-rigged vessels were being torn from their anchorage in the so-called harbours of Formosa, dashed to pieces, and all their crews drowned.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BRITISH IMPORT TRADE INTO CHINA.

Geographical View—Population—Balance of Trade—Silk Exports to China from 1839 to 1857—Remarks on these Statistics—The Opium Trade—Increase of Quantity and Decrease of Value of Silver—Reasons alleged for the Paucity of British Exports—Examination of these Reasons—Table of Chinese Transit Duties—The Question of the Existence of Differential Duties in China Discussed—The Author's Four Reasons for Unsatisfactory Condition of Export Trade to China—Imaginary Voyage up the Yang-tse Kiang—Conclusion of this Inquiry.

FORTUNATELY for me my mission to China has in it something more than to chronicle the proceedings of the Elgin embassy; or I should have died of idleness. A much higher object is to study upon the spot the subject of our trade with this empire, and to labour to discover how commerce may be developed, and this great region opened up.

It is a task of dull utility. If there be any who look to my letters for amusement I warn them to quit my company. I have nothing to show them but hard facts and perplexing figures.

First, let me say a few words upon the *corpus subjectum*—the region we seek to open.

The eighteen provinces of China Proper are quite sufficient for our present purposes. The half-tamed mountaineers of Thibet are six times nearer to Calcutta than to Pekin. The tribes of Mahomedans who inhabit the vast hill districts to the north of Thibet are to the rich provinces of China Proper, which lie upon their eastern boundary, what the highlands once were to the lowlands of Scotland. Chinese Tartary, lying along the north, is rich only in hill and desert. It is to that densely peopled piece of the globe which lies between the China Sea and Tartary,

between the Yellow Sea and Thibet and Kokonor, that we must look for advantageous relations.

This compact mass is about half the size of Europe, about seven times the size of France, and about fifteen times the size of our islands. It is about 1,500 miles long and broad. M'Culloch reckons that in square miles it measures 1,348,870.

Cutting off the surrounding fringe of savage life, China is still a vast empire, but not so immeasurable or so unmanageable as we are accustomed to conceive it to be. With a railway like our Great Western laid down, we might traverse it from north to south, or from east to west in thirty hours.

This country contains 360,279,897 human creatures. The amount need not startle us. If England and Wales were as large as China, England and Wales would contain within one-ninth of the same amount of population. If Lombardy were as large as China, Lombardy would contain 360,000,000 also; and if Belgium were as large as China, Belgium would contain 400,000,000. Take the average of the whole eighteen provinces, and there is nothing very remarkable in the figures as they come out. The population of China, as a whole, is not excessive. But when we come to note the distribution of that population the figures become very remarkable. There is a pressure upon the eastern seaboard provinces such as is without parallel in the world. The Chinese coasts, which look out towards Japan, and whence a straight sea-line might be drawn to Australia, are choked with people: the average for the whole empire being 268 to the square mile, Kiangsu has 850; its next inland province, Anhui, has 705; Shantung, to the north on the coast, has 444; the imperial district of Chihli, 475; and Chekiang, on the coast to the south, has 671.

After these come those smaller central provinces of Honan (420) and Hupeh (389), which extend westwards through the centre of the empire, and which, together with the province of Sz'chuen form the girdle of China. The eastern part of Sz'chuen would show the same large amount of population; but the western part joins upon Thibet and is mountainous and thinly peopled.

It is very important to our commercial inquiry to remember the lay of the strata of Chinese population. If we go into the country with our cottons and our woollens, our lace and our hardware, it is to the men and women we must go, and not to the Celestial Mountains and the Sea of Stars.

Let us remember, then, that the populous districts of China are, first, the provinces on the eastern seaboard—Chihli, "the imperial province;" Shantung, "the province east of the mountains;" Kiangsu, "the province of the abundant river;" Chekiang, "the province of the meandering river." Secondly, the inland girdle—forming provinces Nganhwui, or Anhui, "the province of peace and plenty;" Honan, "the province south of the river;" Hupeh, "the province north of the river;" Sz'chuen, "the province of the four streams."

I shall hereafter have occasion to show that these provinces, so rich in men, are those with which we ought naturally to have the closest relations, that they are the most accessible to us, and that, with one exception, they are the provinces to which we have hitherto had no access. Canton, with its neighbouring provinces of Kwangsi, Kweichow, and Yunnan, are the most thinly peopled provinces in the empire.

Kwangtung has only 241 inhabitants to the square mile, which is below the average; Kwangsi has ninety-three, Kweichow has eighty-two, and Yunnan fifty-one. Contrast these figures with the 850 of Kiangsu and the 705 of Anhui.

Such is the country in which we seek to develop our trade.

Let me now shortly sketch the present condition of that trade.

It is a subject upon which the data are not very exact. Even with the assistance of two manuscript volumes of commercial statistics, compiled by one of the two largest mercantile houses in China for their own practical guidance, and very generously given up to my use, I tread this labyrinth of figures with considerable hesitation.

At the end of the commercial year, 1854, the balance of trade between China and Great Britain was estimated at 7,900,000 dollars, or 2,000,000 sterling against China. The estimate stands thus:—

IMPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN AND INDIA.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Opium, 65,000 to 70,000 chests .. .. | 24,000,000 | dollars. |
| Cotton, 200,000 bales .. .. .. | 4,000,000 | ,, |
| Manufactures, &c. .. .. .. | 4,000,000 | ,, |
| Straits and India .. .. .. | 1,600,000 | ,, |
| Total .. .. .. .. | 33,600,000 | dollars. |

EXPORTS TO GREAT BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tea, Great Britain .. 72,000,000 lb. | | |
| ,, Australia .. .. 10,000,000 lb. | 15,000,000 | dollars. |
| ,, India, &c. .. .. 3,000,000 lb. | | |
| Total .. .. 85,000,000 lb. | | |
| Silk 40,000 bales .. .. .. .. | 9,200,000 | ,, |
| Sundries .. .. .. .. .. | 1,500,000 | ,, |
| Total .. .. .. .. | 25,700,000 | dollars. |

During the succeeding three years, the exports to Great Britain have greatly increased. In the commercial year 1856-7 the export of teas to England and her colonies was 87,741,000 lb., and in the same year the deliveries in England of China silk amounted to 74,215 bales.

The silk-exporting power of China seems to be without limit. Every year we take from her an annually increasing quantity. In 1843, there was not a bale sent home. In 1845 there were 10,727 bales. In 1855 there were 50,489 bales. 1856 showed an increase of 50 per cent. over 1855; and the present year, *if the stocks on hand are brought to Europe*, will show an increase of at least 50 per cent. over the year past. I am informed that if the Chinese succeed in establishing the prices now demanded, and in selling all their produce in stock, the money paid for China silk at Shanghai during the current year, will certainly not be less than £10,000,000 sterling. 20, 40, 60, 90, 140 are figures of rapid progress, yet they represent the advance of our silk imports from China. At the prices now paid you may, I believe, double this last quantity in the year to come. I do not understand, however, that by stimulating the production you can greatly decrease the price. We have, I believe, found by experience, that however abundant the corn-crop may be in America, there is a price below which it will not be brought down for export, but can

be profitably employed at home; so of China silk. You have to compete as buyers with such an enormous population of home consumers, that any extra production to meet our demands may be thrown, without great effect, upon the home market. By improving the present faulty system of winding, you may perhaps make the silk more valuable, but if you take treble your ancient quantities you must pay treble your former quantity of silver, and so far increase the balance of the trade against you.

The rapid increase of our imports from China is a source of unmixed joy to the merchants of the five ports. Their calculations do not extend beyond their own business. Why should they? They send home the produce, and they receive its value. They do not feel the inconvenience occasioned to Europe by a constant and unvarying trade-wind, which blows semi-monthly cargoes of silver into the ports of a hoarding nation. Of course they stimulate the productive power of China so long as they can find a market for the produce; and they act from the healthy instincts of commerce. I am not about to resuscitate any of the buried heresies, which taught that there is a distinction between silver and gold and other articles of barter, or to suggest that a trade between tea and silk on the one side, and silver on the other side, ought to be disfavoured. I only wish to put the fact plainly, that such a trade has its inconveniences; that it would be much more advantageous to us to pay for our tea and our silk with goods of our own manufacture, upon which we make a large profit, than with a commodity which is not manufactured by us and upon which we make little or no profit. This is doubtless a self-evident proposition, but self-evident truths must be paraded now and then if we would have Government keep them in view, and make adequate efforts to enforce them. We cannot open up China without Government energy and Government expenditure, and we must show that the end is worth the cost.

### British Exports.

The condition of our export trade will appear from the following table, for which I am indebted to an eminent Manchester house, and which deserves careful study:—

*Exports to China from London, Liverpool, and the Clyde, for Twenty-three Years, beginning with* 1834, *in which Year the East-India Company's Monopoly ceased.*

| Year. | Worsted Stuffs. | Camlets. | Long Ells. | Woollens. | Dyed and Printed Cottons. | Plain Cottons. | Cotton Twist. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Pieces. | Pieces. | Pieces. | Pieces. | Pieces. | Pieces. | lbs. |
| 1834 | 1,950 | 7,580 | 101,676 | 76,713 | 40,462 | 189,885 | 1,535,260 |
| 1835 | 4,969 | 5,528 | 139,458 | 59,605 | 42,107 | 247,249 | 2,205,979 |
| 1836 | 12,436 | 17,021 | 137,415 | 68,042 | 60,776 | 308,624 | 3,073,934 |
| 1837 | 2,515 | 6,180 | 59,505 | 35,281 | 58,746 | 250,504 | 1,772,373 |
| 1838 | 15,586 | 3,560 | 115,380 | 44,731 | 49,250 | 680,566 | 3,912,480 |
| 1839 | 6,730 | 1,250 | 64,726 | 25,034 | 58,821 | 482,850 | 1,593,109 |
| 1840 | 3,210 | 2,670 | 107,424 | 31,813 | 29,856 | 428,948 | 2,478,800 |
| 1841 | 1,440 | 620 | 61,678 | 40,970 | 62,600 | 714,697 | 3,373,940 |
| 1842 | 376 | 3,847 | 53,616 | 11,647 | 39,460 | 585,390 | 5,119,060 |
| 1843 | 7,278 | 10,977 | 93,405 | 45,657 | 169,521 | 1,228,796 | 6,210,024 |
| 1844 | 14,265 | 20,542 | 98,214 | 59,143 | 242,197 | 2,375,225 | 3,110,074 |
| 1845 | 13,569 | 13,374 | 91,530 | 62,731 | 100,615 | 2,998,126 | 2,640,090 |
| 1846 | 8,415 | 8,034 | 75,784 | 56,996 | 81,150 | 1,859,740 | 5,324,050 |
| 1847 | 9,409 | 3,500 | 72,488 | 60,931 | 81,010 | 1,365,360 | 4,454,210 |
| 1848 | 9,322 | 5,412 | 80,884 | 51,364 | 90,100 | 1,738,835 | 4,553,390 |
| 1849 | 7,959 | 6,521 | 84,240 | 46,351 | 88,030 | 1,838,450 | 3,200,980 |
| 1850 | 5,630 | 7,065 | 82,100 | 57,075 | 126,970 | 1,831,522 | 3,011,970 |
| 1851 | 7,878 | 13,088 | 85,570 | 38,869 | 233,599 | 2,741,125 | 3,842,870 |
| 1852 | S. 3,610 | 7,647 | 31,955 | 30,059 | 256,343 | 2,281,932 | 128,000 |
| ,, | C. 7,325 | 10,017 | 58,509 | 18,966 | 110,630 | 1,043,625 | 6,743,652 |
| | 10,935 | 17,664 | 90,464 | 49,025 | 366,973 | 3,325,557 | 6,871,652 |
| 1853 | S. 2,170 | 3,960 | 13,400 | 11,184 | 88,340 | 1,868,575 | 68,050 |
| ,, | C. 8,092 | 4,360 | 23,803 | 7,683 | 66,340 | 528,422 | 5,176,137 |
| | 10,262 | 8,320 | 37,203 | 18,867 | 154,680 | 2,396,997 | 5,244,187 |
| 1854 | S. 120 | 2,720 | 2,500 | 7,587 | 41,700 | 374,100 | |
| ,, | C. 4,520 | 5,106 | 25,880 | 7,472 | 53,950 | 567,530 | 3,486,550 |
| | 4,640 | 7,826 | 28,380 | 15,059 | 95,650 | 941,630 | 3,486,550 |
| 1855 | S. 1,020 | 1,410 | 10,040 | 14,467 | 69,025 | 1,310,350 | 51,000 |
| ,, | C. 600 | 860 | 4,440 | 2,870 | 29,080 | 494,608 | 2,816,970 |
| | 1,620 | 2,270 | 14,480 | 17,337 | 198,105 | 1,804,958 | 2,867,970 |
| 1856 | S. 2,800 | 2,350 | 17,224 | 28,002 | 159,362 | 1,651,094 | 60,500 |
| ,, | C. 4,628 | 2,120 | 19,418 | 10,551 | 122,422 | 1,166,530 | 5,519,100 |
| | 7,428 | 4,470 | 36,642 | 38,553 | 281,784 | 2,817,624 | 5,579,600 |

REMARKS.

Panic in 1837 in England and America.

From March 1839 until August 1842 business was seriously interrupted by the war, &c.

Northern ports opened for business in 1843.

The rebellions have seriously affected business since 1853, both in the north and south.

S. means Shanghai. C. means Canton, but Hongkong is included.

Several observations occur upon this statement.

In the first place, there is no steady increase, no hope for the future, shown by these figures. In 1838 and in 1844 we exported twice the quantity of worsted stuffs that we exported last year; in 1852 four times the amount of camlets. The long ells have fallen off from an average of 90,000 to 36,642. The woollens have sunk from 68,042 in 1836 to 38,553. Printed cottons vibrate with a somewhat higher average in later years, but printed cottons and cotton twist show a large decrease since 1853. While I write there is a sudden demand for English cottons at remunerative prices, but both the demand and the price now obtained are temporary. The first arises from the partial failure of the cotton crop in China; the second arises from a cause to which I shall have occasion more particularly to refer hereafter—the alteration in the relative value between silver and copper cash. The consumer "up country" is prepared to pay the same quantity of cash for his cottons which he used to pay, and, as these cash are now worth so much more in dollars, the Chinese merchant can afford to give higher prices in that metal which is the medium of European commerce. This, however, will quickly be altered by the extensive exports sure to come from England, or by a full cotton-crop in China.

Secondly, reduction in prices has not been met by corresponding increase of sales. The dollar price in China for shirtings, for instance, the great staple article of goods, has not for several years been more than half what it ranged at a few years previously; yet we see by the table that the demand has not risen with the reduction in price.

Thirdly, the years which appear to denote great activity are in reality years of great disaster. In 1843, 1844, and 1845, when the northern ports had just been opened, the people at home were wild with excitement. An eminent firm at Sheffield sent out a large consignment of knives and forks, and declared themselves prepared to supply all China with cutlery. The Chinamen, who know not the use of knives and forks (or, as they say, abandoned the use of them when they became civilized), but toss their rice into their mouths with chopsticks, would not look at these best balance-

handles. They were sold at prices which scarcely realized their freight, and the shops in Hongkong were for years afterwards adorned with them, formed into devices, like guns and spears in an armoury. A London house of famous name sent out a tremendous consignment of pianofortes. The speculation was based, probably, on the calculation that China must contain 200,000,000 women, and, "now that China was opened up," at least one out of every 200 would wish to learn the piano. The Chinese remained faithful to their gongs and trumpets, and refused all hospitality to this intrusive flight of squares, uprights, and horizontals. The embarrassment became great. Hongkong could not hold them. At last the consignees, being people of great social influence, extricated themselves by an act of grievous tyranny. They insisted upon every European resident buying *two* pianos. The price, as we may suppose, was not exorbitant, but what sale was effected was a matter of private obligation, and not by fair market. The consequence of this spirited conduct on the part of the manufacturers is, that pianos by the best makers abound in Hongkong and the four ports. An inevitable sequence arising from the indescribable humidity of the climate is, that these noise-boxes are all out of tune, and discourse most eloquent discord.

What happened in the case of cutlery and pianos occurred also in a less noticeable manner in the case of those staple commodities which form the subject of our table, and which, in the present condition of our relations with China, are almost the only reasonable articles of export from England.

A fourth observation which arises upon this table is the rising—I should rather say the risen—importance of the great northern port of Shanghai and the declining importance of the port of Canton. This will be strengthened by a careful analysis of the consular returns for 1856, whence it will appear that if we throw off rice and Indian cotton the exports of British produce to Canton were £604,083. 4*s*., while those to Shanghai amounted to £1,679,581. 11*s*. Again, we must remember that these amounts include the English exports to Amoy and Foochow, which are transshipped at Canton, and also some which afterwards reach

Shanghai, whereas (Shanghai being the most distant port) the Shanghai returns include only its own proper imports.

I shall have to recur to this subject; I only note the fact now while I have this table under consideration.

It is scarcely worth while to labour the proposition that the exports of British goods to China are in an unsatisfactory state, but the fact is put in a clear point of view by a comparison of the exports to China with those to Calcutta:—

*Total Declared Value of Cargoes to China and Calcutta*, 1842 *to* 1856.

| | China. | Calcutta. |
|---|---|---|
| | £. | £. |
| For the year 1842 .. .. .. | 1,169,906 | 2,187,076 |
| ,, 1843 .. .. .. | 1,719,239 | 2,963,695 |
| ,, 1844 .. .. .. | 2,358,776 | 3,422,536 |
| ,, 1845 .. .. .. | 2,480,910 | 2,670,730 |
| ,, 1846 .. .. .. | 1,724,810 | 2,840,270 |
| ,, 1847 .. .. .. | 1,526,600 | 2,029,470 |
| ,, 1848 .. .. .. | 1,398,510 | 1,995,990 |
| ,, 1849 .. .. .. | 1,413,420 | 2,623,070 |
| ,, 1850 .. .. .. | 1,531,035 | 3,250,939 |
| ,, 1851 .. .. .. | 2,098,903 | 4,291,240 |
| ,, 1852 .. .. .. | 2,509,582 | 3,218,025 |
| ,, 1853 .. .. .. | 1,656,989 | 3,656,379 |
| ,, 1854 .. .. .. | 964,969 | 4,272,931 |
| ,, 1855 .. .. .. | 1,188,763 | 4,462,869 |
| ,, 1856 .. .. .. | 2,005,681 | 4,501,340 |

On the one side we have a steady and well-sustained progress, on the other we have a varying and unpromising past, which throws no light upon the future.

The opium trade, the least desirable part of our export trade to China, shows healthiest in statistics. The "foreign medicine trade," as the Chinese now more delicately call it, is sturdy and increasing.

The deliveries to the different opium stations in 1849 and 1854 were as follow :—

| Names of Stations. | 1849. | 1854. |
|---|---|---|
| | p. | p. |
| Cumsingmoon .. .. .. .. | 15,400 | 20,010 |
| Hongkong .. .. .. .. .. | 900 | 2,760 |
| Macao .. .. .. .. .. | 600 | |
| Namoa .. .. .. .. .. | 2,470 | 3,095 |
| Amoy .. .. .. .. .. | 3,200 | 3,860 |
| Chewchew .. .. .. .. .. | 1,390 | 1,382 |
| Mui .. .. .. .. .. | 1,840 | 4,495 |
| Lookong .. .. .. .. .. | 1,000 | 2,190 |
| Woosung .. .. .. .. .. | 21,050 | 28,870 |
| | 47,870 | 66,662 |

I have not the station statement for 1856, but the total amount was 76,300 piculs, and the value was 30,868,050 dollars, or £7,202,545. Now, this is a very important sum of money, spent, no doubt, upon a very deleterious drug. Divided among the 360,000,000, it is nearly 6*d.* per head per annum—about one-tenth of what each one average unit of our 20,000,000 Britons spends in tobacco ; about one-sixth of what he spends additionally on gin and whisky.

It is very wrong of John Chinaman to smoke opium to the extent of 6*d.* per head per annum. But what is he to do? He detests beer and wine. You may leave an open brandy bottle in his custody for weeks, and it will not evaporate. His strong samshoo is, so far as I can discover, almost a myth, except as an article to sell to foreign sailors. His vile tobacco is a very miserable debauch. It is used in very small pipes by the men, and is much affected by the ladies. My room at Hongkong looked closely upon the domesticities of a learned Chinese "teacher," his wife, and his child. The exigencies of the East—open casements and narrow thoroughfares—rendered strict seclusion difficult. Whenever, in midnight, a more than usually intense sense of suffocation, or a particularly heavy thunderstorm, or a specially shrill fit of screaming from the infant Chinaman, or the sharp bite of

some mosquito which had eluded my fortifications, made me start up in bed, the same object always presented itself. The lady of the house opposite, with her hair full dressed, but otherwise in deshabille rather economical than elegant —the *simplex* without the *munditiis*—was always at her casement, gravely smoking a bamboo pipe. But for the mosquito curtains, I could almost have stretched forth my hand, and lit a cigar from her bowl. Alas! I could quite taste the flavour of her tobacco, and it was not fragrant.

If, then, John Chinaman, not being reasonable, will not get drunk, and if he has small comfort in the narcotic which it pleases us to patronize, what is he to do? It is not in his habits to call a temperance or a teetotal meeting, and harangue himself and his hearers into a state of excitement which leaves all other drunkenness far behind; which, instead of involving the penalty of sad reaction, is followed by sweet, soothing reports of platform speeches, by votive slippers, and by a pleasant consciousness of self-superiority to all other mundane creatures. He knows not the civilization which teaches means of cheap moral excitement. Our young ladies shall thrill with ecstasy while some dear good man is describing to them the horrors of drunkenness; and in the next street some zealous surgeon shall electrify his medical class, and throw the blood up into his own head, while setting forth with anatomical severity the consequences of tight-lacing. But these are the resources of civilized Britons, not of pharisaical Chinamen.

Yet there never was found in any age, or in any clime, a tribe, a race, or a nation, which had not some stimulant in which they habitually indulged. Mrs. Chinaman takes her mundungus; her husband varies the same pleasure with an occasional whiff of the stronger narcotic. I wish he would drink beer, or whisky, or gin, or British brandy, for they are all recognized means of intoxication and British manufactures. But he steadfastly refuses—*Que voulez-vous? Il est fait comme cela.*

A Chinaman loves opium as he loves nothing else. The head of a Parsee house at Hongkong was so civil as to take me into his warehouse, and to open two chests of opium, that I might see the drug as it passes in commerce.

The first consisted of balls, the size of a large apple dumpling, and when cut open the mass was found to be solid; the other was full of objects which a commander in the navy not long since ordered his men to return to the owners of a captured junk: "Arn't you ashamed, my lads, to loot a lot of miserable Dutch cheeses?" The "Dutch cheeses" were fine Patna opium, worth about £5 each. They are globes of thick dark jelly, enclosed in a crust not unlike the rind of a cheese. My Parsee acquaintance tapped one with a fragment of the iron fastening of a chest, and drew forth about a spoonful of the evil-smelling drug. It was not the opium which engaged my attention; it was the effect produced by it upon the surrounding coolies. I never before saw real excitement in a Chinaman's face. I've seen them tried for their lives and condemned to death, and I've seen them test the long-suffering patience of Mr. Tudor Davies in the Hongkong police-court, where that gentleman is daily engaged in laborious endeavours to extract truth out of conflicting lies. I've seen them laugh heartily at an obscene gesture at a sing-song, and I once saw a witness grin with great delight as he unexpectedly recognized his most intimate friend, a tradesman of reputed wealth, among a crowd of prisoners in the dock. But these coolies, when they saw that opium, opened their horizontal, slit-shaped eyes, till they grew round and starting; their limbs, so lax and limpid when not in actual strain of labour, were stiff from excitement; every head was pressed forward, every hand seemed ready to clutch. There was a possibility that it would be put down upon the window-sill near which we were standing. I could see the shadow of fingers ready to slide in. It was almost certain that it would be thrown aside—there was the hope of an opium debauch gratis, and this was the state of mind that hope created.

The Chinese Governments have long ceased to strive against this passion for opium. I doubt whether they ever really did strive against it. At one time, when the balance of trade was against China, the opium was drawing the Sycee silver out of the country, and Lin thought it absolutely necessary, as a matter of state policy, to stop the traffic. A Chinese official is the Joseph Surface of diplomacy; be his

deeds good or evil, they are certain to be concealed under a mass of fine sentiments.

In China every pragmatical pedant who has a certain literary degree has the privilege of memorializing the Emperor. I have waded through hundreds of these to find only those stupid platitudes, those trite commonplaces, those "*banalités sur la morale*," as Huc says, which, like the maxims in poor Richard's Almanack, pass for deep wisdom with the vulgar of all nations. The opium question, of course, produced a rank crop of these impertinences, and some were selected for publication in the *Pekin Gazette*. One of them is reprinted in the blue-book for 1840, and contains that rarest of all things in these memorials—a fact :—

"From Fuhkien, Kwantung, Chekeing, Shantung, Yunnan, and Kweichow, memorials have been presented by the censors and other officers, requesting that prohibition should be enacted against the cultivation of the poppy and the preparation of opium; but, while nominally prohibited, the cultivation has not been really stopped in those places. Of any of those provinces, except Yunnan, I do not presume to speak; but of that portion of the country I have it in my power to say, that the poppy is cultivated all over the hills and in the open plain, and that the quantity of opium annually produced there cannot be less than several thousand chests; and yet we do not see any diminution in the quantity of silver exported as compared with any previous period, while, on the other hand, the lack of the metal in Yunnan is double in degree what it formerly was. To what cause is this to be ascribed? To what but that the consumers of the drug are very many, and that those who are choice and dainty with regard to its quality prefer always the foreign article?"

This testimony of Choo Tsun as to the cultivation of thousands of chests of native opium in one province alone was given in 1836, while the vermilion pencil was inditing heroics about the immorality of foreign opium-growers.

I can add to this statement that the culture of opium certainly is not confined to the province of Yunnan. Any one who penetrates into the amphitheatre of mountains which bounds the Ningpo plain will see valleys upon valleys of fine rich land covered with poppies. The official reports deplore this, but cannot stop it. The estimate is that 60,000 chests of opium are annually grown in China. This opium is purer and stronger than the Indian opium, but for want

of skill in the preparation, and patience in keeping, it has an acrid flavour.

M. Huc tells us that native Chinese opium is not only cheap and abundant, but also that it is better than the Indian. According to this authority it is only the higher classes who, for fashion's sake, smoke the bad English opium :—

"Depuis plusieurs années quelques provinces méridionales s'occupent avec beaucoup d'activité de la culture du pavot et de la fabrication de l'opium. Les marchands Anglais confessent que les produits Chinois sont d'excellente qualité, quoique cependant encore inférieurs à ceux qui viennent du Bengale ; mais l'opium Anglais subit tant de falsifications avant d'arriver dans la pipe du fumeur qu'il ne vaut plus, en réalité, celui que préparent les Chinois. Ce dernier quoique livré au commerce dans toute sa pureté, se donne à bas prix, et n'est consommé que par les fumeurs de bas étage. Celui des Anglais, malgré sa falsification, est très cher, et réservé aux fumeurs de distinction."

Fortunately for the opium-dealers these distinguished smokers are very numerous. He says :—

"Pendant notre long voyage en Chine, nous n'avons pas rencontré un seul tribunal où on ne fumât l'opium ouvertement et impunément."

M. Huc dismisses this subject with one of those fine passages which, in his works, are so seasonably interposed to sustain the robustness of our faith in the accuracy of his information and the soundness of his judgment,—

"On prétend que le peuple de Londres et des autres villes manufacturières de l'Angleterre, s'est adonné, lui aussi, depuis quelques années, à l'usage de l'opium pris en liquide ou en mastication. Cette nouveauté est encore peu remarquée, quoiqu'elle fasse, dit-on, des progrès alarmants. Ce serait une chose à la fois curieuse et instructive, si un jour les Anglais étaient obligés d'aller acheter l'opium dans les ports de la Chine. En voyant leurs navires rapporter du Céleste Empire cette substance vénéneuse, pour empoisonner l'Angleterre, il serait permis de s'écrier, 'Laissez passer la justice de Dieu !'"

The English opium trade, even although Indian opium should happen (as M. Huc, somewhat incorrectly, I fear, states) to be consumed only by magistrates on the judgment-seat and other distinguished persons, is a great thorn in the side of the British missionary. The controversy which the Chinese politely evade finds exercise among the Christians. An English missionary related to me quite recently how he

had met and vanquished a Portuguese priest, who confronted him in hostile manner in the streets of a northern city. Having no European language in common, and Latin being found to be an inconvenient medium, they dropped fluently into the Shanghai dialect. The gaping Chinese stood round and wondered, while the priest accused the English minister of being about to teach the Chinese a modern heresy, only 100 years old, invented by a wicked king and an abandoned woman; and while the priest was in his turn twitted with teaching an idolatry stolen from the temples of Buddha. We have all classes of missionaries here, except only high churchmen, whereof I have met none. The ordained clergy in China often abandon their prayer-book, and conduct their services in the Presbyterian form. Some of the sectarian ministers carry their Protestantism with a dauntlessness that makes us start or shiver. There was a reception-day some time since at the yamun of the taoutai of Shanghai city. The Roman Catholic bishop had just had his audience, and an uncompromising Protestant of an extreme sect took his place. Now, this taoutai had the reputation of being a clever, malicious, and sarcastic man, accustomed to gather all the European scandal of the settlement, and to cast it into the faces of the missionaries—Roman Catholic, Catholic, and Protestant. "The head man of your Christians is just gone out," maliciously remarked the taoutai. "Sir, he is not our head man. He is not a Christian at all; he is an idolator; he worships the cross." "And do not you?" asked the innocent taoutai. "No, I do not." "And yet if I were to lay the cross on the floor at your feet you durst not trample upon it?" "I would," answered the unhesitating Christian missionary. Of course, there must be jealousies and difficulties and heartburnings among men holding such very different opinions. Even some Americans, of the more violently hostile sects, point out to the Chinese that the English are opium-dealers, suppressing the fact that American houses are quite as eager in disputing the profits of the trade. Sometimes it happens that in the midst of a missionary discourse an old man comes forward (either spontaneously or at some one's suggestion), and tells the crowd what a good son he once had, and how that son kept him in comfort, but that

he has lately taken to spend all his earnings in opium-smoking, and leaves his father unprovided for. The old gentleman wishes to know whether it is the countrymen of the "elder teacher" who sell that opium. We must imbue ourselves with the exaggerated notions which the Chinese have of the sacredness of parental despotism to fully understand the effect of such a question. If while a candidate was addressing the electors of the borough of Mainelaw, with their wives and daughters in general tea-party assembled, Mrs. Brown Jones Robinson Smith were suddenly to appear leading in Mr. B. J. R. Smith, staggering in the last stage of maudlin tipsiness—if Mrs. Smith were then, addressing the candidate, and pointing to her spouse, to ask whether the report was true that he, Mr. Juniper, was the person who made and sold the liquid which had reduced Mr. Smith to the condition of a beast—and if the candidate, thus adjured, felt constrained to confess that he certainly was the proprietor of a rather extensive distillery, the interruption would not be more provoking than those which sometimes occur at Amoy or Shanghai.

The English missionaries meet these things with a constancy almost as bold as the chronology of the Portuguese priest. They say that India is not England, but a country to which China is indebted for her two great curses—opium and Buddhism. As to its effect upon the conversion of the Chinese, the suggestion is simply absurd; but it is a weak point in the armour of controversy, and our missionary countrymen feel it very bitterly.

At Ningpo I accepted an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Russell, the Church of England missionary priest, and the Rev. Mr. Edkins, of the London Mission at Shanghai, to visit the opium-dens of Ningpo city. Commander Dew, of the *Nimrod*, and several of his officers accompanied us. I had seen the opium-eaters of Constantinople and Smyrna, and the hashish-smokers of Constantine, and I was prepared for emaciated forms and trembling limbs. I recollected buying a taboosh in the bazaars of Smyrna from a young Moslem whose palsied hand and dotard head could not count the coins I offered him. I recollected the hashish-smokers of Constantine, who were to be seen and heard

every afternoon at the bottom of that abyss which yawns under the "Adultress's Rock,"—lean, fleshless Arabs, smoking their little pipes of hempseed, chanting and swaying their skeleton forms to and fro, shrieking to the wild echoes of the chasm, then sinking exhausted under the huge cactus,—sights and sounds of saturnalia in purgatory.

The Chinese exhibition was sufficiently disgusting, but was otherwise quite a failure. These opium-dens are ordinary Chinese cottages, with a room about twelve feet square, furnished with a bed, a table, and a sofa. In the first we entered, three men sat upon the bed and two upon the sofa. There was the opium-pipe, the lamp, and the small porcelain cup of treacly-looking opium. One of the customers takes the pipe and the lamp, then dips a pin into the opium, turns it round and round till he has the proper quantity of the jellified drug, inserts the pin in the pipe, applies the pipe to the flame of the lamp, and at the same time draws up the vapour by two or three long inhalations—not whiffs, for he draws it into his lungs—then he passes on the pipe, the opium being consumed, and gradually lets the vapour slowly return through his mouth and his nose.

The members of this convivial society were good-humoured and communicative. One was a chair-coolie, a second was a petty tradesman, a third was a runner in a mandarin's yamun; they were all of that class of urban population which is just above the lowest. They were, however, neither emaciated nor infirm. The chair-coolie was a sturdy fellow, well capable of taking his share in the porterage of a sixteen-stone mandarin; the runner seemed well able to run; and the tradesman, who said he was thirty-eight years old—say thirty-seven, for the Chinese commence to count their age nine months earlier than we do—was remarked by all of us to be a singularly young-looking man for that age. He had smoked opium for seven years. As we passed from the opium-dens we went into a Chinese tea-garden—a dirty paved court, with some small trees and flowers in flower-pots,—and a very emaciated and yawning proprietor presented himself. "The man has destroyed himself by opium-smoking," said Mr. Russell. The man, being questioned, declared that he had never smoked an opium-pipe in his

life,—a bad shot, at which no one was more amused than the rev. gentleman who fired it.

I only take the experiment for what it is worth. There must be very many most lamentable specimens of the effects of indulgence in this vicious practice, although we did not happen to see any of them that morning. They are not, however, so universal, nor even so common, as travellers who write in support of some thesis, or who are not above truckling to popular prejudices in England, are pleased to say they are.

But if our visit was a failure in one respect, it was fully instructive in another. In the first house we visited, no man spent on an average less than 80 cash a day on his opium-pipe. One man said he spent 120. The chair-coolie spends 80, and his average earnings are 100 cash a day. English physicians, unconnected with the missionary societies, have assured me that the coolie opium-smoker dies, not from opium, but from starvation. If he starves himself for his pipe, we need not ask what happens to his family.

No earthly power can stop opium-smoking in China ; but if the people of England are earnest in wishing to stop the English trade in it, nothing is easier than to do so by far less of self-sacrifice than the opium-smoker would be obliged to exercise. Let the old ladies give up tea and the young ladies give up silk, and the thing is done. If the Chinese had again to pay for opium in silver they would soon grow it all at home, and look sharp after the foreign smuggler. At present the trade is as open and as unrestrained in all the cities of China as the sale of hot-cross buns on Good Friday is in the streets of London.

Those unfortunate fine sentiments of Mr. Commissioner Lin cost the Chinese treasury a very handsome source of revenue. When the drain of sycee ceased, these sentiments became only expensive encumbrances. It is amusing to observe how delicately they have been dropped overboard.

The *North China Herald* of the 27th of June, 1857, contains two proclamations from the authorities of Fuhkien and the prefects of Fuhchow. These authorities profess that they have discovered that "among the foreign imports

there is an article called 'foreign medicine,' of which immense quantities are sold, and on which hitherto there has been no duty." They innocently remark that, "It appears that this foreign medicine is sold to the people as medicine, and is used for expelling epidemics; so that it cannot be classed with rice, paddy, cloth, &c., which are of constant use. Therefore, in levying this duty on foreign medicine, we do not oppress the people." The proclamations declare that, "Hereafter this foreign medicine, when it has paid the duties, is to be regarded as a legal article of trade." The duties imposed are, that "every box of foreign medicine containing forty balls shall pay a duty of one dollar per ball" (that is, the Patna opium); "other kinds of foreign medicine in small balls [the Malwa opium] shall pay duty at the rate of four dollars per ten pounds." The proclamation ends thus :—

"The high military and civil authorities of the province have already memorialized the throne. Hereafter, when the duty on foreign medicine is paid, the trade is legal; and at all the custom-houses the presentation of the proper certificate will secure immediate passage for the foreign medicine without the slightest opposition."

The date of the second of these proclamations is the 7th of June, 1857.

At Shanghai there has been no formal proclamation; but the same viceroy rules, and levies a duty of twenty-four taels a chest.

At Ningpo a tax of twelve Shanghai dollars per chest has been established for some time, and the mandarins are now about to raise it to the Shanghai amount. I am told that it was originally proposed to levy this tax as an import duty; but that the merchants refused to pay it, and threatened to retire to their depôt ships again. In this I am inclined to think they were unwise. Opium might have been brought within the five per cent. of the "unenumerated articles clause" of the treaty, and this vexed question thus settled for ever; whereas the tax is now levied from the Chinese brokers, and is, of course, without limit.

In the face of the present large returns from these opium duties—concerning the amount whereof Lord Elgin may,

perhaps, be able to give the Emperor some information which has not yet reached him—there will be no difficulty in putting this part of our trade on a satisfactory treaty basis.

Perhaps I have said too much about this topic; but it must come into the new treaty, and there may be some few readers in England who may be willing to hear the question stated as I have endeavoured to state it—without the prejudices either of a missionary or a merchant.

One word upon a subject to which I shall probably not have occasion to recur. I have sometimes spoken untenderly of topics much cherished by some of our Protestant missionaries. There is, however, no subscriber to the various bodies which send preachers forth who thinks more highly of the usefulness of these men than I do. I will not say that they are making sincere Chinese Christians,—those who say this must be either governed by a delusion or guilty of a fraud,—but they are doing the work which, if China is ever to become Christianized, must precede its conversion. They live among the Chinese people, they speak their language, they are known to them by deeds of charity and beneficence; their wives are the friends of the poor, friendless, Chinese women; their children prattle to the natives in their own tongue, and are the messengers of their parents in little offices of love. The merchants in China are almost universally large-hearted and benevolent men; they will give largely, but they have not either time or taste for such offices as these; nor would the wildest philanthropist expect it from them. Yet this must be done by somebody if China is to be opened. Even if I had no hope that the cold speculative systems of Laotze, Confucius, and Buddha could be overthrown, that those palaces of ice would some day melt before the fervid quickening fire of true religion, still I would say, "Plant missionary establishments in China; but remember always that a fool, a bigot, or a firebrand can do more evil there than ten good men can repair."

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The reader who may haply have followed me through my discussion of the opium-trade will probably have long since forgotten that it came under our consideration only as one article of import.

If we have to pay 15,000,000*l.* for tea and silk, and deliver only 7,000,000*l.* in opium and 1,500,000*l.* in Indian cotton, and 2,000,000*l.* in British manufactures, we have 4,500,000*l.* still to make up. Of course, we try to do this as much as possible without putting our hands into our pockets. We buy rice at Siam, and, trying to place some of our goods there in return for it, we trans-ship it to Canton, or to any other hungry and locust-infested province, whereof China always has several. We go into the Straits and buy or barter sharks' fins and birds' nests, putchuck and cutch, buffalo-horns and mother-of-pearl shells, and all such like Chinese delights, and we proffer them in part payment. But there is still a large margin to fill up. No wonder, then, that in the first three months of this year, 1857, we were obliged to export 7,639,000 dollars in silver, or that the drain has since been going on with undiminished strength.

Moreover, we must remember that of the 8,500,000*l.* which we take in opium and cotton from India, we cannot pay for it all even by the thriving export trade to Calcutta, nor absorb quite all the balance in rent and in dividends upon East-India Stock. Some silver or gold must go there also.

But another very serious inconvenience arises from this payment for tea and silk in silver bullion. Silver is not an article which, like birds' nests, the Chinese can make soup of, nor is it their custom to expend it greatly for articles of luxury. Their women wear bracelets and anklets of it, but the men prefer to gloat over it in the form of ingots. Now, according to laws from which even China cannot emancipate herself, it happens that as the rarity of an article of barter ceases so its commercial value diminishes. This is already taking place in China. Not only are the exchanges against us, but people who are paid their salaries here in silver find that the dollar, so dear to buy from England, is becoming daily less valuable in China. Some years ago a Carolus dollar could be bought at 4*s.* 2*d.* English money, and when you had thus bought it you could change it for 2,000 of the copper cash of the country. At the present day, partly by action of the exchanges, and partly because the people in the interior once had a superstitious con-

fidence in the weight and purity of the Carolus dollar, and preferred it to any other medium of commerce as the only foreign coin they knew—just as some of our country people prefer the notes of a neighbouring bank to Bank of England notes or sovereigns—a Carolus dollar costs us here 7*s.* English money. When you have suffered this loss by the exchange, another loss comes upon you when you exchange it into the only currency of the country. Instead of getting 2,000 cash for it, you have great difficulty in getting 1,200. This second loss arises partly from the country people having got over their inordinate love of Carolus dollars, chiefly from the diminished value of silver, and in a small degree from the increased scarcity of copper cash. This scarcity of cash also arises from the diminished value of silver. Immediately the relative value of silver and copper was disturbed, the Parsees found it profitable, notwithstanding the stringency of the Chinese prohibition, to export the cash as metal. They are now working the same operations in gold—buying up all they can get and exporting it to India.

Thus it happens that a man who has a fixed income from England, instead of getting 2,000 cash for every 4*s.* 2*d.*, only gets 1,200 cash for every 7*s.*, a difference so enormous that it would be incredible if every table of official figures did not prove the fact.

Strange to say that merchants here draw no conclusions from these premises. Fortunately for himself, however, the merchant's optics are those of the lynx rather than those of the eagle. An extremely far-sighted commercial man must always run risk of bankruptcy, for the most absolutely certain sequences are often the most uncertain in point of time. But as time is of the essence of commerce, your far-sighted merchant would be ruined while his certain sequence was still in sight.

They see prices going up enormously, and, with occasional vibrations, still maintaining their advance. They look upon this as an unnatural state of things in the face of abundant silk seasons, and they refuse to buy. Undoubtedly they may thus temporarily reduce prices, for accumulated stocks must be sold; but in the long run prices will continue to

advance in spite of them until they reach a point at which competition will stop the price, or rather the sale of China silk, and the price will check the consumption of China tea. This may not be so very far distant, for, if my reasoning is correct, silver will become dearer in Europe just in proportion as it becomes cheaper in China. All the facts seem to point to this conclusion. The tael of silver, which has taken the place of the now nearly exploded Carolus dollar, is an ascertained weight of silver metal—not depending for its value upon any adventitious and unreasonable preference, like the Carolus. This tael of silver was formerly worth 2,000 copper cash, and is now only worth 1,100; but the Chinese producer reckons his expenditure and his returns only in copper cash. As silver becomes more plentiful its value in relation to copper cash goes on diminishing—it takes more silver every year to give to the peasant who grows silk or tea his remunerating amount of the only currency he knows. Again, notwithstanding the unusual necessity for bullion which the Chinese have experienced this year in order to pay for Indian rice, to make up the deficiency in their own crops, notwithstanding the large payments for Bengal cotton and the rise in opium of nearly 100 per cent., the native bankers abound in money, and interest was never known to be so low. The recent fall in the rate of exchange upon England does not touch the argument; this is a merely temporary matter, occasioned partly by the large speculative exports of silver, and partly by the two great houses of Jardine and Dent having refrained from buying silk at the present dangerously high prices. Silver is, in China, not money, but merely merchandise, and as the stock grows greater so the value of any given quantity grows less.

If I am right in this position, then, our British merchants in China must admit, what at present some of them are most unwilling or most careless to perceive, that it is vital to their well-being to attempt to push our manufactures into China. We may find a silver California, but, putting miracle aside, I can see no other remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of things—no other means whereby the export of tea and silk can go on—except the sending of cottons

and broadcloths and hardware and lace to China instead of bullion.

### Reasons alleged for the Paucity of British Exports.

The reasons usually alleged are—1, that the Chinese are not easily induced to adopt foreign fashions; 2, that the Chinese are a manufacturing people; 3, the disturbances caused by the rebellion; 4, the exactions of the Chinese custom-houses.

All these difficulties exist, but they are individually much over-estimated, and they are in the aggregate quite insufficient to account for the phenomenon.

1st. That the Chinese are not easily induced to adopt foreign fashions.—This is true only to a very partial extent. You can't make a China-woman wear a Cranbourne-street bonnet, nor a coolie wear a pair of Stuart plaid trowsers; they are even so bigoted as to consider that their narrow cottons, ten inches broad, are more conveniently made into their garments than your wide longcloths. They do not like your flimsy cottons; I have seen them take them between their fists, and rub the dressing out. At Ningpo the Chinese can buy the best grey shirtings at fivepence a yard, and they yet prefer to pay sixpence a yard for home-made cotton cloth not quite half the width. But this is not because they are insensible to the superior fineness of the English texture; it is because they cannot afford to buy the British material. The home-made cloth is of thrice the substance, and will last a Chinaman for at least two years. The British calico, washed in Chinese fashion by beating between stones, would wear out in six weeks. Depend upon it that a Chinaman is, of all human creatures, the most shrewd in all matters of economy; provide him with a cheaper and better thing than he can make at home, and he will buy it. Of course you must give him what he wants. If Yung A'Lung, the tailor of Canton, were to send a circular to the deputy-lieutenants of England, telling them that he had sent to England rich mandarin dresses much handsomer than the stiff clothes which they wear on grand occasions, and inviting them to go to court *à la Chinoise*, we should scarcely think

that Yung A'Lung had made a wise or profitable consignment. Yung A'Lung is not such a fool. He sends us cheap gold lace of the proper width and quality. Surely Manchester can produce a piece of strong thick cotton cloth ten or twelve inches wide and put it down at Shanghai at less than sixpence a yard?

At this moment narrow thick calicoes, which one of the Hongkong houses had the wit to order from England, are selling at very remunerative prices. There is also some trade doing in cotton brocades, made in imitation of the Chinese silk brocades, of the same flowered pattern, and dyed to the same colours. These are laid down at Shanghai at $3\frac{1}{2}$ taels; they there readily fetch 5 taels, and I am told that the Chinese merchants find a ready market for them up in the tea country at 13 taels. No doubt if the mandarins find this out there will be a tremendous squeeze upon the Chinaman's profit of 8 taels somewhere.

But it is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are not fond of Western fashions. In going through the house of the richest merchant in Ningpo I was surprised to notice that, except in the servants' room, there was not a bit of Ningpo furniture in the house. The furniture was all of Chinese manufacture, but it was of simple fashion, without a mandarin, or a dragon, or a piece of inlaid ivory about it. I recognized several articles as having been not very successfully imitated from drawings in the *Illustrated News*—a paper which a Chinaman is always anxious to beg, borrow, or steal. The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have an English watch. A pirate, who took a missionary and set him free, risked his life next day by calling on him at his house. He produced the reverend gentleman's watch, and the rightful owner thought the repentant man had come to return it. Not so; the dandy Cantonese pirate had come to beg the missionary to teach him how to wind up that watch. Looking-glasses also are a luxury to which the Chinese take with great avidity. They are superseding the old metal mirror wherever the owner can afford the exchange. An English knife is a most acceptable present to a Chinaman, and a telescope is a treasure to covet through a life. He loves

cherry brandy and delights in champagne, and many a Shangtung man comes out smart on New Year's Day in a camlet coat (of Chinese fashion) and brass buttons from Birmingham. But why insist upon a Chinaman changing his habits to become your customer? Every morning throughout the Chinese empire there are 300,000,000 of blue cotton breeches drawn over human legs. Men, women, and children alike wear them. They are loose and shapeless. There are not five different patterns and five different sizes all through the empire. My coolie says that his cost him 200 cash, but that he is obliged to have a thick quilted pair in the winter, which costs him 1,000 cash. Here is scope for Manchester energy! It is not a changeable fashion, not a perishable production; it is inseparable from the fundamentals of Chinese society. Depend upon it, if you can make these blue breeches as strong as they are now made, and cheaper than they are now sold, the Chinaman will gradually surrender to you the trade, grow less cotton and more rice. So of other articles of dress. On the 17th of September a north-west wind reduced the thermometer to the inclement wintry position of 74° Fahrenheit. That morning the Chinese population of Shanghai was completely changed. The shorn skull, which had defied the fierce summer sun, was covered from the cold by a small warm cap or a Chinese bonnet. Some of the chair-coolies had even covered their legs. But every man of decent station appeared in a thick loose dark-coloured tunic or cape. The shape and fashion varied only from the cape to the tunic, but the material was very various. The great majority were satisfied with a thick dark-blue cotton cloth, but many wore woollen cloth; some luxuriated in quilted silk, and a few came forth in capes of black velvet. Do you think that these sensitive celestials ever asked, when they bought their winter's garb, in what country's looms the fabric was spun? Not they. They chose the cheapest and the best.

If Messrs. Moses and Son had been at Shanghai with a proper staff of Chinese poets, and a really good assortment of these loose Chinese coats, fresh from the Minories, they might have sold hundreds of them in Shanghai alone on

that severely wintry morning when the thermometer stood only a little above summer heat.

2. The Chinese are a manufacturing people. This is not true in the sense in which it is used. Of course, they obtain a produce by hand-labour, and so did Adam when he delved, and Eve when she spun. But in a competitive sense the Chinese have no manufactures. Their handloom is a miserable thing. Their shuttles pass to and fro at a very languid pace. They can produce small results with great ingenuity. There is a working weaver who imitates with wonderful art all our English ribands and fringes, and who is kept in constant employ by European ladies to match English fabrics. English ladies, who wear out their father's horses and carriages, and the patience of polite shopmen in matching twopenny ribands for dear country friends, would find him invaluable. But he could not produce twenty yards of silk at any reasonable price. At Ningpo there is a needle manufactory, where you may see men grinding long steel bars to the necessary fineness by rubbing them with their hands upon a stone, then notching them at the required lengths, breaking them off, and filing the points, when little boys take up the wondrous tale and drill the eye in each individual needle. They say that English needles rust in the moist hand of a Chinaman, but that these stumpy substitutes do not. So you may see them in the same place, hammering out nails and tacks, probably made from English iron, steel, and tin ; for much more than a million of dollars' worth of these metals is annually exported from Great Britain to China. Surely these handloom weavers, and needle-grinders, and nail-grinders, *ought not* to be competitors with our English manufacturers. I have not seen the porcelain manufactures ; they are out of European reach, but they retain the remains of an ancient excellence ; and there is a coolness about the lip of a Chinese cup, when nearly filled with hot tea, which proceeds from some peculiarity in the material. Still, however, the Potteries could utterly drive all the commoner sorts of Chinese crockery out of their own market by underselling them enormously.

China is *not* a manufacturing nation, whatever she may become when her intercourse with the West is perfect, and her enormous coal-fields opened. She has at present a happier destiny than the factory and the forge.

"Bella gerent alii, sed tu felix Austria nube."

To manufacture is our necessity, to produce is China's privilege. In those enormous plains where her industrious rivers, labouring from times even before her chronology, have brought down the vegetable soil of all Central Asia, flattened it out conveniently, and located it under a stimulating climate—in those enormous plains let her produce, with well-remunerated toil, her rice, her maize, her wheat, her pulse, her cotton, and her silk. On these gentle uplands, which were islets when the Yangtse and the Hoang-ho were young, let her cultivate her tea. Let her still sacrifice the beauty of her higher hills to grave utility, carve them into terraces, divide them into small oblongs, cover them with ever-recurring crops of various vegetables, till greens, and yellows, and browns of every shade would seem to say that the hills of China, like the sails of her river junks, are made of patchwork. Be it our humble task to work up her produce into fabrics; to supply local deficiencies in her favourite food, and to clothe with blue integuments the nether portions of her teeming people. This is the true interest of the two countries, and any little gentle compulsion tending thitherwards will be to the ultimate good of both.

3. The disturbances caused by the rebellion. This is a really important difficulty, and must be in some way removed. I hope our commercial men do not propose to themselves to postpone active business in China until the roads shall be macadamized, gaslights established in every city, and rural police walk up and down the banks of every canal. China always has been and always must be a country of frequent revolutions, secret societies, and powerful robbers. In all former times, whenever some great event lights up for a moment the historic gloom in which the common people live and suffer, we find all these influences strongly working. Chinese society then comes out like that of a drop of stagnant water seen through a microscope. Water-lions are

devouring the smaller ugly things, which in their turn are feeding upon the still smaller fry, and thus downwards to infinity. In 1224 years China, so famed in the West for the solidity of her institutions, has undergone fifteen changes of dynasty. So ancient is this course of turmoil that the oldest known vase, attributed by Chinese writers to a period long before the birth of Christ, bears upon it as an inscription an aspiration for "Ten thousand years' rest from violence and troubles." The founder of the Ming dynasty in 1368 was a servant at a Buddhist monastery, who joined a vagrant band of marauders. Whenever anything occurs of historic importance, we always find that some bandit had a hand in it. The land was always full of them. When the Tartars possessed themselves of China, one of these bandit chiefs had just possessed himself of Pekin, and the last of the Ming race had just hanged himself. In 1635 the interior contained eight separate rebel armies, each with its leader, its set of grievances, and its appetite for plunder. It was a pirate who drove the Dutch out of Formosa; the son of a "celebrated pirate" who helped the Cantonese to defend their city against the Tartars; and it was a pirate who the other day destroyed the Portuguese piratical fleet at Ningpo. In all ages and at all times China has been coasted by pirates and traversed by bands of robbers.

This must be so. China is a thickly peopled country, peculiarly subject to inundations and failure of crops, with a feeble government and no poor-laws. There must be always bands of hungry men in such a land. They execute 10,270 criminals in ordinary years (the present average is more than ten times that number), but this does not fill the bellies of those who remain. Every part of China is rife with "dangerous classes." These famishing wolves lurk in every village. It was not the British who destroyed Chekiang, or the other large cities which were sacked and gutted while the conquerors looked on, allowing the "poor Chinamen" to carry off their goods. It was the dangerous classes, who came forth to plunder and finish up with fire. They understand this so well in China, that the other day at Chusan, when the military had made up their minds to mutiny, they gave public notice of the fact, in order that all

the shopkeepers might shut and barricade their shops, and in order to prevent the demonstration being taken advantage of by these dangerous classes for purposes of plunder. When I was at Ningpo I used to watch these houseless vagabonds. There is a large colony of them always located in a huge ruinous square tower over the Salt Gate. In early morning I used to sit upon one of the two guns of Ningpo and look through the broken walls upon the filthy scene within that tower. There was always a store of stolen dogs tied up, and one of these was killed for the morning meal. Then they separated for the day; to return at what hour of night I know not, for I took care not to make one of that party after dark. There was no police to keep them in order; but, probably, if their depredations had become quite insufferable, the taoutai would have called out a certain number of soldiers and exterminated them, or the tradesmen would have banded together and destroyed them. The Chinese are a race of co-operative habits. They form societies to rob, societies to resist robbery, and societies for all or any fanciful object. But these societies all have one tendency—to "squeeze" the non-members. From the Triad Society, which was at the bottom of the present rebellion, to the Tailors' Union at Hongkong, the rules and regulations of which have just been published in the *North China Herald*, all have the same practical object in view. The "Teente Brotherhood," the "Triads," the "Heaven and Earth Society," the "Queen of Heaven's Company," the "Flood Family," the "Pure Tea Set," are all obnoxious to the general description given in a memorial published in the *Pekin Gazette*:—

"They carry off persons in order to extort ransoms for them; they falsely assume the characters of police officers; they build fast boats professedly to guard the grain-fields, and into these they put from ten to twenty men, who cruise along the rivers, violently plundering the boats of travellers, or forcibly carrying off the wives and daughters of the tanka boat people. The inhabitants of the villages and hamlets fear these robbers as they would tigers, and do not offer them any resistance. The husbandman must pay these robbers a charge, else as soon as his crop is ripe it is plundered, and the whole field laid bare. In the precincts of the metropolis they set fire to places during the night, that, under pretence of saving and defending, they may plunder and carry off."

In such a country the merchant must make up his mind to run some risk ; but still this rebellion is something more than a normal element of Chinese society. It is not a general insecurity, it is a positive stoppage. It is an aneurism in the great artery of China. It is a stoppage of the Yang-tse-kiang.

If the rebels had taken Pekin and changed the dynasty, it had been a matter of no importance to us. If they had taken Kwangtung, we might have treated with them. But they have located themselves in a position where they can do us nothing but positive mischief. They do not move. They neither grow into a power, nor sink into a rabble. So far as appearances show, the siege of Nankin may last for ten years longer. The rumour of to-day is contradicted by the not more certain intelligence of to-morrow. Nothing is certain, except that so long as the people inside can get food, and so long as the army outside get their pay, nothing will be done.

But something must be done in the interest of commerce. All the British navy could ride in that deep, wide river, which rolls by Nankin. There are two convenient islands there—the Gold and Silver Islands—which might be garrisoned by the treaty powers for the protection of neutral vessels, until these troubles are over ; and the presence of a couple of steamers, such as the *Inflexible* and the *Fury*, with a gunboat or two, to act as runners higher up, would not be too great a price to pay for security upon the great trunk-road of China. I don't think there would be any objection urged at Pekin against this course, and as to the rebels, Mr. Medhurst, who is now in England, and who made some reports to the Government on the subject, can tell you, if he pleases, what manner of men they are, and what title they have to our sympathies.

4. The fourth and most emphatic reason given for the absence of progress in the sale of British produce, is the large protective duties levied at the custom-houses.

I came out to China strongly imbued with the conviction, so universal in England, that the inland custom-houses shut in our British produce within a narrow area of coast country. I found the same belief prevalent in Hongkong and shared by our English officials.

Mr. Rutherford Alcock, who in 1848 made some inquiries in reference to these inland or transit duties as they bear upon the commerce of Shanghai, could only discover that they were constantly alleged as a cause of delay and difficulty in bringing the produce to that port, and that they had been found a serious impediment to the ready circulation of our goods beyond Soochow, so much so that the tea-merchant would at once get rid of the longcloths he had taken in exchange, and submit to a loss of twenty or thirty per cent., rather than incur the delay, trouble, and risk of endeavouring to carry them with him into the interior. "In truth," he remarks, "the port of Shanghai is only open to trade so far as the inner cordon of custom-houses are permeable and allow ingress to our goods."

No doubt the custom-houses of Hangchow, known as the Pihsin Kwan, and of Soochow, two of the largest trading cities in the empire, are so placed as to be capable of intercepting nearly the whole of the imports and exports of Shanghai, with the exception of silk, upon which are accumulated on its arrival at that port the triple duties of the Pihsin, the Taeping, and the Kan custom-houses. This is the chain it would have had to pass, had its destination been Canton; and the triple duties are consolidated at Shanghai in order that the barbarians may gain nothing by having a new shipping-port nearer to the raw produce.

This arrangement was in accordance with the edict published in the *Pekin Gazette* in September, 1844 :—

"The amount of fixed duties to be sent to the capital by the Canton maritime custom-house was 899,064 taels; and besides a surplus of about 1,000 to 40,000 taels. However, since now the trade will be carried on at the other four ports, the receipts at Canton will fall short of that sum, and therefore Foochow and the other ports must, after having realized their respective quotas, make up the deficit at Canton."

But inasmuch as the trade of Shanghai was for the last six months £14,990,000, and as Shanghai alone now returns to the Chinese treasury more than 2,000,000 of taels, all difficulty on this score has ceased.

Again, the edict of 1844 provides that,—

"The duty on raw silk, now fixed at ten taels per picul, is less than

it was formerly; and the five ports being now open, merchants will go with this article to the nearest market. But they must make up the loss of the transit duties, which otherwise would have been paid if they had proceeded to Canton, in whatsoever port they sell their cargo."

There is a similar provision as to tea and wrought silk.

Now, what are these duties? This question is one which engages the most anxious attention of the English commercial houses both here and in China. I have obtained a translation of the tariff of legal charges, and it will be seen that these are not exorbitant.

*"Transit Duties paid at the Custom-houses of Kan, Taeping, and Pihsin, on goods that are going down to Canton, or thence transported to the Northern Provinces.*

(Extracted from the "Hoopootsihle," 30th and 31st vols., a work on the revenues, published by Imperial authority.)

EXPORT.

| | Kankwan. | Taepingkwan. | Pihsinkwan. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | T. m. c. c. | T. m. c. c. | T. m. c. c. |
| Alum, per 100 catties | 0 0 0 8 3-10 | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 0 8 |
| Aniseed star, ditto | 0 0 4 2 | 0 0 4 2 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Arsenic, ditto | 0 0 2 6 3-10 | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Bambo screens and bamboo ware of all kinds, ditto | — | 0 0 4 0 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Camphor, ditto | 0 1 0 5 | 0 3 6 4 | 0 1 4 0 |
| Capoor catchery, ditto | — | 0 0 2 8 1-3 | — |
| Cassia, ditto | 0 0 3 5½ | — | — |
| China root, ditto | 0 0 3 5 1-5 | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Copper ware, pewter ditto, &c. ditto | 0 0 9 1 9-10 | 0 1 5 0 | 0 6 0 0 |
| Cubebs, ditto | 0 1 8 7 7-10 | — | 0 4 0 0 |
| Galingal ditto | 0 0 1 7 6-10 | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Gamboge, ditto | 0 0 3 5½ | 0 3 3 8 4-10 | 0 0 1 3 6-10 |
| Grass cloth, all kinds, per piece | 0 0 5 9 1-10 | 0 0 0 7 8 10 | 0 0 0 2½ |
| Hartall, per 100 catties | 0 4 5 9 6-10 | 0 2 5 6 | 0 1 0 0 |
| Lead (white lead), ditto | — | — | 0 1 3 6 |
| Mats (straw, rattan, bamboo, &c.) ditto | 0 0 2 6 3-10 | 0 1 1 7 | — |
| Musk, per catty | 0 9 1 9 1-10 | 3 1 4 2 | 1 3 6 0 |
| Nankeen and cotton cloth, of all kinds, per 100 catties | 0 0 5 2½ | 0 4 5 5 | 0 0 2 5 6-10 |
| Rhubarb, ditto | 0 0 2 3½ | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Silk, raw, first quality, ditto | 1 0 0 0 | 1 4 3 2 | 0 8 5 7 3-5 |
| Coarse, or refuse silk, ditto | 0 4 5 9 6-10 | 0 3 6 4 | 0 6 4 0 |
| Silk, piece goods, ribands, thread, &c. | 0 9 1 9 1-10 | 3 1 4 2 | 1 4 7 2 |
| Middling raw silk, ditto | — | 0 7 2 4 | 0 6 8 0 |
| Silk and cotton mixtures, silk and woollen mixtures, and goods of such classes, per piece | — | 0 7 2 4 | 0 0 1 2 |
| Soy, per 100 catties | 0 2 6 2 6-10 | 0 0 2 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Tea, coarse, ditto | 0 0 7 8 8-10 | 0 0 4 2 | 0 0 4 2 |
| | per 10 baskts. | per 100 catts. | per 100 catts. |
| Tea, fine, ditto | 0 0 3 9 4-10 | 0 0 7 6 | — |
| | | Chekeang Teas. | |
| Vermillion, per 100 catties | 0 5 2 5 2-10 | 1 4 4 6 | 1 3 6 0 |

IMPORTS.

| | Kankwan. T. m. c. c. | Taepingkwan. T. m. c. c. | Pihsinkwan. T. m. c. c. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Assafœtida, per 100 catties | 1 7 5 9½ | 1 4 4 6 | 0 4 0 0 |
| Beeswax, ditto | 0 3 9 3 9-10 | — | — |
| Betelnut, ditto | 0 0 1 7 6-10 | 0 0 4 2 | 0 0 4 0 |
| Bicho de Mar, ditto | 0 0 3 5 2-10 | 0 1 1 7 | 0 4 0 0 |
| Birds' nests, ditto | 1 1 7 2 7-10 | 1 1 1 6 | 1 3 6 0 |
| Camphor (Malay), per catty | 0 9 2 0 | 3 1 4 2 | 1 3 6 0 |
| Cloves, per 100 catties | 0 2 3 4 6-10 | 0 6 1 7 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Carnelian beads, ditto | 0 0 5 9 | — | — |
| Cotton, ditto | — | — | 0 0 8 0 |
| Cotton manufactures of all kinds, whether coarse or fine, per 10 pieces | 0 1 0 0 | 0 1 4 8 | 0 0 5 5 1-5 |
| Cow bezoar, per catty | 1 1 7 2 7-10 | 1 1 1 6 | 2 4 0 0 |
| Cutch, per 100 catties | 0 1 4 0 4-5 | 0 1 8 3 4-5 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Elephants' teeth, ditto | 0 2 3 4 3-5 | 1 4 4 6 | 1 0 0 0 |
| Gold and silver thread, per catty | 0 2 6 2 3-5 | 0 1 5 0 | 0 0 2 4 4-5 |
| Gum Benjamin, per 100 catties | 0 1 4 8 | 0 3 6 7 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Olibanum, ditto | — | 0 3 6 7 | — |
| Myrrh, ditto | 0 2 3 4 3-5 | 0 6 8 4 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Horns, unicorns' or rhinoceros, per 100 catties | 1 7 5 0 | 1 4 4 6 | 1 3 6 0 |
| Quicksilver, ditto | 0 2 3 4 3-5 | 1 4 4 4 | 1 3 6 0 |
| Nutmegs, ditto | 0 1 0 0 | 0 1 8 3 3-5 | 0 2 3 4 3-5 |
| Pepper, ditto | 0 3 5 1 9-10 | 0 2 5 9 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Putchuck, ditto | 0 2 3 4 3-5 | 0 3 6 6 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Rattans, ditto | 0 0 4 9 9-10 | 0 0 4 2 | 0 0 1 6 |
| Rose maloes, ditto | 0 9 3 8 4-10 | 0 8 3 4 | — |
| Sharks' fins, ditto | 0 0 5 8 7-10 | 0 1 1 7 | 0 4 0 0 |
| Smalts, ditto | 0 6 5 6½ | 1 4 4 6 | — |
| Ebony, ditto | 0 0 9 3 4-5 | — | 0 2 0 0 |
| Sandalwood, ditto | 0 5 8 6½ | 0 2 5 9 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Sapanwood, ditto | 0 1 4 0 2-5 | 0 0 4 2 | 0 2 0 0 |
| Woollen manufactures, per piece | 0 2 0 0 | 0 2 0 0 | 0 1 1 0 2-5 per 1 chang. |
| Narrow woollens, per chang of 141 inches | 0 1 0 0 | 0 1 0 0 | 0 1 1 0 6-5 |
| Dutch camlets, ditto | 0 2 0 0 | — | 0 1 1 0 2-5 |
| Camlets, ditto | 0 2 0 0 | — | 0 1 1 0 2-5 |
| Woollen yarn, per 100 catties | 3 1 4 2 | 3 1 4 2 | 0 2 0 4 4-5 |

I am informed upon the best authority to be obtained upon such matters, but not implicitly to be credited, that this tariff has never been repealed or varied. The question remains whether its provisions are evaded. The foreign merchants think that practically the tariff is a dead letter—that the mandarins, having to deal with Chinamen, take exceptions to the terms of the catalogue, and say that the cottons mentioned are Chinese, and not foreign cottons.

Such an interpretation would be absurd upon the face of the document; but between a mandarin and a Chinaman might makes right, and such things may take place.

I have no doubt that this does often occur; I am sure it may occur. I am certain, also, that there are only two

remedies for it—a proper treaty provision as to duties upon all foreign merchandise (levied at the ports), and a power of free transit in China to all British subjects furnished with proper credentials.

But when I go a step further, and am called upon to say whether these exactions are so exorbitant and so common that they now operate as an absolute prohibition to the circulation of British goods, I must abandon my preconceived opinions and recant much that I have said in earlier letters. I do not think this is so. A man who travels in China to study the people, their institutions, and their manners, must not pride himself on his consistency. He travels and he inquires in order that he may change his mind, and I think I have seen good reason to believe that this custom-house prohibition is very much over-estimated.

In the first place, I have circulated questions in Chinese among Chinese merchants, to all which I have received the most incongruous and unsatisfactory answers. From these I can draw no other conclusion than that the tariff is not much looked to, but that there is a general "*squeeze*" (it is the universal Chinese word, and I must use it) upon all the transported articles, without any reference to what country the goods come from, and that the amount of the squeeze depends upon the power of the mandarin's screw and the squeezability of the merchant. I have one instance, and only one, before me, in which a merchant sent English goods up to Soochow for sale there, and when (on account of markets rising at Shanghai) he wanted to get them back, he was asked to pay charges amounting to twenty per cent., and he was told that this was for duties paid at Soochow.

In this case either the agent was a rogue, or the screw had been twisted very tight.

But in the common course of commerce this cannot so happen. I will state my reasons.

I have had opportunities of studying Ningpo more carefully than any other Chinese city. I know from the consular returns that direct imports from England to Ningpo there were none; that the reshipments from Shanghai consisted only of an inconsiderable quantity of cotton shirtings, no woollens, no printed goods, some metal,

and a few birds' nests, and other Straits produce of about equal importance. Yet, to my surprise, I found Ningpo full of English goods. There were great quantities of cloth from Leeds, cotton velvets in some variety, bales of "domestics," counters full of long ells, and Spanish stripes in much abundance. I was curious to know where all these came from, and, to my utter astonishment, was told that they all came from Soochow. All these goods therefore must have passed through that terrible custom-house at Soochow. Yet the owners of these goods must have had the option of transporting them direct from Shanghai, with no intervening custom-house, by sea. The only reason for passing them through Soochow was the mercantile facilities of that great mart. In every other respect the trans-shipment by sea would have been less expensive. I think this fact is decisive that the exactions at the Soochow custom-house could not have been very great. I took great pains to verify what the Ningpo shopkeepers told me, and there was no second opinion upon the matter; and I was referred to a consular report of 1846 (which I shall hereafter quote), showing that this system is at least ten years old. The consular returns for 1856 are in themselves a conclusive corroboration. I may add that I bought a ball of English sewing cotton at Ningpo for four cash—rather less than a farthing.

We must not over-estimate these facts. They only prove that these custom-houses do not *always* heavily mulct English goods, and that they are not the closed barrier which they have been supposed to be. The custom-houses are not the cause why English goods do not permeate the country, but still English goods do not make their way beyond a certain distance from the five ports. My experience merely shows that the importance of these custom-houses is exaggerated, not that they are never an impediment.

I must in candour add that I have been informed that the distinction between barter and cash prices has, within the last two years, almost disappeared, and that some woollens and shirtings are transshipped to Ningpo in native vessels. The first fact only strengthens my conclusion as to

the small effect of the Soochow custom-house; the second is too unimportant to affect the argument.

I have now examined the four reasons usually given in England for the unsatisfactory condition of our export trade to China. They whose interest in the subject, or whose great patience, has enabled them to accompany me in this investigation, will, I hope, agree in my conclusion that these causes are insufficient to account for the effects in the magnitude in which we see them. I now proceed to point out some other causes which, as I think, exercise a more important influence.

I must divide these reasons also into four classes:—1, that we are beaten by fair competition in the Chinese markets; 2, ignorance of British manufacturers as to the requirements of China; 3, that British exports are an unpopular branch of commerce with British merchants; and, 4, that the country is not open to our merchandise.

Three of these reasons will, I fear, not be popular either in England or in China. I must defend them as shortly as I can in the order in which I have propounded them.

1. You are beaten by fair competition in the Chinese markets.

The Americans beat you in drills and sheetings. At Shanghai, in 1856, the imports were 221,716 pieces of American drills, against 8,745 English; and 14,420 of American sheetings, against 1,240 English. The reason given for this is that in these heavy goods the labour is in small proportion to the cost of the raw material, and the producer of the raw material must have the advantage. This may be so; I only chronicle the fact that we are beaten by fair competition.

In woollen goods you sustain close rivalry with the Germans and the Russians. At Hongkong itself I found that the table-covers were almost universally of German manufacture. At Ningpo I examined a great many pieces of cloth of different manufactures. There was a low quality cloth of Leeds manufacture, which was 1,437 cash, or about 8*s.* a yard; a Saxony superfine, also of low quality and also of Leeds manufacture, 1,757 cash, or about 10*s.* 6*d.*, a yard. These were a yard and a half wide. There was a narrower

English cloth of better quality and substance (extra superfine), which was 2,965 cash, or about 18*s.*, a yard. But there was also a strong thick Russian cloth, which was two yards wide (wanting two inches), and which was sold for 2,216 cash, or 13*s.* 6*d.* a yard. The Russian, therefore, taking the width into consideration, was about 3*s.* a yard dearer than the worst of the English, about the same as the English second best, and not much more than one-half the price of the best English quality.

The Chinaman prefers the best English, but he cannot afford it, and buys it in small quantities. Next to that he prefers the Russian, for it is stout and serviceable, and he says in his native idiom, although it "hairs" (roughens) easier than the best English, it does not so soon do so as the inferior English articles. The great bulk of the cloth sold to the Chinese, therefore, is Russian.

I am, of course, aware that the Russian cloths are sold cheap, because they are given in barter for teas, which are placed against them at unnatural prices. The consequence is that the tea-consumer in Russia pays a bounty upon the import of Russian cloths into China. This, however, only accounts for the fact—it does not weaken it. No matter how, it is sufficient for us that the Russian beats us in the Chinese market.

The Chinese also used to beat us in cottons exported to their northern provinces. The failure of the cotton crop has given us just at present rather a monopoly of the market in Shantung, Shinkiang, and Corea, but with a good crop of cotton in China we shall probably lose this again, and be undersold by homespun goods. The profits made upon these exports by Chinese houses are very great, and it is not an unimportant affair, for the sales are 6,000,000 dollars annually. I believe that if we could lay our goods down in those provinces without the intervention of the more southern Chinamen we should be able to maintain our present position, and do a large trade in those provinces which are too far north for the growth of native cotton.

If we are undersold, it is of no use to cry out; there is an end of the matter. If Leeds cannot send thick serviceable cloth to China cheaper than Russia can, and if Manchester

cannot make cotton cloth of a given quality cheaper than the old woman at the door of a Chinese cottage can, we may as well shut up shop. Manchester and Leeds ought not to be beaten in any of these matters, and that they are is, I believe, simply the result of ignorance at home of Chinese wants and habits.

2. This brings me to my second heading, which, I think, after the instances given in this paper, I need not now labour. No doubt there are men in China who have a knowledge of the Manchester trade, and who can calculate for you how much the experiment would cost of setting up a few looms to spin narrow widths. But there is no spirit of inquiry abroad, no energy at work, no notion of distracting the eye for a moment from watching those eternal shirtings, no thought whether you cannot make better shift with some other class of goods. Manchester made a great blind effort when the ports were opened, and that effort failed ; since then she has fallen into an apathy, and trusts to the chapter of accidents.

3. Intimately connected with the last is my third proposition, that British exports are an unpopular branch of commerce with British merchants in China.

Now, I should be the most ungrateful of men if I were to say anything depreciatory of the British merchants in the five ports. I am indebted to them for all I know upon the subjects whereon I write. I have gone to them, almost at all hours, when difficulties vexed me or figures came out with inconsistent results ; and even from the busiest of them at the busiest times I have always obtained the frankest information and access to all the statistics which their offices afford. I have been "a neutral power" here, from whom no one had any trade secrets. But I am not driven even to say, "*Amicus Plato, magis amica Veritas.*" I say no more than they themselves would say quite frankly and quite openly. There are some houses which pay a certain attention to cottons and woollens, but the largest British houses in China care very little about British exports. Talk to them of the transit duties upon tea or silk, or of the import duty upon opium, and you will be certain of an animated discussion or a very warm expression of opinion. Speak to

them of the Pihsing Kwan, and show them how little progress is made with British goods, and they give you in an off-hand way the same reasons you have heard in England. It is too hot to rush about China. The fact is, this business is neither pleasant nor profitable. These men come out here to make fortunes in from five to seven years, not to force English calicoes up into remote places. Their work is to buy Chinese produce. If the English manufacturer wants his work done, they will do it for him, as it comes in their way. But if he wants extraordinary exertion, carefully collected information, and persevering up-country enterprise —and this is what he does want—he must do it himself.

I will show why this British import business is not one to be much loved.

British produce is sold either for money or barter. Except, as just now, when the English houses do not want to buy silk at present high prices, and the Chinese do want cotton goods, the cash sales have not been the majority of operations. The bulk has during past years been effected by barter. I am told that this is changing, but I speak of commercial operations as the authorized figures show them.

Mr. Consul Thom, in a report addressed to Sir John Davis in 1846, explains the working of the barter trade in China. He says :—

"It will be necessary to remind your Excellency that in our immense transactions at Shanghai there are two prices known—viz., the cash price and the barter price. The British merchant on bartering his cottons and woollens gets a higher nominal price for them than he would get were he to sell them at the cash price of the day. On the other hand, the teaman or silkman just adds an equivalent accretion to the price of his silk or tea, and so the account is balanced.

"Thus, if a manufacturer were to ship a parcel of British goods to Shanghai, with instructions that his returns be made in bills, the utmost that he can expect is, that his agent shall sell his goods at the cash price. But A.B.'s account of sales of goods sold for cash, would be very different from his neighbour C. D.'s, which had been bartered. The particulars I am now detailing are not well understood in England, and when such a circumstance happens it generally causes an unpleasant correspondence between the constituent at home and the agent out here."

The Ningpo or Chusan merchant sees that account-sales

are sent home from Shanghai at 2 dollars 90 cents, and he does not like to send home a worse account-sale; but he wants cash, and cannot get this. The natives are retailing at less than 2 dollars 90 cents; he is not authorized to take produce, so he must either submit to a sacrifice or retire before native competition.

I do not mean to insist upon this as an insurmountable objection. No doubt this is righting or will right itself. No doubt consignors in England and consignees in China, with multifarious transactions, come to understand these matters. But such having during former years been the course of business, it is quite easy to comprehend that pushing British produce has not been the first object of a merchant located in China.

I am perfectly aware that the British manufacturers, when the four ports were first opened, established houses in China for the sole purpose of extending the sale of their produce, and that these houses did not pay. They could not pay, nor would they now pay. The great profits come from tea, silk, and opium. The houses that have this business in their hands, have also to a great extent the British exports in their hands. The British export trade will not maintain mercantile houses; but it would pay for travelling agents acting in immediate connection with the home manufacturers, who should keep their principals at home well informed, and who should work their operations through the established houses here.

After what I have said, you must not wonder to hear some of the wealthiest men of China say that we are going on very well as we are—that the demands for free intercourse are unjust and impolitic—and that the utmost we want is one or two more ports and an embassy at Pekin. Such is not the opinion of the great body of the mercantile community. But it is the opinion of men who will be much listened to in England.

4. But the chief and all-sufficient reason why we are not doing what we ought to do in China is, that China is not open to our merchandise.

Of course, there is a Spitalfields-ball sort of feeling in China, as elsewhere; and official persons, being all in China

of the good old Tory school, set their faces against foreign goods. I have been told of Chinamen stating they were ready to take shiploads of Manchester goods if they could only be protected from the interference of their own mandarins.

But this is a very minor consideration. The authorities in China are strong against an individual, but utterly powerless against a popular feeling. China in this respect is the most democratic country in the world; witness the growth of the poppy, the difficulty of raising new taxes, the immediate downfall of an unpopular officer, and the utter failure of the Emperor and all his power at Pekin to force into circulation his debased 10-cash piece. The evil is that British goods are not brought under the eyes of the Chinamen of the interior cities. A Chinaman is the incarnation of what some people in England would call common sense. He has no prejudices of any kind, patriotic, religious, or sentimental. He has a strong clannish family selfishness, and that is all. You have nothing, therefore, to do but to convince him that you have that to sell which it would suit him to have, and that you can sell it at a lower price than he can get it at elsewhere.

Convince the people of this, and all the mandarins in China will not stop your sales.

At present however, you are only upon the outer fringe of the great Chinese empire. You might have made more of your sphere of action than you have made, but you are not trading with China.

All our ports, except Shanghai, are separated from the inland waters of China by a chain of mountains. A continuation of the Himalayas, at a much lower altitude, tracks the whole coast line of China at some distance from the sea, and passes out at the archipelago of Chusan.

Inside those mountains lies the bulk of the empire of China—outside lie our trading-ports.

The seaboard provinces extending southwards from Ningpo to Canton are thus isolated from the interior, and from the great inland routes of traffic by this barrier of mountains. Over these mountains goods transmitted from the interior to any of these ports must be carried. Even in passing from

Ningpo to Hangchow there must be two transshipments of goods. Amoy and Foochow have the same position. Canton labours under the same disadvantages. Every piece of merchandise brought down from or carried up to the interior must be carried for twenty miles over a chain of mountains, and carried on men's backs. But, then, Canton has been fostered by its monopoly of intercourse; a race of carrying coolies has grown into existence, and the difficulties are reduced to their *minimum*. If some strong and unreasoning power were to declare that Southend should be the only port in the British islands where commerce should be carried on, no doubt Southend would have a still longer pier, and docks would be dug, and a harbour would be made, and Southend would cease to be the uninteresting spot it now is. Canton has been a Southend with its suggested monopoly. Amoy, Foochow, and Ningpo are Southends without any monopoly.

There is a way of getting behind these hills and into the central districts of the empire—a way wherein the merchant may travel without toil or danger; where no robbers can assail him at a vantage; where secret imposts cannot spoil his markets—a way which extends up to the furthest limits of the empire, and whence convenient and innumerable ways branch forth, reaching to every hamlet of this great central region. The gate at which we must enter China is the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Give us entrance there, in our own ships, in our own steamers, and we can deposit our goods in every great city of the interior of China.

Let us start from Shanghai, and make an imaginary voyage up this river. With the exception of M. Huc, no European has ever yet sailed upon its higher waters, or has, indeed, been much above Nankin. M. Huc has added nothing to our knowledge for commercial purposes; but I have obtained access to some reports of Chinese, who traverse the whole distance frequently with commercial objects, and I may be able to tell something more of this river than is yet known to Englishmen.

Having threaded our way through the shallows at the mouth, we are in the largest, the deepest, and the most abundant river in the world. We go for 200 miles through the rich province of Kiangsu, passing towns and

anchorages less well known to ships of war. We will not linger at Chekiang, or even at Nankin, for these great cities are now nothing more than the seared and wasted strongholds of a piratical power. All that was beautiful in the southern capital of China—even the famous porcelain pagoda—has been wantonly destroyed. Shut in from the land by the Imperialist besiegers, the rebels maintain themselves by plundering the rich country up and down the banks of the river, and the Imperialists are scarcely less burdensome to the country behind their camp. Commerce has fled from these parts. All we can ask of these plunderers is to let us pass in peace.

Hitherto we have been in a tidal river. Henceforward, although we must still reckon its width by miles and its depth by tens of fathoms, our merchandise-laden steamer must be content to labour against an unchanging stream. We traverse the rich and thickly-peopled province of Anhui, and in our voyage of 200 miles through that province we find, besides a constant succession of towns, two first-class cities, at which we may tarry awhile to display our merchandise and lighten our cargo.

Now we reach the provinces of Hupeh and Honan, the former on the north, the latter on the south bank. This is the country of the finest teas. It is here that the Oopak teas are grown, which, by an unnatural route, are forced down to Canton, being borne on men's backs across the mountains instead of being sent deftly down the stream of the great river whose banks produce them. Here are lakes, and broad streams running into them, and networks of canals connecting them. But more than this, here, just at this spot, is the confluence of the Yang-tse with the great river Han, which is itself banked with large cities and heavy with commerce.

At this confluence we have a congregation of enormous cities—Wuchung on the one bank, and Hannan opposite, with immense suburbs extending far away. The population of these cities is differently estimated at 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 souls; but, what is of still greater importance, these two cities are undoubtedly the first great emporium of Chinese commerce. Here is a market which may set all

Manchester spinning, all Leeds weaving, all Sheffield grinding, and all Nottingham throwing, if we only have on board samples of what these celestials desiderate. It might be worth while, if they are shy of our new goods, to anchor a depôt ship in the broad waters,—for we are told there are five miles of river from shore to shore—and accustom them to the sight of luxuries and necessaries which they may have in exchange for their cheap and abundant first-class teas. Surely it would be better thus to get rid of them than to send them down the Yuen river to the Tungting lake, then by the capital city of Changteh, up the Siang river to the Ching district, across the mountain on men's backs to Loh-chang, and then down the northern river to Fatshan and Canton, for such is their present route. What charges must accumulate upon English goods that should try to come up the long, devious route by which these teas descend.

We are only half-way yet along our voyage. The river leads us through the whole province of Hupeh; and why should we not do a little business at the great cities of Kingchow and Tchang, the walls of which we must pass? To this city of Tchang junks of 300 tons burden ascend in great numbers, and the water is still deep, though the bottom is rocky and dangerous.

A little higher up than Tchang we arrive at the town of Kwei. We are now 900 miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse, and here for the present our steamer must be content to stop, for here for the first time we meet with rapids. When the summer sun has melted the snows of Central Asia the trading junks shoot down these falls, and, empty of cargo, they can be forced up them. But if we are ever to pursue an unbroken voyage beyond this point, John Chinaman must add one other to his at present innumerable canals, and English engineers must teach him the secret of constructing locks.

It will not do, however, to be stopped by these rapids. The whole basin of the Yang-tse is one vast coal field. From Nankin to Sz'chuen we have difficulty in obtaining the means of locomotion. There are markets higher up, and thither, in a steamer to be put together above the falls, we must go. Let us suppose this—no great labour for us Anglo-Saxons—

to have been accomplished. The stream is still deep and navigable. It is crowded with junks, as M. Huc will testify. Kwei was just upon the boundary line between Sz'chuen and Hupeh, and Sz'chuen is the last province of China. Beyond that are the snows of Thibet and the swamps of Burmah. Sz'chuen is the finest province in all China. "You never see an ill-dressed man from Sz'chuen," says the Chinese proverb. "It grows more grain in one year than it can consume in ten," says another native authority, addicted, I fear, to exaggeration. This province appears to produce everything; more silk than any other province, more and better wax and tobacco, grass-cloth of the finest quality, tea of the coarsest, grain in such quantities that its supplies act upon the distant market of Hangchow. Moreover, the climate is variable, extremely hot and extremely cold, just suited for our woollens. My Chinese authority asserts that they penetrate there now even through the difficulties of the transit from Canton; and he says (I suspect with some exaggeration), that one-half of the long ells and shirtings landed at Canton find their tedious way over the hills and up the rivers to Sz'chuen.

We must go up, therefore, above the Kwei falls, and must pursue our voyage till we reach the confluence of the Yang-tse with the Kialing, a river which comes down from the north. At this confluence stands the great city Chung-king, the second great commercial emporium of China. My authority states that under the walls of this city of Chung-king the lusty young Yang-tse is already as broad as the Canton river in front of the dear departed factories, and very deep and very rapid. You may go farther if you please, for there is the Western Soochow and all the land of poppy-bearing Yunnan higher up. But the stream grows rocky, and savage tribes from Thibet and Burmah make the way dangerous. We are getting to the western boundary of China Proper. We have done our work; we have "opened up the country:" so here we will turn our steamer's head —shall we call her the *Yang-tse?*—and pass swiftly back, towing our junk-loads of tea and silk and wax, and satisfied, I hope, with our speculative voyage. I have said nothing of consuls or consular establishments. The merchants appear

to incline to the opinion that they do not want them, and are better without them. They say that Swatow and Woochow are growing into importance without consular protection, and that the want is not felt. I differ a little here. If you do not want consuls to protect, you want them to restrain. We must not allow a vagabond European population to run riot in the internal cities of China, or we shall change the peaceful character of the people. Wuchang and Chung-king might, however, well maintain each a consul or consular agent with extended jurisdiction, and this would be ample for a commencement. A consul may be a great nuisance. A fussy consul, not now in China, drove the carrying trade at one of our ports out of our hands. He made so many petty difficulties that the Chinamen wrote up and down the coast not to charter British ships. We must have no *élèves* of the Circumlocution Office in the Yang-tse.

As I have brought our voyage so I must bring this paper to a close, for the subject is so vast that fresh fields open upon me more rapidly than the past have been traversed. Surely you can work out for yourselves the tributaries of the Yang-tse and the Grand-Canal-pierced provinces of the north and canals of the interior. Bradshaw's Railway Map is a blank sheet compared with these. I have spoken already of the advantages of the northern coast when Pekin may be reached from the sea. Give us free access to China; protect us in the exercise of our privileges until the Chinese are become accustomed to us and understand us, and fix our duty payments firmly and explicitly, and everything else will follow. The great piracy difficulty on the coast will find its own solution; for the coalfields will be opened, and some screw steam company will get possession of the coasting trade. The custom-house bugbear will disappear, for the goods will be put down at the door of the customer. Teas and silks will be bought cheaper, for different districts will be made to compete when we buy direct from the producer; and British manufactures, with moderate energy and enterprise, will make a fair start.

I ought to say something of the trade with Thibet from India; but it is a long matter, and I have not courage to ask attention to it. Dr. Campbell, the superintendent of

Darjeeling, who I hope has escaped these recent dangers, understands this subject thoroughly, and should be heard upon it before our treaty terms are settled.

Such are the facts and opinions I have been able to gather upon the British import trade into China. The subject is too vast to be fully treated by a cursory writer. If I have wearied the public by saying so much, I am dissatisfied myself at having left so much unsaid. Many topics press upon me as I resolutely close the paper. Let me only add that all dealing with the interior of China is impossible unless your agents speak the language of the people; and I have done.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FAREWELL TO SHANGHAI.

Intelligence is Received of Intended Operations against Canton—The Author Prepares to Return to the South—Anticipates that Future Proceedings in the North will become Necessary—Has Gathered Information with a View to these Proceedings—How Pekin is Fed—Interruption of Inland Transit for Rice—Present Practice of Conveyance by Sea—Supplies may be Intercepted—Relations between the Russian and Chinese Governments—Description of Chinese Life at Shanghai—The Coolies—The Custom-house—The Toutai's Suite—The European Inspectors of Customs—A Funeral Procession—The Chinese Bystanders—The Operation of Producing small Feet described—A Chinese Marriage—The Shanghai Tea-gardens—Conjurors and Ventriloquists—Curio Shops and Miniature Painters—Departure from Shanghai—Arrival at Hongkong—Hongkong News.

SHANGHAI, *Oct.* 23.

A CHANGE has come over the policy of the authorities in the South. The French ambassador has arrived in the mouth of the Canton river. The projected northern voyage is definitively abandoned. It is reported that the order has gone forth that Canton shall be taken, and I must return to my post of observation. I hope to add a postscript to this letter with a Hongkong date.

When we have settled our differences with the Cantonese,

the scene of action will be removed to these northern ports.

The Chinese officials, or "the mandarins," as it is the custom to call them, are of opinion that our decisive move, in order to coerce the court of Pekin, will be to cut off the supply of food to the capital. They reason, according to Chinese logic, from the precedent of the last war; and, for once, I am inclined to adopt the same conclusion, and from the same premises. In our previous experience the Court was immovable so long as we only killed, burnt, and destroyed in the provinces. Directly we put a muzzle upon the mouths of the populace of Pekin, the Court was at our feet; so it will be again.

I have been investigating how Pekin is fed. I cannot quote my authorities without certain loss of the heads of my informants; but the following may be relied upon as in the main correct:—

There are nine of the eighteen provinces of China which produce rice, and have, or rather had, means of water communication with Pekin. These provinces are—Fuhkien, Chekiang, Kiangsi, Shantung, Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsu, Nganhwui, and Szchuen. These provinces, according to ancient precedent, pay their tribute to the capital in rice. They are bound to contribute in the aggregate 10,000 junks, each containing 1,000 piculs of 133 lbs. English; but in the arrangement of the proportion, Shantung and Hunan, on account of their poverty or their small extent, only pay as half a province each.

This arrangement gave an annual supply of 10,000,000 piculs to the Imperial city, which, at the regular allowance of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. per day per mouth—such is the capacity of the measure meted out to the soldiery—would feed a population of 3,000,000. The calculation, therefore, as is necessary in all large calculations, allowed largely for a difference between figures and facts.

The rebellion, however, and especially the occupation of Chekiang,* upon the Yang-tse, has deranged this comfortable

* Since this was written, Chekiang has been retaken—or rather, perhaps, rebought—by the Imperialists. This, however, will not necessarily reopen the inland communication. The rice-junks used

state of things. The provinces south of the Yang-tse can no longer communicate with the capital by the inner waters; Szchuen is obliged to send silver to Kiangsi, and there purchase the rice which could not be sent from the province itself.

In recent years the 10,000,000 piculs have been enormously diminished; and the *Pekin Gazette* has contained many lamentations on this score. So late as the 26th of September there is a memorial on this subject. The number of the 20th of September contains the answer of officers to the urgent orders already given to collect rice and send it round by Tiensin. There is no trade at Pekin; and the supply is necessarily a very critical affair.

Nankin formerly sent three millions, and Nankin has now other mouths to feed. The China merchants who bought the Szchuen rice were never paid, for the four lacs of dollars sent from that province to pay for it were embezzled by the mandarins—an irregularity which has not tended to facilitate matters. The other provinces had experienced inundations and locusts, and had Imperial or rebel armies in their neighbourhood, and they paid their quotas with difficulty. But still, *tant bien que mal*, Pekin has been fed. The supply, however, no longer reaches the city as formerly by the Imperial Canal and the other inner waters; but the junks start from the coast, and, by seaboard, they voyage to the Gulf of Pecheli and the mouth of the Peiho.

The custom is to gather the rice together upon the coast so soon as the harvest is got in. About the 1st of January of our year the custom-houses lay embargo upon the junks, and retain them for the annual voyage to Tiensin. Immediately after the commencement of the new year, which occurs early in February, the junks start, and, struggling against the adverse monsoon, make their way in perhaps five or six weeks to the mouth of the Peiho. About the tenth day of the second month is the day calculated for

upon the canals have, as I described in my journey to Hangchow, been suffered to fall into decay; and the Chinese assert that the cana to the north of Chekiang is now become useless.

their arrival, for by this time the ice has disappeared from the river.

If this freight should arrive safe in Pekin, our war with China will last for twelve months longer.

The Chinese are quite alive to this their vital difficulty. They are talking of assembling this year's fleet at Lehoo, a place not marked in our maps, about fifty miles to the north of Woosung, which was used for the same purpose when Shanghai was in the hands of the rebels four years since. The government has lately also been buying some steamers. They now have three in their service, and, although chasing pirates and quelling rebels is the ostensible object, I fancy that towing rice-junks at a critical moment is their real destination.

That rice is being collected with extraordinary activity in Kiangsu, and that the mandarins are under strong pressure, is evident. The Chinese say there is generally a slant of wind on the 10th moon (January), under favour of which the junks can work up north.

The scheme is not badly conceived, and it may possibly be successful. The mandarins shrewdly calculate, that in all probability the barbarians will take it for granted that the junks will not sail northwards till the change of the monsoon, and that they will not care to keep the sea and blockade the coast in January, and if the flat-bottomed rice-boats can once escape up into the gulf of Pecheli, that gulf will be so shallow at that period of the year that the steamers cannot follow them.

If they can run into the Yellow River they will also be safe, for thence northwards the inner waters to Pekin are open. It is impossible to guess what insuperable impediments the courtesy of the French Emperor towards his long-tailed imperial brother, or the "mother wit" of Mr. Commissioner Reed, or the instructions from Downing Street, may interpose to a blockade of the whole coast north of Shanghai; but I take it that if left to their own devices Lord Elgin and Admiral Seymour are not the men to allow such a march as this to be stolen upon them. With Canton in hand, and with this fleet of rice-junks kept outside, Lord Elgin's road to Pekin would be strewn with flowers, and his

negotiations at the Court would be of a very curt and satisfactory character.*

It is an uncomfortable thing to have to state any fact upon Chinese authority, for you know that, if a falsehood will serve the turn, they never have recourse to truth. The Chinese, however, all tell me that the Russians have been to Tiensin, and they give me circumstantial details of the transactions there, and name even the officers commissioned to meet them. According to these accounts the two Governments are upon the most friendly terms. The Chinese affirm that the object of the visits of the Russian admiral to the port of Shanghai has been to keep the court of Pekin informed of the preparations and intentions of the English, and they hint that the Russians have led them to believe that at the proper moment Russia will interpose her mediation to settle the differences.

If these statements are not true, they are well invented. The two Courts are undoubtedly *aux petits soins* just now. The *Pekin Gazette* of the 26th of September reports the return of E-ke-le, a Chinese officer who had been sent to the Court of Russia to present condolences on the death of Nicholas. The *Gazette* simply states that the envoy, having had an audience with the present Emperor, had returned.

Perhaps I am inclined to believe more of this information because I get it from peculiar and exclusive sources; but, at any rate, it is safe to conclude that the Chinese are quite alive to every point of the game they are now playing, and that they are disposed to avail themselves of Russia.

Before we leave Shanghai I must ask the British public to accompany me in a morning walk upon the Bund. It will be hard if we do not find some few scenes there illustrative of Chinese life and manners. We will start from *the* hotel, which notifies its whereabouts in the rear of the settlement by a high flagstaff and a most demonstrative banner. The street we follow is bounded by the garden walls and entrances of several "hongs"—ornamented detached residences, resembling a little the villas in the Regent's Park. Our path is through a crowd of jostling coolies. They are carrying, balanced on their bamboo poles

* The opportunity was lost, and my prediction has been fulfilled.

chests of tea, bales of silk, bricks of Sycee silver, and burdens more multifarious. It is hard work. They earn by continuous labour nearly eight shillings a day. But a man is worn out in about seven years, and he then retires on his economies, and enjoys his hardly-earned leisure upon a small plot of ground in the interior. We now see them at full work, loading and discharging cargo. Each as he goes emits a sound like the moan of a man in pain, "Ah ho! ah ho!" From early morning till eventide this chorus of sorrowful sound fills the air. It is more multitudinous and monotonous than the croak of the frogs in the swamps—than the harsh, grating cry of the *cicadæ* upon the boughs. The habit, so far as I can discover, is confined to this port; but a Shanghai porter can no more do his work without his "Ah ho!" than a London paviour can get on without his "Hough." When the English first came here, the house-servants brought up the soups and the legs of mutton singing "Ah ho" in procession through the dining-room. This was promptly put down; but the out-of-door chorus still proceeds. Every moment from 800 chests comes this sad monotonous cry, depressing to the spirits of new-comers.

We make our way through this croaking crowd, and debouch upon the Bund—the broad embankment, having on one side the wide river, with seventy square-rigged vessels lying at easy anchor in its noble reach; and on the other side the "compounds," or ornamental grounds, each containing the hong and the godowns of some one of the principal European commercial houses. The only building on the Bund which is of Chinese architecture, is the custom-house, which is like a joss-house.

There is something going on at the custom-house. The Toutai's suite fill the outer courtyard. Some twenty fellows wearing mandarins' caps, with fox-tails sticking out behind, have swords at their sides and form the military escort. Their trowsers are much patched, and their odour is not fragrant; yet, if one of these ragged ruffians would come to London and submit to be washed, Mrs. Leo Hunter would ask lords and ladies to meet him, and present him to her guests as "a mandarin from China." There are two curious creatures, having enormous gilt hares on their heads and

pheasant feathers protruding behind. They are rather shabbier and dirtier than their military comrades, and look as though they had been turned out of Mr. Richardson's booth for lack of cleanliness. There are two executioners, conspicuous by their black conical caps, their dark costume, and their iron chains, worn like a sword-belt. The larger one is said to be of wonderful skill in taking off heads; the smaller excels in producing exquisite torture with the bamboo. Let us go inside. There is incense-burning, and priests are chanting. Mandarins with white or red buttons to their caps, silk dresses, and very dirty hands, are knocking their heads upon the ground before a little joss. It is a Chinese ceremonial day. They have turned the custom-house into a joss-house for the nonce, and are come here to "chin-chin" the God of Wealth, which means to pray for a good harvest of import and export duties. The rite is soon performed; the Toutai comes forth; the procession is formed. It would look splendid in drawing or photograph, but it is squalid and ludicrous in its shabby reality. The Toutai mounts his pony, the large crimson parasol is raised above his head—

> "Interque signa turpe militaria
> "Sol adspicit conopium"—

and the *cortége* moves off.

About this custom-house there is a grave matter to be debated. At the instance of the three treaty powers, the Chinese authorities have established at this port a triumvirate of European inspectors, or collectors of customs—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American. They were originally selected by their respective Governments. They each receive £2,000 a year—a salary not too great to compensate them for the odium which the discharge of their duties involves. The English Government has ceased to interfere, or to recognize Mr. Lay as having any other capacity than that of an officer of the Chinese Government.* The French and American consuls retain an

* Since my return to England, I read that Mr. Lay has been taken up northwards by Lord Elgin. The Chinese teachers say that he is, of all Europeans, the man who has the most ready and useful knowledge of the Chinese languages and customs.

influence in the nomination and control of the inspectors of their respective nations.

The effect of this custom-house arrangement is that the duties of the port of Shanghai are received in full. At the other ports the old system of corruption prevails, and the Chinese collectors make their private bargains—usually about one-half of the tariff prices. Nothing but strong intrinsic vitality has enabled the trade of Shanghai to thrive in spite of this great disadvantage. The English merchants are divided in opinion upon this subject of duty collecting. Some think that the Chinese should be left to themselves; that we should deal with the officials as we do in England with the farmers of turnpike tolls, every man making his own contract bargain.

Others think that the inspecting system should be extended to all the ports. A third party are in favour of the abolition of all duties at the ports, allowing the Chinese to collect their own import and export duties inside. It is a difficult subject, almost impossible to be satisfactorily arranged by any treaty which shall give to the Chinese government the action of an independent power; but the difficulty arises from the incurable corruption of the Chinese magistracy, and the crumbling rottenness of the government. Having to deal with such a nation, the necessities of self-protection give us rights which we should not have if we were dealing with honest men.

There is a sound of gongs, and a crepitation of small crackers at the north end of the Bund, and the coolies are leaving their work to look on. As it is a day for sight-seeing, and sight-seeing is our business, let us follow the crowd.

It is a burial procession. The mother of a Chinese opium-broker is going to her last home. She carries with her all her little comforts and necessities wherewith to begin life in the next world. Many palanquins appear at unequal distances, preceded and followed by coolies marching four abreast. These litters contain small joss-houses, and basins holding fruits, and sweetmeats, and bean cakes, and other orthodox Buddhist comestibles. There is good store, also, of silvered and gilded paper, made to resemble solid ingots of

gold and silver. This is the wealth wherewith she is to appear in the land of ghosts as a respectable, well-to-do matron. But if this bullion pass current among the ghosts, they have lost the qualities which most distinguish them in the flesh. In life, a Chinaman can distinguish the exact fineness of a piece of silver by the touch, so much so that the word "touch" is used as a technical term to indicate the quality of each description of bullion; it must be very harrowing to the feelings of the ghost of a Chinese comprador to find himself obliged to deal in these shadowy ingots. On marches the procession. There are little boys blowing shrill trumpets and other stranger wind instruments, men excruciating our ears with cymbals and gongs, and grave adults exploding strings of crackers. Then comes the coffin—a strong wooden case like a carved and ornamented trunk of a tree. It is half covered by draperies, and is borne by twelve coolies. It is hermetically sealed with that tenacious plaster the Chinese call "chunam." It will be borne to a joss-house in the city, and thence to a spot in one of her son's fields. Here it will rest on the surface of the ground. After the time of mourning is past, a few spadefuls of earth will be shovelled upon it, then year by year a few more, till a mound arises, and rank grass and Chinese lilies spring up; and this old lady's habitation adds another unit to the myriads of sacred barrows which cumber the rich soil and serve no purpose but a harbour for the pheasants when the crops are cut. Our English books upon China say that only hills are set apart for this purpose. Sir John Davis falls into this error. But our English writers, for the most part, write only of what they have seen on the banks of the Canton river. Between Shanghai and Keehing I have seen thousands of acres of alluvial soil which the plough never turns because they are sacred to the dead.

We have plenty of time to look about us, for the procession yet drags its slow length along. The denizens of the Bund have turned out to look, and business is proceeding. There is an English merchant arranging the sale of a cargo of rice with a Chinaman.

"Wantee numba one bad licee for that sojer—numba one bad licee?"

"Number one bad rice for your soldiers," says the indignant Briton. "Why, we always have the best provisions we can obtain for our soldiers and sailors." Heaven forgive the patriotic man of commerce! but he never saw a weavelly biscuit, or opened a tin of Crimean preserved meat. "O, maskee, numba one bad licee too muchee good for sojer man."

We are separated from these bargainers by a fisherman and his wife, who push their way by. The lady, who is not in her *première jeunesse*, has large natural feet, and, having tucked up her trousers, displays a pair of calves which an Irish porter might envy. Taking advantage of their wake, stiffly totters upon her small deer's feet an ordinary China-woman of the urban population. She has no calves whatever. The muscles of her leg were destroyed by the operation which produced that beautiful foot; and from the knee downwards her leg is but skin and bone. Do you ask how this strange deformity is produced? Stand back out of the crowd, inside the entrance to Mr. Heard's compound, and I will tell you.

There are small-footed ladies at Hongkong who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea-captains and other curious Europeans at a dollar a head; but, as so superficial an examination of this national peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had recourse to some of my good friends among the missionaries. By their aid I obtained that some poor Chinese women should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady; but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet.

On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mammas. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off, I found that the great toe had been left untouched; but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position.

The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle-joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened; month by month it is drawn tighter; the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres; as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole; the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground, is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed; but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman; and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice-money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystère de toilette.* Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly

together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage-day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived!

While we are gossiping about small feet, the old lady's burial procession comes to an end. It would be hissed at Astley's and would be regarded with blank astonishment at the Princess's; but it is very successful at Shanghai. The opium-broker has done his duty as a good son. If he keeps his two years of mourning properly, and if none of his wives should commit the indiscretion of having a child within two years, commencing from nine months after this time (for the present emperor is supposed to owe all his misfortunes to an unfortunate accident of this sort), he will be esteemed a very respectable man for evermore.

The Bund resumes its normal state, and the "Ah ho's" are again in full chorus. What shall we do next? It is half-past one o'clock, tiffin-time at Shanghai. You have made your calls on arriving here, and your cards have been duly returned, so you are free to go and come at tiffin-time in all their hospitable hongs. No lack of good dishes or of pleasant iced drinks at a Shanghai tiffin. Where the junior partner, with his *employés* of silk-inspector and tea-taster, and book-keeper and clerks, holds a separate mess, the allowance from the house to that mess is never less than fifty Shanghai dollars per month per head, or something more than £200 a year to each *employé* for the table alone. We may enter boldly. There is no chance of finding people making shifts with small commons in China. There is this great charm in European society at all the ports. Everybody is able, and is, indeed, obliged to have a lordly indifference to expense. They cannot control it, and they must let it go. There is no struggling and contriving to keep up appearances. The profits are large and the expenditure is great—*laissez aller*.

Tiffin, however, is a bad habit, if we can keep out of it. Let us rather stroll towards the city and trust to chance for a light lunch. "A'Lin, get a coolie and follow us with some

dollars and some cash"—the rascal wouldn't carry a string of copper cash himself to save his father's tail. It is a long stretch from the English settlement to the Chinese city. We must pass through the French concession in front of Mr. Conolly's hong, wherein that gentleman, with exaggerated Shangai hospitality, has just taken in a distressed Singapore tiger, whose roaring attracts a crowd of Chinese around his gates. A Chinese city is no novelty to us who have journeyed together through so many of them; but a festival day always has some objects of interest. In Pekin the "Board of Rites" busies itself about many things; and among others it sets apart two days in every month as the days upon which alone marriages can take place. To-day is one of these days, and in consequence thereof several gorgeous palanquins, like miniature Lord Mayor's coaches taken off their wheels, and containing ladies, all splendid in jewels and gold, are passing through the narrow streets. These ladies have jewelled crowns upon their heads, and veils of strings of pearls falling over their faces, and embroidered satin tunics, and fans of gold tissue. They are going, properly accompanied, to their new homes. One of them is just entering the house of a distiller with whom I have some acquaintance. We shall be welcome; let us go in. The house is decorated for the *fête*. It is hung with lanterns, inside and out. The courtyard is full of relatives and hangers-on; and at the gate is the comprador, who receives the money-offerings of the visitors; the principal room opening upon the courtyard is prepared for the feast. Lanterns are hung from the ceilings; a small joss-house, with candles and incense before it, is at one end; and in the middle is the table on which stand the small basins of sauces and sliced shellfish, and goose-flesh, and sweetmeats, and cakes, which are the precursive appetizers to a Chinese dinner. The bridegroom (the son of the proprietor) is lounging on a chair in his shirt-sleeves, smoking; the bride is gone up to her chamber, where she is sitting on her nuptial couch and receiving her guests. We may go up if we please, but it is less trouble to wait and look about us till she comes down. We crack a joke or two with the bridegroom, and he retires to put on his gorgeous array; and

then the bride appears, followed by her retinue of bridesmaids, and escorted by an old woman, the go-between who has made up the match. We present ourselves in due form, and the bride, who, in spite of her high crown and embroidered tunic and trowsers, looks nervous and twitchy, and slightly convulsive, just as she might if her name were Brown, and if we had accosted her at the door of the vestry room of St. George's, Hanover Square, returns our salutation, and would like to pass on. But such is not *selon les règles*. The duenna insists upon our admiring the beauty of the head-dress, and the thickness of the embroidered satin whereof her tunic is made; but, above all, she *will* pull up the trowsers to exhibit the faultless proportions of the little feet. They are marvellously small. A flea couldn't find room to hop in that slipper. "Chin, chin!"—let us be off. There is another decorated dwelling on our way; but it is a cottage, and presents a different scene. Three men are drinking sam-shu at a table, while the bride, dressed in her borrowed bravery, sits on a barrel in the most distant corner, alone and unnoticed. To-morrow and for ever more she will be a beast of burden. Perhaps, however, she will, in the fulness of time, create her own distractions. A few years may probably see a crowd of mangey brats, exhibiting every form and species of cutaneous complaint, fighting and yelling over their rice-basins, and, aided by the mother's shrew voice and the grandmother's croak, making their neighbourhood unbearable.

Such a family lived opposite to my bed-room window at Ningpo. From early cock-crow to sun-down the screams and shrill cries were unintermittent. The nuisance burst into being all of a sudden; but I found, on inquiry, that it had existed in its present aggravated form about two years before, and was then cured. After many vain remonstrances, an English merchant complained to the Toutai. Next day the lord of the house was sent for to the prefecture, and being suspended by the thumbs received forty blows of the bamboo; he was then dismissed with a warning. When that respectable housekeeper returned, disjointed and macerated, to his dwelling, he went in and shut his doors about him. What happened in the bosom of that family no man

may know ; but thenceforward the rice was eaten inside the house, and the screams did not vibrate in the street. When I heard of this I thought I would try what a threat of the Toutai would do ; so I sent my boy down with a message. He returned with the air of an envoy who has failed. "Well, what does the woman say?" "She talkee maskee*—last moon husband dead."

We must on, it is not pleasant to linger in the streets of a Chinese city. The porters jostle you, and the palanquins push you aside, and the smells assail you. The French Jesuit, to whom a compatriote applied to send her specimens of all the finest scents of China, rather exaggerated when he replied, "Alas! madam, in China there is but one scent, and that is not a perfume." There are many scents, but with the exception of the white blossom wherewith they scent their teas, none of them are perfumes.

We bustle our way through the narrow streets. We pass the temples and the yamuns, unentered, for we have seen a hundred such before, and we reach the tea-gardens of Shanghai city. These are worth a visit, for they are the best I have seen in China. A Chinese garden is usually about twenty yards square ; but these cover an area of ten acres. It is an irregular figure, flanked by rows of shops, rudely analogous to those of the Palais Royal. The area is traversed in all directions by broad canals of stagnant water, all grown over with green, and crossed by zigzag wooden bridges, of the willow-pattern plate model, sadly out of repair, and destitute of paint. Where the water is not, there are lumps of artificial rockwork, and large pavilion-shaped tea-rooms, perhaps twenty in number. Here self-heating kettles of gigantic proportions are always hissing and bubbling ; and at the little tables the Chinese population are drinking tea, smoking, eating almond hardbake or pomegranates, playing dominoes, or arranging bargains. There are interstices, also, of vacant land, and these are occupied by

* Maskee means "never mind." Like "chow-chow" and "mandarin," and other words of this sort used in the "Canton English," it is not Chinese. The Chinese use these words, believing them to be English ; and the English adopt them, often believing them to be Chinese.

jugglers and peep-show men. From the upper room of one of these tea-houses we shall have a view of the whole scene, and A'Lin will order us a cup of tea and some cakes for lunch. The jugglers and gymnasts below are doing much the same kind of tricks which their brethren of England and France perform. M. Houdin and Mr. Anderson would find their equals among these less pretending wizards. I am told that those peep-shows, which old men are looking into, and laughing, and which young boys are not prevented from seeing, contain representations of the grossest obscenity. Here is a ventriloquist who, attracted by our European costumes at the casement, has come up to perform. "Give him a dollar, A'Lin, and tell him to begin." That dirty half-clad wanderer would make another fortune for Barnum. He unfolds his pack, and constructs out of some curtains a small closed room. Into this he retires, and immediately a little vaudeville is heard in progress inside. Half a dozen voices in rapid dialogue, sounds, and movements, and cries of animals, and the clatter of falling articles, tell the action of the plot. The company from the tea-tables, who had gathered round, wag their tails with laughter, especially at the broadest sallies of humour, and at the most indecorous *dénoûments*. In truth, there is no difficulty, even to us, in comprehending what is supposed to be going on in that little room. The incidents are, indeed, somewhat of the broadest —not so bad as the scenes in our orthodox old English comedies, such as "The Custom of the Country," for instance, or "The Conscious Lovers;" but still they are very minutely descriptive of facts not proper to be described. The man's talent, however, would gain him full audiences in Europe, without the aid of grossness.

"Ho lai"—"bring fire." Shall we light a cheroot and stroll about? Don't make too sure, Mr. Bull, that the gentleman in the mandarin cap, who is holding you by the button and grinning in your face, is saying anything complimentary about you. In a journey up the country, a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide-awake, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments which serve

the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily, an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity, according to Chinese rites. In fact, the Frenchman in his antique disguise rather resembled a Chinese idol. But ask the French consul at Shanghai about this; he can tell the story better than I can.

Some of the best shops of Shanghai city open upon the tea-gardens; some resound with the buzz of imprisoned insects and the song of caged birds; there are "curio" shops, where are to be seen antiquities of dynasties long anterior to the Christian era, carefully wrought by living hands; there are caricatures of the English barbarians, one of which I cannot refrain from buying; there are carvings in bamboo, very inferior to Canton; there are shops for fans, and embroideries, and silks, decidedly inferior to Ningpo. There is also the studio of a portrait-painter, not probably a dangerous rival to Lamqua, of Macao. There is loud talking in that studio. A Yankee captain is inspecting a portrait of himself, which has been painted at a contract price of some twenty dollars. The Yankee is a man about forty, with streaks of gray in his bushy hair and beard, with a slight defect in one eye, a large nose, and a pock-marked face. Yet, withal, thanks to his affluence of hair and an expression of jaunty determination and devil-may-care go-aheadness, he is a manly-looking fellow. He is looking ruefully, however, at this counterfeit presentment of himself which is to go to the girl of his heart at New York. It is a most laughter-moving caricature of all the salient points of his physiognomy. The Yankee swears that it is no more like him than hickory nuts are like thunder. The artist has produced a small looking-glass, which he places beside the portrait, and, pointing to the gray hair, and the squinting eye, and the pockmarks of the portrait, and then to the present originals from which they were copied, says triumphantly at each verification, "Hab got? Hab got? Hab got? How can make handsome man, 'spose no got handsome face?" Let us leave these

parties, for there seems likelihood of a hot dispute, and, arming ourselves with another cheroot as a defence against bad smells, retrace our steps through the city, and out at the east gate.

We are again upon the Bund. The sun is down, and the European population are taking exercise in the short twilight. The merchants and their wives are returning in carriages or on horseback from their ride round the race-course, or are walking; the missionaries and their wives are riding up and down on their ponies. The shadows grow deeper, and you can scarce recognize your acquaintances as they pass.

And now, Mr. Bull, it is time to go in and dress for dinner. I hope during our day's stroll I have given you some notion of the city and settlement of Shanghai, which, if you are a wise man, and open up the Yang-tse-Kiang, will be a most important place both to you and to your descendants for many a long generation.

HONGKONG, *Oct.* 30.

After a rapid and most comfortable passage of four days, I am back "home" in Hongkong, just in time to keep you informed of the only matters having the least importance which have occurred since my departure for the north.

You will have heard last mail by the news from Singapore that the *Audacieuse* and the French plenipo had at last arrived. The day after the departure of the mail, Baron Gros steamed into harbour, and with polite or kindly haste immediately proceeded unaccompanied to the *Ava*, without even sending notice of his coming. The meeting of the two plenipos had the cordiality of the non-official and unceremonious meeting of two private gentlemen, one of whom had been accidentally kept waiting, and the other anxious to express, by his manner and *empressement*, that he regretted the delay. Next day the harbour resounded with salutes, and the two ministers met at dinner at Government House. The *Audacieuse* returned to her anchorage off Lintin, and diplomatic communications have since then been frequent and, as it is said, amicable.

The gunboats are arriving daily, but Captain Sherard

Osborn, who has to keep his chicken together, is not yet come in. It is necessary to tow these craft up against the north-east monsoon; but it is scarcely worth while enumerating the actual arrivals, for they will probably be all reported a short distance off by the steamer which takes this letter.

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate our Admiralty. They may be honestly proud of the achievement of the *Imperador*. On the morning of the 28th that fine ship steamed into harbour in admirable trim, after a passage, almost unrivalled, of sixty-one days (at sea) from England to Singapore. She brings 500 marines, and she brings them out in first-rate condition. Only fifteen men in all were on the sick list. Yesterday she proceeded up the Canton river to the Wantung Islands, where barracks have been provided, and where, it is to be hoped, the men will retain their present health and efficiency.

We are now in eager expectation of the arrival of the sister ship the *Imperatrix*, supposed to be about three days behind her. This mail will probably bring you more certain tidings of her.

It is no secret that something is now about to be undertaken. We shall probably wait the arrival of the whole of the slender force allotted to us. 3,000 redcoats are not a too numerous army to bring to reason an empire of 300,000,000 of people; but so soon as we have all we are to expect, we hope to be able to tell you that Canton is in our hands.

All our superfluous doctors and commissariat officers are off for India. It is understood that General Ashburnham and staff, and Colonels Wetherall and Pakenham, go by the next mail. General Straubenzee remains with us, and I hear but one sentiment with respect to this officer. He has impressed all here with confidence in him as a leader of energy and conduct.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PREPARATIONS FOR CANTON.

Arrival of the American Plenipo—Proposed Course of Proceeding towards Yeh—Hongkong Rumours—Arrival of a Brigade of Marines—The Gunboats—Adhesion of the French—The Americans *look on*—Target Practice—Lord Elgin's Reconnaissance up the Canton River—Distant View of Canton—Whampoa—The French at their Anchorage—French Theatricals—Return of Count Putiatin—The Japanese and the Presentation Steamer—News of the Death of Mr. Beale, of Shanghai.

HONGKONG, *Nov.* 11.

I HOPE to be able to tell you by the next mail that we are at least "before Canton." All our powers of force and persuasion are arrived, or are upon the eve of arrival. Mr. Reade is come in his gigantic frigate, the *Minnesota*, and although the monster made an involuntary breach of etiquette in the number of guns fired, the plenipos have fraternized in cordial fashion. It is understood that on the 16th the *Calcutta* flag-ship will change her anchorage for Tiger Island. The rest of our fleet will gradually gather about her up the river. Then, in deliberate strength, our heavily-armed vessels will move right up and occupy the river under the walls of Canton. They will clear the water, remove all sunken obstacles, protect the necessary reconnaissances of the land approaches to the city, and make matters comfortable for the final assault. Then the great Yeh will be summoned, not to treat, but to surrender the city. Should he neglect or refuse, proclamations will be issued directing the unarmed people to depart the city during the impending operations. Then will come the final scene —the landing of the marines and land forces, the shelling the forts, the breaching the walls, and the storm.

According to all precedent, Hongkong is full of rushing rumours. "Yeh has been degraded." "Yeh has abandoned

the city." "Yeh has asked to open negotiations." "Yeh will give up the city without a fight." "Yeh will die at his post." "Yeh has mined all the gates, excavated all the streets, turned every highway into a tiger-pit, putting upright spears at the bottom, and light bamboos, covered with earth, over the top." "Yeh has 22,000 men within the walls, and 200 guns on the fortifications opposite the river." It will be hard if some of these opposing predictions should not turn out to be rather like the event, but all we know with any certainty is, that the Chinese government have been sending down troops from the north, and have been mounting guns upon the walls.

The two sister ships, the *Imperador* and the *Imperatrix*, are now both arrived, and have discharged their cargo of marines in good health at Wantung, opposite the ruins of the Bogue forts. Captain Sherard Osborn, in the *Furious*, goes to Manilla to bring up the last two of his squadron of gunboats. Captain Osborn has acquired great credit by the success with which he has brought all his chick cockatrices home—*not* to roost. To the *Drake* belong the honours of the race; but they have all done well. Many were the adventures of these wee things, all flight and sting, in their passage through the waste of waters. The big ships of commerce, when they sighted one of these specks in mid-ocean, took various ideas of the unusual sight. Some bore down towards it as a wreck offering hope of salvage-money, and bore away again as they grew nearer, frightened at its vicious and piratical-looking hull. Some recognized the little daring vixen thing, and came near to see, dipping ensign and offering sea luxuries. One Scotch ship fairly bolted at first view, and crowded all sail to escape when the terrible little cruiser manifested a desire for an interview. The commander of the gunboat had his reasons for a closer interchange of compliments; he made all sail, started in pursuit, then got up his steam, and a regular chase ensued. At last the Scotchman was overhauled, having led the gunboat some way out of her course. The officer boarded her in no very good humour, and asked why he had been led this dance, and whether the master did not know a pennant when he saw it.

"Eh," said the Scotchman, "I kenned vera weel what ye war; but I thought sure eneugh ye'd just be in distress for something."

The *Adelaide* at this date has not been heard of, but, as her consorts have arrived, she may be daily expected. We are also entitled to expect a return of some 400 or 500 of the marines and troops lent to India. The authorities there have received the assistance they have obtained from the Chinese expedition with less acknowledgment than might reasonably have been expected, and quite neglected to avail themselves of the *moral* influence which might have been drawn from the sudden arrival of Lord Elgin with no inconsiderable nor inopportune force; but I suppose they will keep their promise and send us back these men, the rather because there must soon be a glut of troops at Calcutta. They will probably arrive faster than they can be sent up the country.

In a few days, therefore, we may reasonably expect to have 700 guns and 7,000 men in these waters. Of the latter we shall probably be able to land 4,000; but, alas, the great bulk of them will be blue jackets,—capital fellows afloat, but terrible stragglers ashore. Jack's habits all induce him to consider that going ashore means going upon a spree. Jack will help to take the city, or would take it single-handed; but we must not trust him to hold it.

I believe I may now say that the Baron Gros has determined to co-operate in our enterprise. He has three frigates, two corvettes, and four gunboats here, and about 1,000 men, whereof he can land about 600 seamen. We have plenty of force to do the work single-handed, and some delay may possibly be occasioned by waiting until he can get his frigate, the *Capricieuse*, now in dock at Shanghai, down southwards. So far, therefore, as actual assistance goes, perhaps we might as well have been alone; but in other points of view this co-operation must be very satisfactory. What his *casus belli* may be I am not informed, and as it is no part of my business to speculate upon it, I take for granted that it is sufficient. It is clear, however, that it cannot be stronger than ours. The action of the French, therefore, will justify in the eyes of Europe the course which we are

now taking, and as the two squadrons will doubtless act cordially together, this will be another public proof of the friendship and common policy of the two nations.

It is equally well understood that the Americans are to retain their position of lookers-on. Judging from the great draught of water of the *Minnesota*, even this "looking on" must be a very distant view.

The torpidity of the last five months, therefore, has changed to the bustle of preparation. The seamen are being drilled to act ashore, the 59th are being marched and countermarched, targets are set up in the secluded valleys of Hongkong, and the sharp ring of the rifle may be heard at early morn and at dewy eve. Every one who can smuggle himself on board a gunboat has been up the river to get a peep at the doomed city. Many who did not need this smuggling process have yielded to the same curiosity. General Ashburnham is said to be under orders for departure for India, and is about to exchange "Head-quarters House" for the *Ava*, Lord Elgin taking the house and the general taking the steamer. If these orders should be imperative in their character, I apprehend that nothing can be done until he is gone; for it would probably be inexpedient that operations of magnitude, such as must occur after the taking of the city, should be originated by a general whose engagements elsewhere will not allow him to conduct them to a close. The general, however, was loth to depart, and not unnaturally so. Colonels Wetherall and Pakenham, and Major Crealock have been hard at work for months arranging the plan of operations, and must be equally disappointed at having to leave their laboratory just at the moment of projection. Major Macdonald might reasonably expect to fight his way into the city of Canton, instead of joining his regiment in India when the hard fighting will probably be over. But altered circumstances compel altered arrangements. Our staff officers, and our doctors, and our commissariat are ludicrously disproportionate to our present force, and the interests of the public service must silence private hardships. When General Ashburnham, therefore, went up to Macao Fort and to the fort of the Fatshan Creek, it was, as I suppose, only to take a Pisgah look at the promised land. It is said

that he waits to see what the next mail may bring. Before this goes he may possibly have taken his departure.

Lord Elgin, accompanied by the French Secretary of Legation and Colonel Foley, has also been up to Macao Fort, and taken a careful survey of the city from the top of the Pagoda. He called upon Baron Gros at the French anchorage at Castle Peak Bay, and held long converse. The Chinese, who profess to be quite convinced that all this "bobbery," to use their word, is only to frighten them, and who still repeat, "Englishman no can take Canton," are quite certain that "Number one Mandarin" only went up to try and open negotiations with Yeh.

I also have been cruising about in these waters. After four months' absence, it was pleasant to revisit, more tranquilly than upon a former occasion, the fort on the Fatshan creek, now called "Seymour Fort," and to look again upon the city from the Macao Pagoda. I cannot detect any alteration in the defences of the city since I was last there. The Shameen forts at the end of the three-mile reach still look ruinous. Gough Fort seems to be surrounded by rather fewer tents than when I last saw it. All the traps and pitfalls are probably completed. There is, however, a closer interest now in bringing a powerful glass to bear upon the heights which must so soon be won by British daring, and in examining the ground along which our forces must proceed. It is broken ground, capital skirmishing ground, but very difficult for the transport of guns. Mr. Power, who now conducts the commissariat department, has organized a corps of 750 coolies—"Hakkas," or men drawn from a mountain district which has always had little respect for mandarin authority. They look very well when they are paraded at Hongkong, and they work very well; but whether those fellows will drag field-pieces up over those inequalities in face of the fire from the fort is yet to be seen. I believe it is not proposed to bring this novel transport corps actually under fire; but the question is, at what distance they will take fright.

I passed also by Whampoa, which has not been seen except by the earl and the general and their protecting gunboats since the commencement of the war;—I beg pardon.

I mean since the commencement of the misunderstanding between the local authorities at Canton and her Majesty's civil and military officers there. I only know by description how populous and busy the place once was, how thronged by boats, how crowded by shipping, how echoing with drunken shouts, how rife with fierce debauchery. The town is apparently very moral now. There is scarcely a boat on the river. The docks are all destroyed, and the blocks of granite emulate the eccentricity of the blocks of the Bogue forts. Many of the wooden houses that advance upon piles into the river are losing their perpendicular, and leaning forwards like a drunken man poising himself; some are already down; all look ruinous and desolate. Here and there a few Chinese were gathered together to stare at us as we passed, but they were more haggard than any Chinamen I have ever seen. They made no sign and laughed no laugh. They were probably the minions of vices locally extinct.

I passed also by the French anchorage, and had some communication with their fleet. This is a beautiful spot in this clear cool weather, and I dare say they derive immense satisfaction in perforating the hills by their ball practice, and setting fire to the brushwood by their shell practice. But still I don't quite wonder that they should be ready to fight anybody in any cause to get a little distraction. The baron's suite are all marquises and counts and grand seigneurs of high degree, who had come out with the idea of a sort of royal progress to Pekin. They have been six months at sea, cooped up in the *Audacieuse*, and are still in their floating prison. One of the officers said to me, "We get up every morning at daylight because there is such a deuce of a noise (*tapage d'enfer*) with washing the deck, that no one can sleep all day long, as he would wish, and we see always that same sea and those same rocks, and that everlasting sugarloaf hill—*ce n'est pas gai.* Now and then we have our distractions. The admiral, who is very amiable, allows us occasionally a spectacle. But the sailors only play one piece, and the women are represented by two broad-chested mariners. One of them tells us in the course of the dialogue, in a *mâle* bass voice, '*Hélas! vous voyez que je suis*

*belle. Comme c'est malheureux d'être belle!'—Ce n'est pas amusant.*" I hope their friends in Paris will cease to envy them, and sympathize with their sufferings.

My letters from the North tell me that the Chinese have just issued an impertinent proclamation, warning the barbarians not to venture into the interior, and declaring that even if they should not create disturbances there, punishment will await them. It is just as well that I made my survey of Hangchow before this proclamation appeared, for nobody doubts the power of the mandarins to incite the population to force on "a disturbance" with the most peaceable Europeans.*

Count Putiatin is back in Shanghai. He has made a new treaty in Japan, and it seems that the terms are liberal, showing a tendency on the part of the Japanese to throw over their exclusiveness. Russia has been granted land to build government storehouses, and the Japanese have bought several European merchant ships. They have heard of Queen Victoria's gift to the emperor, and are anxiously looking for her arrival. She is now being ornamented in Hongkong harbour, but she will disappoint the Japanese. She is neither a ship of war nor a pleasure yacht, and is specially ill adapted for the habits of the people for whom she is destined. The Dutch naval officers have been to see her, and chuckle at the little respect she will obtain for British naval architecture.

I learn from the same source that Pekin is nearly in a state of famine. Rice is said to cost 300 cash (about 1*s.* 6*d.*) a pound. The Russian plenipo and the American commodore were about leaving for Hongkong. .

The same letters tell me of the death of Mr. Beale, one of the Medici of Shanghai. He had accumulated an enormous fortune without contracting the limits of a most lavish expenditure. He had just resolved to return home.

* Sir John Bowring scolded me as the cause of this proclamation. No doubt my inland journey was in breach of the treaty, and I should have had no cause of complaint had I been roughly used. Nor, perhaps, would mere curiosity have been a justification for penetrating into that jealously-closed city of Hangchow. But I had objects in view which were worth a little risk, and which were not dearly bought by a growl from the mandarins.

I was his guest for some time at Shanghai, and was indebted to him for much information. He had discussed with me his plans for his new career in England, and his influence would have been great upon all questions relating to China. But while he was gathering in the threads of his multifarious operations, Death put his hand upon him. He died deliriously, pointing out the headlands and the cities he fancied he saw in his voyage towards England. Well, Pascal says, "*La mort est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser que la pensée de la mort sans péril.*" So perhaps he was happy in his death. I am told also by the same mail of the death of a young and honest-hearted missionary at Ningpo with whom I had had much converse. It is frightful to look back upon the number of youthful and energetic men whom I have known intimately during my few months' sojourn in the East, and who have succumbed to this climate.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A CHINESE DINNER.

How Christians sometimes eat—A Chinaman's Aptitude for Cookery —My Cook at Hongkong—The Food of the Labouring Class—Of the Beggars — Of the Middle Classes—The Cookshops — "The Gallery of the Imperial Academician" at Ningpo—Description of a Dinner given by the Author at that Hotel.

In cookery the Chinese hold a middle position, below the French and above the English. There is a certain degree of philosophy in a Chinaman's smallest act—he never does anything for which he cannot give a reason. He sees an especial connection between cookery and civilization—wherein he agrees with some great names among ourselves—and he conceives that the English must be very low in the intellectual scale, and must hold their high rank only by brute force. An Englishman's mode of feeding is, says John Chinaman, the nearest approach to that of the savages of Formosa. He does the chief work of the slaughter-house upon his dinner-table, and he remits the principal work of

the kitchen to his stomach. "In remote ages, before we became civilized," a polite Chinaman once informed me, "we used knives and forks, as you do, and had no chopsticks. We still carry a knife in our chopstick-case ; but it is a remnant of barbarism,—we never use it. We sit down to table to eat, not to cut up carcases."

Sedentary and dyspeptic men of every race will think with the Chinese, that legs, shoulders, loins, heads, limbs, directly suggestive of the living animal, are common only to the banquet of an Englishman and a beast of prey. "Plain wholesome food" means a slice of red flesh and a crudely-prepared vegetable, and requires animal heat, intensified by labour or exercise, to digest and assimilate it. It is the food of man in a state of nature. This "plain food" is only wholesome in comparison with those poisonous compounds of grease and carbonized or saturated meat which in our inferior households are so fitly designated "made dishes."

In London, where people's occupations do not prepare them to "eat like a hunter," civilization is invading the kitchen. Bad housewives say that "travel and the clubs have spoiled the men ;" they will no longer contentedly feed like dogs or tigers. Young men, who in the aggregate rule society, vote a household careless of the *cuisine*, to be *mauvais genre ;* and old men, each potent in his particular circle, have learned from those great practical chymists, Ure, and Soyer, and Francatelli, that it is possible to enjoy the pleasures of the table without the penalty of an after-sensation of a looming apoplexy.

In China, however, the natives see and are taught English cookery in its worst possible form. In Hongkong and Shanghai a dinner-table at the summer season is a melancholy spectacle of spoiled food. The creatures to be eaten were necessarily killed the same day, and the tough tissues are as hard as death stiffened them. This is not the fault of the Chinese cooks. Every Chinaman has a natural aptitude for cookery. I know one little, lean, thread-paper anatomy at Hongkong, whose only teaching has been half a dozen lessons administered to him from the pages of a French cookery-book, and who will send you up a consommé aux œufs pochés, a filet de bœuf aux champignons, a salmi of

teal, a salad, waferlike fried potatoes, and a sweet omelette in a style certainly not inferior to Vefour; for the salmi I'd back him against the world, and for the salad against any Englishman who ever inverted that best of Italian proverbs, "*Molto d' olio, poco d' aceto.*"

I dare say my hint that English cookery is not quite a perfect art will be considered very impertinent; but it has been so much the habit to ridicule the Chinese as filthy feeders, that if we are about seriously to consider their methods of preparing their food as one of the articles of their civilization, we must cast a glance homeward, lest we try them by a wrong standard.

The one article of diet of the ordinary labouring class is rice. "I eat the rice of a barbarian hong" is a mode of expression I think I have already mentioned. It is the most wholesome grain to eat unfermented, much more wholesome than the boiled wheat of the Arabs, more nutritious than the boiled lumpers of the Irishman. If you look into a Chinaman's basin, you see that his simple dish is well cooked. Every grain rolls separate as he shovels it into his mouth.*

Below this level the beggars—the dangerous classes of all denominations—undoubtedly eat dogs and vermin. Habit probably breeds a taste for such food; but I take it, the practice commences in necessity, not in choice. These people cannot procure a sufficiency of rice. I have seen them eating their dog broth, but neglected the opportunity of learning how it was prepared.

If we ascend a little in the scale, we shall find the rice-bowl seasoned with a little patch of some vegetable curry, morsels whereof are at distant intervals delicately taken up by the chopsticks.

When we go beyond this, we get into a very doubtful class of comestibles. There are small travelling-kitchens heated with charcoal, and upon which stand saucers or microscopic basins filled with very neatly-prepared soups of flesh and vegetables; but every street has its half-dozen cookshops. There are seething caldrons in which dump-

* The labouring classes undoubtedly eat rats; but they are the field rats caught at harvest time, and dried in the sun.

lings filled with minced meat bob up and down, and which are by no means unpleasant to the palate of a hungry and incurious Christian. I have lunched from them more than once in the tea-gardens of Shanghai city, and can aver that they are excellent to the taste, although perhaps no more trustworthy as to materials than English sausage-meat. There is also a frying of fish and flesh and fowl, and a bubbling of oil in many pans. As these are ostentatiously obtruded under the noses of the passer-by, the odour must be supposed to be exciting to a Chinaman's appetite. It is, however, decidedly the weak point of Chinese common cookery. Whether that oil be castor oil, as many say, but as Huc denies, or tea oil, or oil expressed from the cotton seed, or which other of the twenty different vegetable oils in use in China, is of little importance. It is so foul and rancid that the stench it produces is intolerable, and the cookshops add most potently to the fearful scents of a Chinese town or village. Possibly the vapours from the pans of some of our own courts and alleys would not be more inviting; but the frying is not performed in the public way.

This, however, is not Chinese cookery any more than the sharp, unmistakably feline claws to be detected in the hare soup of a small *traiteur* in the neighbourhood of the Odéon is to be taken as an exemplification of French cookery.

It is impossible now to get a real Chinese dinner at a Chinese private house. Your host thinks it an absolute necessity of politeness to serve his guest according to his country's fashion. I had looked forward to a dinner to be given by the Shantung guild of merchants to the English at Ningpo in the new temple; but, alas! the Shantung merchants hire the cooks of their English guests.

Yet Ningpo is famed throughout all China for the excellence of its learning and the perfection of its cookery—excellences which, if my recollection of Oxford kitchens is not as rusty as my memories of its lecture-rooms, do not always go together. There is an examination at Pekin at which the Cambridge competitive system is adopted, and a sort of Senior Wrangler of the whole empire is declared. Some years ago, Ningpo had the honour of producing the successful candidate, and great was the joy of Ningpo. The

Ellis, or Lovegrove, of Ningpo, was then about erecting a new hotel, and instead of calling it "The Imperial Dragon," or "The Ten Thousand Years," he called it "The Gallery of the Imperial Academician." Under that title it holds repute of having, out of Pekin, the best *cuisine* in China.

To this hostelry, in reparation for our disappointment at the hands of the Shantung guild, I invited, in September last, a good portion of the beauty and fashion of Ningpo, accompanying the invitation with a pair of chopsticks for preparatory exercise. After some deliberation, the enterprise was thought worthy of patronage, for novelties at Ningpo are not numerous, and the invitation was accepted. A room was prepared, and the dinner ordered under grave advice; and on the day appointed eight chairs, four of them containing English ladies, duly guarded by their lords, proceeded in procession through the city gate and deposited their burden at "the Gallery of the Imperial Academician."

The *salon* was more like a slice of a verandah than a room. Its front was open to the narrow street. The table was laid with the preliminary trifles provocatives to the coming repast. There was a small square tower, built up of slices from the breast of a goose; a tumulus of thin square pieces of tripe; hard-boiled eggs of a dark speckled colour, which had been preserved in lime, and whose delicacy is supposed to be proportioned to their antiquity; berries and other vegetable substances preserved in vinegar; a curious pile of some shell-fish, to me unknown, which had been taken from its shell and cut in thin slices; prawns in their natural, or rather in their artificial red state; ground nuts, ginger, and candied fruits.

Everything was excellent of its kind, and the unknown shell-fish particularly good in flavour. I am afraid to say that the tripe, boiled to an almost gelatinous softness, was a creditable piece of cookery, but I know many Englishmen who would have devoured the small heap with great avidity. There was at first an air of suspicion in the manner we wandered over this light collation; but this soon gave way as the fruits, the pickles, or the shell-fish commended themselves to the several tastes.

And now we sat down to the serious business of the

day. Each guest was supplied with a saucer and a porcelain spoon—they had brought their own chopsticks. A folded towel, just saturated with hot water, was placed by each saucer—this is the Chinese napkin—and two tiny metal cups, not so large as egg-cups, were allotted to every guest. At my side, to share our feast, and see that the "rites" were properly performed, sat the gravest of Chinamen. He wore his mandarin summer cap, for he was the interpreter at one of the consulates.

The first dish was, in accordance with all proper precedent, the birds'-nest soup. I believe some of us were rather surprised not to see the birds'-nests bobbing about in the bowl, and to detect no flavour of sticks or feathers, or moss. What these birds'-nests are in their natural state I do not know, for I have no book on ornithology, and have never been birds'-nesting in the Straits. Their existence at table is apparent in a thick mucilage at the surface of the soup. Below this you come to a white liquid and chickens' flesh. It was objected that this was a *fade* and tasteless delicacy. But remark that these two basins are only the suns of little systems. The same hands that brought them in, scattered also an *entourage* of still smaller basins. These are sauces of every flavour and strength, from crushed fresh chilies to simple soy. Watch the Chinaman. How cunningly he compounds.

"But, sir, you do not mean to say that you ate this 'mucilage' with your chopsticks?"

"No, madam, we scooped it with our saucers and ate it with our porcelain spoons."

The next course was expected with a very nervous excitement. It was a stew of sea-slugs. As I have seen them at Macao they are white, but as served at Ningpo they are green. I credit the Imperial Academician's as the orthodox dish. They are slippery, and very difficult to be handled by inexperienced chopsticks; but they are most succulent and pleasant food, not at all unlike in flavour to the green fat of the turtle. If a man cannot eat anything of a kind whereof he has not seen his father and grandfather eat before, we must leave him to his oysters, and his periwinkles, and his crawfish, and not expect him to swallow the much more

comely sea-slug. But surely a Briton who has eaten himself into a poisonous plethora upon mussels has no right to hold up his hands and eyes at a Chinaman enjoying his honest well-cooked stew of *bêches de mer*.

During the discussion of this dish our Chinese master of the ceremonies solemnly interposed. We were neglecting the rudiments of politeness. No one had yet offered to intrude one of these sleek and savoury delicacies, deeply rolled in sauce, into the mouth of his neighbour. Efforts were made to retrieve the barbarian honour, but with no great success, for the slugs were evasive, and the proffered mouthful was not always welcome.

The next dish was sturgeon skull-cap—rare and gelatinous, but I think not so peculiar in its flavour as to excuse the death of several royal fish.

This dish being taken from its brazen lamp-heated stand, was succeeded by a stew of shark fins and pork. The shark fins were boiled to so soft a consistency that they might have been turbot fins. The Chinaman must have smiled at the unreasonable prejudices of the Occidentals when he saw some of us tasting the pork but fighting shy of the shark. He probably, however, did not know that the same Occidentals would eat with relish of a fish which they had themselves enticed to their angle by a worm or a maggot.

Next in order came a soup composed of balls of crab. I have tasted this better prepared at Macao. It assumes there the form of a very capital salad, made of crab and cooked vegetables.

Meanwhile the ministering boys flew and fluttered round the table, for ever filling the little wine-glasses with hot wine from the metal pots. There were three kinds—the strong samshu, for a very occasional "spike;" the medicated wine, for those who, having once experienced its many flavours, chose to attempt it a second time; and the ordinary wine, which is so like sherry negus that any one who can drink that preparation may be very well satisfied with its Chinese substitute.

The Chinaman had drunk with each of the *convives* almost in English fashion, but in strict obedience to the Chinese

rites, and ungallantly challenging the male part of the company first.

And now we became clamorous for bread or rice. After a succession of not by any means gross, but certainly nutritious and mucilaginous dishes, the palate and the stomach craved some farinaceous food. Nothing was easier to procure. The boys—our own boys, accustomed to wait at our English dinners—brought in loaves at the lightest intimation; but our *arbiter edendi* interposed. Bread at a Chinese feast is contrary to the "rites."

We consoled ourselves by throwing at him a decisive and unanimous opinion that this was the weak point of Chinese gastronomy.

The porcelain bowls in their courses, like the stars in their courses, continued in unpausing succession. The next named was "the rice of the genii," meaning, I suppose, the food of the genii, for there was no rice in the composition. It was a stew of plums and preserved fruits, whose sweets and acids were an agreeable counterpoise to the fish and meat dishes already taken. Then we had a dish of a boiled hairy vegetable, very like that stringy endive which they call in France *barbe de Capuchin;*—then stewed mushrooms from Manchuria. Then we relapsed into another series of fish and meat *entrées*, wherein vegetables of the vegetable-marrow species, and a root somewhat between a horseradish and a turnip, were largely used. There was a bowl of ducks' tongues, which are esteemed an exquisite Chinese dainty. We were picking these little *morceaux* out with our chopsticks (at which we had now become adepts, for the knack is easily acquired), when we were startled by a loud Chinese "*Ey Yaw.*" This imprudent exclamation drew our attention to the open front of our apartment. The opposite house, distant perhaps across the street about eight feet from us, presented the spectacle of a small crowded playhouse seen from the stage. It was densely crowded with half-naked Chinamen. They were packed in a mass upon the gallery and they were squatted upon the roof. I believe they had paid for their places. They had sat orderly and silent all this time to see the barbarians dining. We

might have dropped the grass blinds, but it would have been ill-natured; the Chinese did us no harm, and the blinds would have kept out the air; so we went on eating, like Greenwich pensioners or Bluecoat boys, in public.

So we continued our attentions to the ducks' tongues, and passed on to deers' tendons—a royal dish. These deers' tendons come, or ought to come, from Tartary. The emperors make presents of them to their favoured subjects. Yeh's father at Canton recently received some from his sovereign, and gave a feast in honour of the present. These must have been boiled for a week to bring them down to the state of softness in which they came up to us.

Exhausted, or rather repleted, nature could no more. When a stew of what the Chinese call the ear shell-fish was placed upon the table, no one could carry his experiments further. An untouched dish is a signal for the close of the feast. The *maître d'hôtel* protested that he had twenty more courses of excellent rarity, but our Chinese master of the ceremonies was imperative, and so were we. Plain boiled rice, the rice of Szechuen, was brought round in little bowls, and of this we all ate plentifully. Confectionary and candied fruits, and acanthus-berries steeped in spirits, followed, and then tea. No uncooked fruit is allowed at a Chinese dinner. They have a proverb that fruit is feathers in the morning, silk at noon, and lead at night. I was assured by competent authority that nothing had been placed upon the table which was not in the highest degree wholesome, nutritious, and light of digestion. We certainly so found it; for, adjourning to the house of one of the *convives*, we made an excellent supper that night.

The master of the ceremonies now looked round him with a swollen and satisfied air, and—*erupit mons*—from his mouth came forth a loud sonorous noise, which a certain dramatist has not scrupled to bedeck with knighthood, and to christen Sir Toby. He, the Chinaman, seemed proud of his performance. We sat uncomfortable on our chairs, did not know which way to look, and some of us would have run away, had there been anywhere to run to. Some one who could speak his language gave him a hint which made

him declare emphatically that it would be an insult to the founder of the feast if this testimony was not loudly given to the sufficiency of the entertainment and the pletion of the guests. It was with some difficulty that he was prevailed upon to turn over this chapter of the book of rites.

And thus ended our Chinese dinner. Before we entered our chairs, we walked through the whole establishment, saw the reservoirs for preserving all the curious creatures we had been cating, and examined all the processes of preparation, and the casseroles and ovens in which other dinners were then being prepared. Everything was as clean and as regular as in a first-rate European establishment.

Of course, I do not affirm that this dinner was to our tastes, but it was one to which education and habit might very reasonably incline a people. It was eminently light and digestible, and, like the Chinese themselves, very reasonable and defensible upon philosophic grounds, but somewhat monotonous, tedious, and insipid. We must recollect, however, that the higher classes in China never take exercise, and are necessarily a sedentary and dyspeptic class of feeders. It was unanimously resolved that the bill of fare ought to be preserved and the dinner described ; for, although several travellers have given the forms and ceremonies of a Chinese state dinner, and have indulged in a general jocoseness at the strangeness of its materials, no one has ever yet taken the trouble to inform himself as to what the dishes before him really did contain.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.

Soil of the Great Plains—The best way of seeing the Agriculture of a Country is to shoot over it—Pheasant-shooting—Cleanness of Crops—Nature of the Crops—No Beast-feeding—Manure—Art of Agriculture practised under different Conditions in China.

A REVISIT to the scenes of the Canton river has impressed me still more not only with the extraordinary beauty of the scenery upon its banks, but also with the singular geological formation of the country. Upon a first view, especially if the attention is absorbed by warlike operations, one does not observe the general coincidence in character between the district of the Pearl River and that of the Yang-tse. We are struck rather by the points of difference. In the one, the eye meets at every point ranges of round-topped granite hills; in the other, the vision wanders unchecked over a dead flat. Yet both are enormous deltas of alluvial soil, through which the internal waters descend in one large river and a thousand streams. In the north, the deposits were spread upon the level bed of a great sea, and silted it up into a solid plain; in the south, the rich mud, brought down into an archipelago of granite islets, drove out the sea, and produced a region of rich valleys intersected or dominated by granite mountains. The crops we see upon the banks of the Pearl, and upon the banks of the Wangpo, owe their luxuriance to the same alluvial qualities of the soil. On the Canton river they are now just gathering their second crop of rice, the bananas are still clustered upon the trees, and the patches of sugarcane look green and reedy. I should have been glad of an opportunity of examining the agriculture of the south more nearly. Three Englishmen at Hongkong resolved, in the spirit of Chevy Chace chivalry, to hunt, or rather to shoot, for three days upon the enemy's territory. I was to have accompanied

them, but was drawn away by the more imperative duty of accompanying the reconnaissance up the river. On my return, I found they had accomplished their vow. Bristling with revolvers, and accompanied by five coolies to each man, they had landed at Mirs Bay, passed through several villages, beat with pointers and beaters the hills overhanging the battlements of a walled city, and, in spite of angry looks and muttered maledictions, had returned with whole skins and a bag of sixteen pheasants and some quail.

The best way to see the agriculture of a country is to shoot over it. A landlord who shoots over his estate knows the rotation of crops in every field, and his tenant will not wisely be too persistent in his straw crops. With a view to this same sort of minute acquaintance with the agriculture of the Flowery Land, I employed some of my enforced leisure at the north in little expeditions after the China pheasants. I used to take a Soochau boat and go away up the rivers and creeks, some twenty or thirty miles, and anchor off some likely spot for the night. Next morning my servant went to the nearest village and hired three peasants with long bamboos, and we went forth scouring the country. There is no game-law in China. The land is free to all, and consequently the result was not great sport. Moreover, every inch of ground was covered by some standing crop, and I had no dogs. Hospitable as the Shanghai folk are, they do not like lending their dogs, and I sighed in vain for my own faithful four-footed friends. The only resource was to try whether the habits of the wild pheasant of China, which has cost no one a guinea to preserve, are the same as those of their more costly brethren of England. I used to steal in early morning, and again just before sundown, to the sides of the bamboo plantations. The ground round these plantations, which are always attached to houses, is cultivated in lands, like allotment grounds in England—a land of cotton, another of pease, a third of indigo, a fourth of white turnips, and so on. But in China, as in England, the pheasants are not easy to approach at feeding-time.

I seldom got a shot at less than seventy yards, and if I brought down my bird "a runner," he was lost to me and

my heirs for ever. The fields were all alive with sharp-eyed *indigènes*, who watched the course of the wounded game, and followed it up when I was gone. In the daytime I had a very numerous following of spectators, and I shot many birds of curious plumage for their amusement, and for the satisfaction of my own curiosity. It was very critical shooting. It was scarcely possible to point your gun without finding a Chinaman at the end of your barrels; and if you should pepper one of these spectators or cotton-pickers by accident, you would be bound up in bamboo thongs and sent to Shanghai in a cage. Altogether, therefore, the October shooting in China is not quite worth following for itself alone. But for the exercise, and as an excuse for exploring the country, it is greatly to be cultivated, and the birds, when you do get them, are very handsome. All the cocks have the white ring round their necks, and, strangely enough, the cocks get up more freely before you than the hens.

After investigation carried on with these opportunities, I am convinced that England has nothing to learn from China in the art of agriculture. It is true the Chinese have no summer fallows; but then they have no stiff clays. They have no couch-grass, no thistles contending for the full possession of the land, as we see in Wales; no uninvited poppies, no straggling stalky crops, the poverty-stricken covering of an exhausted soil. At rare intervals we see a large, rich-coloured coxcomb flaunting himself among the cotton; but, generally speaking, there is not a leaf above the ground which does not appertain to the crop to which the field is appropriated. Rice and cotton are the staples of the great district of which I am now speaking. These crops often extend in unbroken breadth over tracts of thousands of acres. The pease, and wheat, and indigo, and turnips, and bringalls lie in patches round the villages. The ground is not only clean, but the soil is so exquisitely pulverized, that after a week's rain I have sometimes looked about in vain for a clod to throw into a pond to startle the water-fowl.

We may be accustomed to mark the course of agriculture throughout the breadth of our own land,—the light loams

of our Lincolnshire wolds, the turnip and barley lands of Norfolk, the strong flats of Suffolk; then westward to the rich pastures of Leicester, the mixed dairy and arable farms of Derbyshire, across the coalfields to the successive and attenuating oat crops on the shores of Bala, and along the valley of the Tivey,—yet we shall see nothing like the cultivation of this great plain of China.

The art is exercised under different conditions. The Chinese cultivator is not asked for milk,* or butter, or cheese, or mutton, or beef. The Chinaman does not object to a little buffalo or goats' milk with his rice, and if some curious accident should have brought buffalo flesh into his basin, he will eat it. But he rarely or never buys it. In his recent voyage of discovery up the "Great Junk," or "Great Western River," Commander Elliott and Captain Edgell saw droves of buffaloes upon the uplands to the north of Canton, and we know that milk and mutton are common food in Tartary; but I am speaking of those parts of China where agriculture is supposed to reach perfection, not of the mountain pastures. Pork, poultry, and vegetables, and the creatures that swim or crawl about his rivers and canals, are the Chinaman's natural dainties. Stall-feeding, therefore, would not pay even so moderately (taking sale of stock only into consideration) as it does with us, and grass is only seen growing rank on graves. One or two buffaloes to turn the irrigating-wheel and plough the paddy-fields, two or three goats, a breeding sow, a quantity of those ugly long-legged fowls so ignorantly called Cochin-Chinas in England, and a flock of ducks and geese—such is the live stock of a Chinese farm which maintains a hundred labourers.

Stable-yard manure, therefore, is scant. Nor is it much coveted. Human ordure is, in a Chinaman's opinion, the only perfect fertilizer. This is collected with the most oppressive care. In the cities, and in the neighbourhood of cities, enormous dark open earthenware pans offend the

* There was a current story in the Canton factories, that an Englishman scolding his servant because there was no milk on his breakfast-table, was answered, "How can? how can? That goat hab whilo, (run away), that pig hab kill, that woman hab sick—how can?"

senses at every turn, poisoning the air, inviting, and too often receiving, the contributions of the passers-by. The privilege of collection is sold for a large price, and the Cantonese have a proverb that a fortune every day passes in that form out of their gates. In the suburbs every cottage has its open earthenware cesspool. In the country every house has its public latrine, ostentatiously placed with its open doorless entrance to the public path. In these temples the Chinese worship with a deliberate solemnity which savours of the ostentatious performance of a religious rite. The numbers and suffocating effluvia of these opposition manure-traps are to an Englishman a never-ceasing horror. They constitute his first and his last impression of the country. Like everything else in China, the favour awarded by law and custom to the collection of manure is used as a contrivance for extortion. At Ningo two immense pans lie opposite to the entrance-door of the first native merchant in that city, awaiting the payment of 2,000 dollars, which is the price of their removal. The boats which convey this produce through the inner waters will bring up close to you at night, and will remove only for a consideration. I knew an Englishman at Shanghai who was obliged to pay thirty dollars upon one occasion of this kind; but then he, in Britannic fashion, had knocked the extortioner into the midst of his liquid cargo.

These details of the "*sordida rura*" are not pleasant to write; at all times "*difficile est propriè communia dicere;*" but if the object be to depict or to comprehend China, they must be written and read. This manure is sprinkled over the plant: it is too precious to be worked into the ground. The straw and the burnt hulm of the cotton-plant are returned to the soil—that is all. The Chinese transplant every root of rice by hand, just as we should transplant young trees, and each has its little blessing of liquid manure as it is sown. This homœopathic system would not do, I apprehend, with our hungry clay lands.

The art of agriculture is, I repeat, exercised under different conditions in China to what it is in England. Give an English farmer a thousand acres of vegetable loam of an unexplored depth,—a reticulation of waterways, which enables

him to flood at pleasure every acre of his soil—an unfailing supply of manual labour at 4*d.* a-day—and cheap communication, by tidal creeks, with large markets; give him also periodical rains, perfect drainage, and abundance of quickly-ripening sunshine, and see what crops of corn, and pulse, and potherbs he would produce. I say nothing of tea and cotton, and mulberry-leaves; for our friend Giles would have to scratch his head a little before he could start on a race to overtake these Chinamen, who are 4,000 years of practice ahead of him.

But then, *per contrà*, it must be recollected that this park of Ceres is infested by poachers. These happy fields are overrun by extortionate mandarins, pillaging soldiers, marauders, who in small bands are called robbers, and in large bands aspire to be rebels, and to be led by "kings," river pirates, who levy blackmail, and occasional swarms of locusts which darken the sun. Simple folk may chatter about the horrible injustice of coercing the governing powers of China; but a government which exacts and does not protect, is only a badly-organized brigandage. I see no act of duty in rescuing a fly from a spider, or a sparrow from a hawk, yet I do not regard either deed as unlawful. Quite sure I am that the larger interests of humanity would be subserved by any train of circumstances which should bring the Chinese population to comprehend not only our Western notions of probity and honour, but also our Western habits of working those notions into our practice.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### WAITING FOR FORCES.

The Flag-ship moves up to Tiger Island—Departure of General Ashburnham and Staff—Indifference at Home—Preparations—Waiting for the *Adelaide* and *Assistance*—Attitude of the Four Powers—The American Frigate *Minnesota*—Lord Elgin's Demand upon Yeh—Remarks upon the changed Course of Proceedings—Author's Expectation that we shall be in Canton before the end of the Year—Mr. Wade discovers "The Hall of Patriotism and Peace"—The Grand Master of this Lodge is flogged—List of Ships in the Chinese waters—Correspondence between Lord Elgin and Yeh.

HONGKONG, *Nov.* 28.

ON the 18th, the *Calcutta* flagship moved from her moorings in this harbour and proceeded towards Canton. She is now anchored off Tiger Island, and is occupied in throwing shells with marvellous precision into three large targets.

Next day the *Ava*, Peninsular and Oriental steamer, departed for Calcutta, taking from us General Ashburnham, Colonels Pakenham and Wetherall, Major Macdonald, and Dr. Dempster. Major Crealock was left here (as deputy-assistant quartermaster) at the request of General Straubenzee.

We have now, therefore, reduced our staff to the measure of our straitened means, and can marshal our little force with some hope of permanency in our arrangements.

I subjoin to this letter a list of the vessels of war, classed according to their position in these waters. Perhaps there may be persons in England who may still feel some slight interest in a British fleet and a small English army engaged in the siege of a vast city.

Incalculable as are the consequences which will follow from the operations about to commence here, I have little heart for the task of detailing the preparations. I feel that I shall be listened to like a child prattling its nonsense

out of season. You are absorbed in the contemplation of the fall of Delhi. Upon the morrow of the accomplishment of a righteous national revenge, and in the presence of those bitter memories of butcheries and foul defilements which sere so many English hearts, to speak of China will seem to many almost an impertinence.

The tone of the letters received by the mail which arrived here four days ago affords little hope that you will give one thought to us, and offers little encouragement to the men who are engaged in the service of their country in this deadly climate. We are not jealous of the absorbing sympathy which follows our army in India,—no honours can be too high for them, no gratitude too warm,—nor do we fall one line below you in the rage excited by the horrors enacted there. Unquestionably, most unquestionably, the operations in China are of infinitely inferior interest and importance to those in the Bengal presidency; but that is no good reason why these operations should be ostentatiously ignored or needlessly interrupted. Yet some of your public men seem anxious to show the sincerity of their terror by a gratuitous sacrifice of our prestige and interest in this neighbourhood. Sir Charles Napier's voice is only a little louder than that of others when he raises the cry of "*Sauve qui peut*," gallantly leading a Bacchanalian party at Bury in a career of tumultuous panic, and shouting, "We must *give up China altogether*."

Why must we give up China altogether, Sir Charles? Having heard of what happened in Borneo, do you think there are no Nana Sahibs in China, and that no Delhis, or Cawnpores, or Lucknows are possible there? Or do you imagine that the fleet which you regret cannot get up to Delhi is so useless, that it cannot make impression upon Canton? Fortunately, our fleet has other leaders, and our councils other heads. I do deprecate this fluttering, noisy, witless fright. Wherever the soldiers and sailors of England are serving, they have a claim to some share of the attention of their country.

But to my chronicle.

Three days ago, there was an impression throughout the colony that a decisive advance was to be made on the

morrow, and a lodgment effected upon the large island of Honam, immediately opposite the factories. Either this intention was never entertained, or it was reconsidered, for the day passed over, and every one is again asking, "What are we waiting for?"

All things are in a state of preparation. The four mortars destined for the special benefit of Gough's Fort are gone up; the ships are all clustered up and down, within three hours' steaming of the city walls; the marines are all housed in their barracks at Wantung, ready to be embarked at a moment's notice; the storeship is close to the scene of operations; the *Furious* has been denuded of her useless maindeck guns, and, powerful still in her upper-deck armament, has been fitted to convey Lord Elgin and his suite to a point whence he can commence his "negotiations;" the French are ready, for I am told that the co-operation of the *Capricieuse* is not made a *sine quâ non;* our 600 engineers, artillerymen, and men of the 59th, can be embarked and carried up in twenty-four hours. Moreover, it is whispered that the proclamations to the citizens are all printed off, and it is loudly asserted by gentlemen, whose means of correct information upon such a subject are, I confess, not obvious, that Lord Elgin has his *ultimatum* in his pocket, carefully translated into choice mandarin Chinese. Why, then, does he not go up and send in his summons, and open the ball?

To people who are not intolerant of plain reasons for plain facts, the answer seems easy. We are waiting for the *Adelaide* and the *Assistance.* The first vessel started with the *Imperador* and *Imperatrix* (arrived three weeks since), the second was despatched, or was promised to be despatched, from Calcutta in time to be due at this moment. These two ships have nearly 1 000 marines and infantry troops on board; they are expected from hour to hour, and such an increase to our little force is not to be lightly esteemed. The *Adelaide* has not been reported here since she left England. Her antecedents are not encouraging; but surely she cannot now delay many days. I was glad of an opportunity to congratulate our Admiralty upon the splendid voyages of the *Imperador* and *Imperatrix,* for there is some-

thing better and more grateful to one's mind in this world than to be always carping. Moreover, the magnificent achievement of sending those sixteen little gunboats across the globe without a single accident, and with the occurrence of only a single death on board, is a triumph of which any governing department may be proud. Let me add that the power of *impromptu* choice of sixteen young men, whose zeal would send them into those uncomfortable crafts, and whose seamanship would carry them through so perilous a voyage, is a shining fact, most honourable to the whole service. But still, when we find this lagging log, this *Adelaide*, married to those swift ships that have been so long in port, the exclamation will force itself, "How on earth could there be so little discretion?"

However, we are waiting for the *Adelaide* and the *Assistance*. Meanwhile, Lord Elgin has taken possession of General Ashburnham's vacated quarters—Head-quarters-house; the French plenipotentiary is at Macao, and so is the Russian plenipotentiary, Count Putiatin; and Lord Elgin has just gone in a gunboat to hold sweet converse with his diplomatic compeers. Meanwhile, Mr. Commissioner Reed, careful not to involve himself in entangling alliances, remains in sulky solitude on board his monster frigate, the *Minnesota*, doing penance probably for his countrymen's wickedness in knocking down that Chinese fort. It is rather fortunate, perhaps, that the intentions of the *Minnesota* are so placable, and that, though she had such large teeth, she has made a compact with herself not to bite; for the only place in the China seas that she could possibly bombard would be this city of Victoria. Great power which the possessor wills not to exercise, is imposing; but great power which the possessor cannot exercise, savours rather of the ridiculous; and I am afraid the *Minnesota* in the China seas is suggestive of the latter sentiment. It is a pity that Mr. Reed has not more appropriate vessels and a more chivalrous part to play; for the few who have been brought into contact with him here speak of him as an able and a courteous gentleman.

Count Putiatin's appearance has, I apprehend, no purport beyond that of paying his respects to Lord Elgin. His

account of his treatment at the Peiho differs entirely from that given by the Chinese. He makes no secret of saying that he is dissatisfied with the reception accorded to him by the authorities at the port of Pekin. Probably the fact is, as I conjectured at the time, that the Chinese report was dictated by Chinese policy; but it may be just possible that the count's unreserved expressions of discontent may not be quite so frank as they appear. However, he is here only in his little steamer, and can have no immediate part in the measures about to be taken.

It happens, quite naturally, that all men are exhausting themselves in speculations as to what the terms of Lord Elgin's demand upon Yeh will be.* You will probably become acquainted with this document long before we shall, but I feel very little interest about the matter. We all know what the general character of the paper *must* be, just as well as Lord Elgin can. It must demand compensation for all damage done; it must demand a revision of the broken treaties; it must demand immediate entrance into the city; and it must demand either the surrender of the city, or of the forts that command it, as a material guarantee, until the compensation is paid, and the treaty settled. Less than this would be ridiculous.

Whatever this demand may be, it must necessarily be communicated to, and concerted with, the French plenipotentiary. He also has his demand to make. The policy of France is altered since the days when one of the missionaries sneeringly described it as "Protection de nos missionnaires nationaux, honneur du pavillon, sûreté des équipages; mais pas un coup de canon." Baron Gros has to demand satisfaction for the life of a French subject, who was most barbarously murdered by persons in actual official authority; satisfaction which has been for two years constantly denied to a continued series of demands unbacked by force. He will probably think himself entitled to demand some security against a recurrence of such outrages. So that, in the end, our requisitions upon the Chinese Government will probably not be far from identical.

* The demand is printed at the end of this chapter. It was not written until a fortnight after the date of this letter.

After what I have written upon the subject, you will not be surprised to find me rejoicing that the united plenipotentiaries have come over to the common-sense view of the way in which these demands should be made. I never could understand how it could be more consistent with diplomatic etiquette to send our missives to the emperor by the hands of a petty buttonless mandarin, at the mouth of a little muddy river, rather than by the hands of the man whose position is that of secretary for affairs with foreign maritime nations. Such is Yeh's office. To use a lawyer's phrase, service upon him is as good service upon the emperor, as service upon Lord Clarendon would be service upon Queen Victoria. The first idea was analogous to serving a demand upon Queen Victoria upon the mayor of Gravesend. Of course, Lord Elgin will not treat with Yeh —at least, I should hope not—unless he speaks in the name of his sovereign. In his own name he can do nothing but surrender Canton. But we are bound to infer that an officer of state will do his duty—a duty pointed out by imperial edicts and by treaties—and, whatever may be our particular relations with him, will transmit our communications to his court.

If we are to treat these voluntary outlaws from national society according to the technical courtesies of the laws of nations, surely this is the more regular course. Yeh is the emperor's agent, just as Lord Clarendon is Queen Victoria's agent. The scope of Yeh's authority is to transact all business with maritime foreign nations, and to receive communications, or petitions, as the edicts call them, addressed by them to the emperor. I have laboured this point often before in these letters, and circumstances have forced the authorities to take the same view at last.

That by force or by capitulation we shall have possession of Canton before this year is closed, I have no moral doubt. It will be time then to speculate upon ulterior proceedings. The object, however, to which those proceedings should be directed ought to be kept constantly before the public eye, and *must* engage the public attention. The stake is too valuable to be left unwatched. If it does so happen that your house is on fire, that is no reason why you should put

yourself in such a fluster while you are putting it out that you let Mr. Koff run away with your strong box, and Mr. Slick elope with your ledger. I return, therefore, and shall return, *ictibus crebris*, to my unwelcome task of hammering for attention to English interests in China.

A curious instance has just occurred of the promptitude and ingenuity with which the Chinese seize upon occasions for extortion. Rumours had reached the ears of the admiral that some Chinamen were levying contributions in the towns and villages on the banks of the river; and that they were doing so in the name of the English fleet. Commander Fellowes, in the *Cruiser*, accompanied by Mr. Wade, the chief of the interpreter staff, were sent up to inquire into this. These officers, with a small force, landed, and proceeded from village to village, prosecuting their inquiries under much discouragement; for the suspicious inhabitants apparently imagined that the collectors of the barbarian tribute were come among them. It was only by slow degrees that Mr. Wade gained some credit to his declarations, that he was not come to "squeeze." Then the quick eye of the commander detected a row-boat, built to imitate a man-of-war's-boat, but having points of difference enough to show a seaman that it had been constructed by Chinese hands. Soon afterwards Mr. Wade's attention was attracted to a notice posted in one of the most remote villages, and purporting to proceed from the honourable English nation. This proclamation stated that some of the husbandmen had not paid the regulated grain-tax due to the English fleet for protecting their crops, and threatened the defaulters that if the amount were not paid upon a certain day, the ships would commence firing upon the villages. Following up this clue, the exploring party at last found that there was a society calling themselves the "Hall of Patriotism and Peace," who were in active collection of this tribute money; and that they actually had a prison, well filled with victims, within musket-shot of the ships. Of course, the prisoners (six of whom were found loaded with chains) were set at liberty; and the admiral has circulated a notice in Chinese, disavowing any connexion with such exactions. It was believed, however, that the Chinamen

who contract to supply the fleet with provisions were at the head of this society; and subsequent inquiry discovered that there was a small fleet of row-boats, some got up to imitate English boats, and others having Chinese equipments and mandarin banners, which lurked by day in the creeks, and came out at night. These boats all belonged to the "Hall of Patriotism and Peace," and they levied contributions alternately in the name of each of the belligerent powers. The grand master of this lodge has been treated to four dozen lashes, and has had his tail cut off; but he is no Chinaman if he will not incur a similar flogging for a similar object to-morrow.

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## SHIPS OF WAR ON THE CHINA STATION.

### At Hongkong.

British.—The Algerine, gun-boat, 3 guns, Lieutenant Forbes, commander; the Bittern, sloop, 12, Lieutenant Goodenough; the Bustard, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Hallowes; the Clown, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant W. Lee; the Coromandel, steamer, 3, Lieutenant Douglas; the Dove, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Bullock; the Drake, gun-boat, 3, Lieutenant Arthur; the Emperor, steam yacht, 4, Lieutenant Ward; the Firm, gunboat, Lieutenant Nicholas; the Furious, steamer, 16, Captain Osborne; the Haughty, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Pauli; the Hercules, hospital, 10, Dr. G. Burn; the Janus, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant W. H. Jones; the Kestrel, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant W. H. Rason; the Minden, store-ship, 4, Elles, master; the Opossum, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Campbell, commander; the Starling, gun-boat, 2, A. J. Villiers; the Surprise, despatch steamer, 4, S. G. Creswell; the Sybille, ship, 44, Commodore Elliot; the Tribune, steamer, 31, Captain Edgell; the Volcano, steamer, 3, Hockley.

American.—The Levant, sloop, 18, Commander Smith; the Minnesota, steamer, 50, Captain Dupont; the San Jacinto, steamer, 15, Commodore Armstrong, Captain Bell.

French.—The Meurthe, steamer, 12, Commander M. de Chenez.

Dutch.—The Medusa, steamer, 18, Captain Fabius.

Spanish.—The Don J. Juan, steamer, 6, Brionnes.

### At Macao.

Portuguese.—The Amazona, lorcha, 6, Captain Escarnicha; the Mondego, brig, 20, Commodore Tavares.

American.—The Portsmouth, sloop, 16, Commander Foote.

Russian.—The America, steamer, 6, Commander Tschihatschoff.

### The Brothers.

French.—The Audacieuse, steamer, 50, Captain Coville; the Avalanche, gun-boat, 6, Commander Lalond; the Dragonne, gun-boat, 6, Commander Bang; the Fusée, gun-boat, 6, Carpigna; the Marseau, steamer, 6, Captain Lamotte; the Mitraille, gun-boat, 6, Commander P. E. Beranger; the Nemesis, frigate, 50, Rear Admiral R. de Genouilly and Captain Reynaud; the Phlégéthon, steamer, 8, Captain Leveque; the Primanguet, steamer, 8, Commander Veignaud.

### In Canton River.

British.—The Acorn, sloop, 12, Commander Hood; the Actæon, surveying-sloop, 26, Commander Bate; the Banterer, gun-boat, 3, Lieutenant Pim; the Calcutta, ship, 80, Rear Admiral Seymour and Captain Hall; the Cruiser, steamer, 17, Commander C. Fellowes; the Elk, sloop, 12, Commander J. F. C. Hamilton; the Esk, steamer, 21, Captain Sir R. M'Clure; the Forester, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Innes; the Highflyer, steamer, 21, Captain Shadwell; the Hesper, steamer, 2, Commander Hill; the Hornet, steamer, 17, Commander Dowell; the Inflexible, steamer, 6, Commander Brooker; the Lee, gun-boat, 3, Lieutenant Graham; the Leven, gun-boat, 3, Lieutenant Hudson; the Nankin, ship, 50, Commander Hon. K. Stewart; the Niger, steamer, 14, Commander Cochrane; the Plover, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant Wyniatt; the Racehorse, sloop, 14, Captain Wylmshurst; the Sampson, steamer, 6, Captain G. S. Hand; the Slaney, gunboat, 3, Lieutenant Hoskin; the Staunch, gun-boat, 2, Commander L. Wiedman; the Watchful, gun-boat, 2, Lieutenant J. A. Whitshed; the Woodcock, gunboat, 2, Lieutenant E. J. Pollard.

### At Amoy.

British.—The Comus, ship, 14, Commander R. Jenkins.

### At Foochow.

British.—The Camilla, sloop, 16, Commander Colvile.

### At Ningpo.

British.—The Nimrod, steamer, 6, Commander R. Dew.

### At Shanghai.

British.—The Cormorant, gun-boat, 4, Lieutenant Saumarez; the Pique, ship, 36, Commander Sir F. W. Nicolson.

French.—The Capricieuse, frigate, 40, Captain Collier; the Durance, steamer, 12, Commander Choyin.

It will be convenient to the reader to have Lord Elgin's letter before him, and at some sacrifice of chronological regularity I have added Yeh's reply and the earl's rejoinder.

*"The Earl of Elgin to Commissioner Yeh.*

"HONGKONG, *December* 12, 1857.

"The undersigned has the honour to apprise the Imperial Commissioner Yeh, &c., that he is the bearer of letters of credence, accrediting him as ambassador extraordinary from her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to the Emperor of China; and further, that he has been specially appointed and deputed by her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain as her Majesty's High Commissioner and Plenipotentiary in China, with full powers under her Majesty's royal sign manual and the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, to settle the differences which have unfortunately arisen between certain of the authorities and subjects of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and certain of the authorities and subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of China, and to negotiate and conclude with the minister or ministers who may be vested with similar powers and authority by his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of China, such treaties, conventions, or agreements, as may obviate future misunderstandings, and tend to develop commercial relations between the two countries.

"The government of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, in appointing this special mission, is animated by the sincerest feelings of goodwill towards the Chinese people and its government. It has observed with gratification the happy results which have followed on the enlarged facilities for commercial intercourse between Great Britain and China provided under the treaty of 1842. The industrious subjects of his Majesty the Emperor have derived therefrom increased returns for the products of their labour. The duties of customs have supplied timely resources to the imperial treasury. Free intercourse has engendered feelings of mutual esteem between natives and foreigners. In a word, at all the ports of China opened to foreign trade, save one, commerce has presented itself with its accustomed attendants, national wealth and international goodwill.

"To this favourable picture there is unhappily one exception. By repeated insults to foreigners, and by the refusal to carry out faithfully the stipulations of treaties, the authorities of the province of Kwangtung have frequently, during the period in question, put in jeopardy the peaceful relations of China with the treaty powers. Great Britain, France, and America, have successively been compelled to seek, by menace or by the employment of force, satisfaction for wrongs wantonly inflicted, until, finally, an insult to the British flag, followed by the refusal of the Imperial Commissioner to grant adequate reparation, or even to meet in the city the representative of her Britannic Majesty, for the purpose of effecting an amicable settlement, has forced the officers who are charged with the protection of British interests in this quarter to have recourse to measures of coercion against Canton. The

contest thus commenced has been carried on by the Chinese authorities in a manner repugnant to humanity and to the rules of warfare recognised by civilised nations. Acts of incendiarism and assassination have been promoted by the offer of rewards. Under the influence of these provocations, innocent families have been plunged into mourning by the kidnapping of private individuals; and vessels engaged in the peaceful pursuits of commerce have been treacherously seized, and the European crews and passengers barbarously murdered.

"The undersigned thinks it right to remind the Imperial Commissioner that the government of her Britannic Majesty, in its endeavours to terminate a state of affairs which has led to these deplorable results, has not confined its efforts to representations addressed to the imperial officers on the spot. In the year 1849 a communication was, by the express command of Viscount Palmerston, her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, transmitted to the imperial government at Pekin, warning it of the consequences that would ensue from the non-fulfilment of treaty engagements, and terminating in these words: 'Let the Chinese government well consider these things, and whatever may happen in future between the two countries that may be disagreeable to China, let the Chinese government remember that the fault thereof will lie upon them.' And again, in the year 1854, Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, urged upon the Imperial Commissioners, who were deputed to confer with him at the mouth of the Peiho, the necessity of granting to British subjects free access to the city of Canton. These representations, however, prompted by a spirit of conciliation and humanity, have been unheeded, and the result has only served to prove that the forbearance of the British government has been misunderstood by that of China.

"In the conviction that the season for remonstrance is past, Great Britain does not stand alone. The disregard of treaty obligations, and the obstinate refusal to redress grievances which have forced the British authorities to have recourse to arms, have aroused the just indignation of the government of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French. The governments of England and France are united in their determination to seek, by vigorous and decisive action, reparation for past, and security against future, wrongs.

"Under these circumstances, the undersigned thinks it his duty to state distinctly to the Imperial Commissioner that he cannot assume the responsibility of arresting the progress of hostile operations against Canton, until the following demands of the British government are absolutely and unreservedly conceded: the complete execution at Canton of all treaty engagements, including the free admission of British subjects to the city; compensation to British subjects and persons entitled to British protection for losses incurred in consequence of the late disturbances.

"If these moderate demands, and those preferred on behalf of the Emperor of the French by his Imperial Majesty's High Commissioner and Plenipotentiary, be frankly accepted by the Imperial Commissioner Yeh within the period of ten days from this date, the blockade of the river will be raised, and commerce will be permitted to resume its

course. But the English forces, in conjunction with the forces of the French, will retain the island of Honan and the forts on the river as a material guarantee until the terms of a treaty for regulating these and all other questions pending between the government of Great Britain and that of China shall have been agreed to between the undersigned and a plenipotentiary, of equal rank, appointed by the Emperor of China to negotiate with him, and until the treaty so agreed upon shall have been ratified by their respective sovereigns.

"If, on the contrary, the Imperial Commissioner shall meet these demands by a refusal, by silence, or by evasive or dilatory pleas, the undersigned will deem it to be his painful duty to direct the naval and military commanders to prosecute, with renewed vigour, operations against Canton, reserving to himself the right to make, in that case, on behalf of the British government, such additional demands on the government of China as the altered condition of affairs may seem, in his eyes, to justify.

"The undersigned, &c.

"(Signed) ELGIN AND KINCARDINE."

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"*Commissioner Yeh to the Earl of Elgin.*

"[Translation.]

"Yeh, Imperial Commissioner, Governor-general of the Two Kwang, &c., makes a communication in reply.

"On the 12th instant, I received the letter sent to me the same day, and was highly gratified to learn that your Excellency had been sent with plenipotentiary powers to Canton.

"By the commercial relations ensuing on the establishment of the treaty between our two countries, the mercantile communities of both have alike been advantaged. The letter under acknowledgment observes, that 'to the favourable picture presented at the ports of China, there is one exception.' Now, during more than a century that your Excellency's nation traded at Canton, its trade was with Canton alone; no such thing was known as four other ports. They were first opened by the treaties of 1842 and 1844. Canton had had, it is true, its own ways of trade long established—so far, indeed, it differed from the other ports; but its commercial intercourse has been throughout conducted on the same principle as theirs; nor has there been, any more (at Canton than elsewhere), any 'insult to foreigners.'

"As to the question of admission into the provincial city of Canton, no article whatever relating to this exists in the treaties of 1842 and 1844. It was in March, 1847, that the Plenipotentiary Davis attempted, at a moment's notice, to raise the question. He prescribed a term of two years (within which the right was to be conceded); but before one year had elapsed, the unsatisfactoriness of his conduct in many particulars had been complained of by merchants who returned home for the purpose, and he was recalled. He was replaced by the late Plenipotentiary Bonham, subsequently to whose arrival in Kwantung

there passed, in 1849, a long correspondence between him and the late Commissioner Seu. Discussion respecting admission into the city was finally dropped, and the Plenipotentiary Bonham issued a notice from the government offices (at Hongkong), to the effect that he, the governor, would not allow foreigners to enter the city. On this, I myself, then governor in concert with Seu, then commissioner, represented to his late Majesty, canonised as the perfect, in a memorial, that the English had finally dropped the question of admittance into Canton, and we had the honour to receive in reply the following Imperial Decree:—

"'The walling of cities is for the protection of the people, to the end that they may turn their capital to the best account, &c. Respect this.'

"It is also reported, on the authority of an English newspaper, of 1850, that a royal (lit., national) letter from the Queen arrived at Hongkong, to the address of the late Plenipotentiary Bonham, to the following effect:—

"'We are informed of everything regarding Tien-tsin and the five ports of China as detailed in the representation (of Mr. Bonham). The Governor* in question has, without doubt, shown great sagacity in the course he has followed. He was aware that Seu, Governor-General of the Two Kwang, was secretly devising measures in which Yeh, Governor of Kwangtung, was also taking part, and that they had together moved the Chinese government to send from Pekin a secret expedition of the Solon† vessels of war for the defence of Tien-tsin. But though our vessels of war could have been easily worked (*i.e.*, by pushing and pulling) along the shores (of the Peiho) to fight with these, Bonham, knowing what was becoming his own nation (or Goverment), and being well acquainted with the usages of China, confined the purpose of his visit to the ports of China, to an observation of the condition of the country, prosperous or otherwise. Were he to have fought, the Chinese would have said that our people were entirely in the wrong. It is hence evident that our Governor Bonham has managed matters very satisfactorily; by no offence against reason or right has he caused us anxiety: he is very much to be loved. Let Bonham be rewarded with the title of Wei-li-pa.‡ (The Queen) also conferred on him a badge of honour to be borne on his person, very goodly to behold; and the English authorities and merchants at Hongkong went in their dresses of ceremony to offer him their congratulations.'

"Thus the merchants of your Excellency's nation (showed that they) thought the Plenipotentiary Bonham right and the Plenipotentiary Davis wrong. It is doubtless the duty of your Excellency, who is come

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* "Governor"—great chief of soldiers—the term used by the common people at Hongkong.

† A Mongol tribe.

‡ There is a confusion between Sir G. Bonham's Knighthood of the Bath and his Baronetcy. "Wei-li-pa," a Chinese suggests, stands for "Ba-li-mei," supposed to be Anglo-Chinese for Baronet. It is not a Chinese term.

here in obedience to your instructions, to imitate the conduct of the Plenipotentiary Bonham. It is equally imperative that you should decline to imitate the conduct of the Plenipotentiary Davis.

"With respect to that passage in the letter under acknowledgment which says that, 'until the terms of a treaty shall have been agreed to between the undersigned and a plenipotentiary of equal rank appointed by the emperor of China to negotiate with him, &c.,' in 1850, the late Plenipotentiary Bonham went in person to Shanghai, and detached thence an officer to Tien-tsin, to request once more admission into the city. In 1854, the Plenipotentiary Bowring went himself to Tien-tsin and entreated with instance* to be admitted into the city; also that the treaty should be reconsidered. His Majesty the emperor, holding that whereas the treaties of 1842 and 1844 were ratified by the late emperor, canonised as the perfect, there was not in the agreement so sanctioned by his late Majesty, and which was to last ten thousand years with a view to the preservation of a good understanding for evermore, any place for alterations, and that the order of proceeding that had resulted in those advantages which, from the time the treaties were made, had accrued to Chinese and foreigners alike from commercial intercourse, had been, in no respect other than what was in accordance with the treaties, was satisfied that these were good and sufficient. The cessation of discussions regarding admittance into Canton was for his Majesty a point on which the fiat of his late Majesty had been received; and as the treaty of peace for ten thousand years had been in like manner ratified by his late Majesty, it would have been equally improper to alter this. Hence, although on both occasions, that (officers of) your Excellency's government repaired to Tien-tsin, imperial commissioners† were sent to receive them, no propositions respecting fresh regulations (of trade) were allowed to be considered. The officers were desired to return to Canton and conduct business there in obedient conformance to treaty. (And so) now, no officer of China, be his rank what it may, could venture to act otherwise than in accordance with the sacred will (of the emperor.)

"Again, your letter says 'that there must be compensation to British subjects and persons entitled to British protection for losses incurred in consequence of late disturbances.'

"The misunderstanding of last October was caused thus:—The Chinese Government having arrested some Chinese criminals, Consul Parkes wrongfully gave heed to the unsupported testimony of the captain of a lorcha, who asserted that the government executive, when they came on board to seize the guilty parties, hauled down the British ensign. He was not aware that no flag was seen flying by the

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* The term is one commonly used in closing petitions. The "Digest of the Statutes" employs it in speaking of Russia's solicitations for a Commercial Treaty in 1793.

† There is a little confusion here. An imperial commissioner was sent to meet Sir J. Bowring and Mr. MacLane in 1854. None, of course, came to meet Mr. Medhurst in 1850.

executive when they boarded the vessel; that, as stated by the sailors seized, the flag was at the time down in the hold, and that it was consequently plain beyond a doubt that no flag was flying at all. The lorcha was built by, and in the employ of, Soo-a-ching, for whom her captain obtained a register. The crew were consequently all outlaws of the inner land (*i.e.* offenders against the laws of China). The prisoners, Le-ming-tae and Liang-hien-fu, both pleaded guilty to acts of piracy on the high seas. To this Wu-a-ching bore witness. It was established that the criminals before mentioned were notorious pirates. On the repeated representation of Consul Parkes (however) I returned the twelve prisoners to him. Feeling* and justice were thus alike satisfied; but Consul Parkes, instead of receiving them, suddenly, and without a cause, commenced hostile operations; attacked and destroyed the forts along the different approaches, for several days in succession bombarded the provincial city, and on three occasions sent parties of English troops to fire houses and buildings in different directions. Millions of people were eye-witnesses of these things. There is not a native of any foreign state who is not aware of them. At the very commencement every Englishman and every other foreigner, with a sense of justice, did all that in them lay to dissuade Consul Parkes from proceeding, but he would not listen. He declared, too, that he would be personally responsible for all the loss they might incur, and in January last he went to Hongkong, and made out an account of their losses with all the merchants who had suffered; which shows that he was taking their compensation on himself. The method of effecting this has long been settled; with it China has, in fact, no concern. Her merchants, alas! have sustained an amount of injury graver than the losses that have fallen on those of your Excellency's nation. (But) the same rule† applies to both. My court is thronged by the gentry and people of the city and suburbs, imploring me to write to your Excellency to inquire into the matter, and dispose of it impartially. I have not made their petition the subject of a despatch; but if you will not believe me, I will inclose copies of them in my next reply, for your Excellency's perusal and guidance. As to Honan, its gentry and people are fierce and energetic.‡ In April, 1847, when the merchants of your Excellency's nation wanted to lease ground in Honan, the gentry and people presented a petition, generally signed, to the Plenipotentiary Davis, who notified to them, in his reply, that the matter should stand where it was. Your letter talks of a military occupation of Honan and of the forts along the river; but if you could not proceed once before, even with such a measure as the building and leasing of warehouses there, how should it be possible to station troops

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* "Feeling," viz., the feeling of unwillingness to act discourteously towards the authority of a friendly power.

† That is, each must bear its own losses.—*Translator's Note.* [It would appear, however, from the context, that Yeh means that Mr. Parkes ought to pay for both.]

‡ Intractable.

on Honan? The forts along the river have been built at the expense of the gentry and people, for their protection against piracy. An attempt on the part of the troops of your Excellency's nation to occupy these will, I fear, produce a state of irritation which may grow into a serious misunderstanding. (If it do) let it not be said that I did not speak in time, or that I did not do all that in me lay to provide for your safety.

"The propositions brought forward in your letter have been suggested, it appears to me, by some mischievous person at your side; they are not your Excellency's own conceptions. I have long heard of your Excellency's great experience and discretion; of the universal esteem in which you are held in your own country; the great trust which you have come to Canton to discharge, towards your own government, is naturally the termination of the troubles here existing, not, assuredly, the creation of (fresh) troubles. Your Excellency's acts will, I feel sure, anticipate my confidence in your perfect sense of justice and thorough impartiality.

"The words 'commerce shall resume its course,' in your letter, are additional evidence of your Excellency's sense of justice and practical knowledge. Ever since the treaty was made, in all their commercial dealings with foreigners, the merchants of China have invariably behaved as they ought. It is not from any hinderance interposed by China that no foreign merchant-vessel has been here since last October. By your Excellency's declaration now made, that 'commerce between natives and foreigners shall resume its course,' you justify to their complete satisfaction the high estimation in which you are held by all classes of your own countrymen; what is more, you enable yourself to meet the anxious expectations of the commercialists of every other country.

"To conclude, our two nations have ever considered themselves as on friendly terms with each other, and the continuance of trade between native and foreigner on its accustomed footing can, of course, be satisfactorily arranged in correspondence between you and myself.

"I accordingly reply to you, availing myself, &c.

"A necessary communication.

"Heen-fung, 7th year, 10th moon, 29th day (14th December, 1857.)"

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"*The Earl of Elgin to Commissioner Yeh.*

"*Furious,* WHAMPOA, *December* 24, 1857.

"The undersigned has received the communication which the Imperial Commissioner Yeh did him the honour to address him, under date the 14th instant.

"The undersigned has failed to discover in this communication, which he has attentively perused, any indication on the part of the Imperial Commissioner of a disposition to accede to the moderate demands which, in his communication to the Imperial Commissioner of

the 12th instant, he preferred on behalf of the government of Great Britain.

"He is, therefore, reluctantly compelled to recall to the recollection of the Imperial Commissioner the closing paragraph of that communication, which is conceived in the following terms:—

"'If, on the contrary, the Imperial Commissioner shall meet these demands by a refusal, by silence, or by evasive or dilatory pleas, the undersigned will deem it to be his painful duty to direct the naval and military commanders to prosecute, with renewed vigour, operations against Canton, reserving to himself the right to make, in that case, on behalf of the British Government, such additional demands on the Government of China as this altered condition of affairs may seem, in his eyes, to justify.'

"The undersigned has now to inform the Imperial Commissioner that he has called upon the naval and military commanders to prosecute, with renewed vigour, operations against Canton; and to add that, in accordance with the terms of the intimation given in the words above quoted, he formally reserves to himself the right to make, on behalf of the British Government, such additonal demands as the altered condition of affairs, produced by the Imperial Commissioner's refusal to accede to terms of accommodation, may seem, in his eyes, to justify.

"The undersigned, &c."

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"*Commissioner Yeh to the Earl of Elgin.*

"[Translation.]

"Yeh, Imperial Commissioner, Governor-General of the Two Kwang, &c., makes communication in reply.

"On the 24th instant, I received your Excellency's letter of the same date, and acquainted myself with its contents.

"In my answer to your earlier letter I replied to every proposition, point by point, specifically and minutely; (yet) in the letter under acknowledgment you say that you have failed to discover in the communication which you have attentively perused, any indication of a disposition to accede * to the moderate demands preferred on behalf of the government of Great Britain. I shall endeavour to re-state clearly to your Excellency what I said before.

"To go back: in October last year, Mr. Consul Parkes, without any cause, commenced hostilities, attacked the forts along the different approaches, and thrice sent troops to fire buildings and dwellings in different directions. The gentry and people had suffered sadly by this, and on your Excellency's arrival in Kwantung, last July, as I have heard, presented a petition to you on the subject. No steps having as yet been taken in the case, crowds of gentry and people have come to my court discontented, and imploring me to write to your

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* See Note 1.

Excellency to make equitable decision therein; and because I did not address your Excellency on the subject, they were going to Hongkong again to clamour for redress at your Excellency's place with all their might. By various shifts I have dissuaded them (from this proceeding), attributing what happens entirely to Consul Parkes's want of sense on a particular occasion, that your Excellency might be spared this trouble (or difficulty). This (shows) the best disposition on my part to be 'conceding.'*

"(In the next place) ever since your Excellency's countrymen began to trade at Canton, the merchants of China have, in every instance, conducted themselves towards them with propriety. To the proposition in your former letter, 'commerce shall resume its course,' I gave the fullest assent. How, then, can I be charged with 'refusing?'† On the contrary, there is plain proof that I promised‡ (to concede what was asked).

"As to the passage in the letter under acknowledgment, 'if the commissioner shall meet these demands by silence,' in my last reply I answered every question in its own order; in no wise then was I 'silent.' And as to the other passage, 'language of retrocession and refusal,'§ I shall instance my remarks on the late Plenipotentiary Bonham's abandonment of the discussions respecting admittance into the city. My last reply detailed clearly how, for his satisfactory administration of that question, he was honoured with the praises of all classes of your countrymen; in no wise, then, did I use 'language of retrocession and refusal.'

"To conclude, our two nations regard themselves as on friendly terms with each other. This being the case, there can be nothing which makes it impossible for us to consult together and arrange satisfactorily by what means, in the words of your Excellency, 'commerce may resume its course;' (which declaration made‖) what becomes of my refusal to accede to terms of accommodation?

"Pray let your Excellency, who has a sense of justice, and an experience of business, once more closely examine and carefully re-peruse my last reply.

"I accordingly reply to you, availing, &c.

"(*December* 25, 1857.)"

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"*Notes by Mr. Wade on Commissioner Yeh's Letter dated December* 25, 1857.

"Note 1.

"'ACCEDE.' The term by which I had rendered this in Chinese is composed of two words,—'jang,' amicable concession, as opposed to

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* See Note 2. † See Note 3. ‡ See Note 4.
§ See Note 5. ‖ See Note 6.

unyielding tenacity, of which strife is the consequence; and 'heu,' to promise or undertake performance or compliance.

"It will be seen below that, for his own purposes, the Commissioner divides the combination, and deals with each part of it separately.

"Note 2.

"See note above. The Commissioner means: 'Had my intention been the opposite of conceding, I should not have dissuaded the petitioners from a course which boded strife.'

"Note 3.

"The Chinese here quoted is from that part of the earl of Elgin's letter of the 12th, which was repeated in his lordship's letter of the 24th: 'If the Imperial Commissioner shall meet these demands by a refusal,' &c.

"Note 4.

"This is the second part of the combination referred to in Note 1.

"Note 5.

"The words translated 'retrocession and refusal' are not in the letter sent; they have been substituted for those representing 'dilatory and evasive.' The characters Yeh employs make us accuse him of 'backing out, and definitive refusal.' I am not sure that much, if anything, is intended by the change.

"Note 6.

"The Commissioner means to imply: 'and it was made at the close of my first reply,' the language of which he has employed pretty generally in this.

"(Signed) THOMAS WADE."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### FREE TRANSIT THROUGH CHINA.

Necessity of Free Intercourse—Export Duties on Tea—Land Tax—Transit Duty—Increase of Duties—Origin of the Increase—Detention of Tea Cargo Boats—Silk Export Dues—Magnitude of Woochang—Capacity of China.

When we have got this city of Canton, about the neck of which we are now tightening the lasso, we must use it for the purpose of preventing future wars, and establishing a feeling of mutual regard between the people of the country and ourselves. There is only one way in which this can ever be effected. We must break down the door of partition. If the bureaucracy of China *will* remain in the way, we must walk over it. But we must have free and unrestricted intercourse. I do not propose this as an easy point to gain. It will require great tact and decision in our plenipotentiary to obtain the privilege, and great study and foresight to hedge it about with the proper securities. You will get nothing till you show you are irresistible, and you will then get everything you show yourself resolved to have. If Lord Elgin has the perspicacity to see and the courage to follow this bold, safe course, you people at home, and especially you men of commerce at home, must support him, or he will fail. If he has not, you must push him, force him, or supersede him ; for he will deserve to fail, and must fail. This is the key of the whole position. Gain it, and, in the words of a Chinese merchant, with whom I often discussed this question, "All men will be glad." He meant, and I mean, all men except the corrupt officials.

The mandarins have only lately discovered that they have it in their power to tax the barbarians by levying transit imposts upon articles of barbarian necessity. Year by year this power has been cautiously brought into use, and its strain will continue to increase until the imposition becomes

too grievous to be borne. I have hitherto said nothing upon these transit duties on Chinese exports; but I think I ought to record a few facts on this matter, although I dare not labour the question as I did the far more vital matter of British manufactures.

Let us take the great staple, tea. In former times—that is to say, until within the last few years—the only tax upon tea was an impost in the shape of a land-tax; a rent of so much per mow, or rood, paid by the cultivator. In passing by Hangchau there was a transit levy of three cents per picul (133 lb.), a mere nominal registering duty. Sometimes, if the mandarin at the Ta Kwan was popular or powerful, he was able to get an extra sum of two mace a picul, something more than 1s. a cwt., for himself; but this was always thoroughly understood to be a "Mandarin squeeze-pigeon," and might have been resisted if it had been worth while.

Now, however, every picul of tea passing that same custom-house pays a duty of 5 taels 3 mace, or nearly 3*d.* a pound on every chest of tea—a tremendous duty when the prime value of this article is taken into consideration. The teas I now speak of are those which come down from the Bohea-hills, but those which traverse greater distances are subject to still further exactions. Formerly the only custom-house for their duties was at Hangchau, but now every district has its little Kwan. The finer teas which come from Ningchau, or Hoopak, or Hoonan, pay from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 taels per picul before they are embarked—nearly 6*d.* per pound. The rich green tea districts, the produce of which is attracted to the great emporium of Woochang, pay a transit duty of 6 taels 8 mace, instead of the old exaction of 2 mace. Part of the recent increase of tea trade at Foochow is occasioned by the circumstance that the teas from that port pay 2 taels less than those which are obliged to pass by Hangchau; but this can be altered at any moment by the caprice of the local mandarin, or by a motion of the vermillion pencil. This power of taxing the barbarians has only recently been discovered. It is currently reported that it was first brought into action to refund the sycee silver paid out at the end of the last war. It will be of no use that English Chancellors of the Exchequer reduce the tea

duties at one terminus of the voyage if Chinese Chancellors of the Exchequer can raise the duties at the other terminus. Of course, there will be no lack of Solon geese in England to make the recondite discovery that the Chinese have a right to levy what export duties they please on their own produce. In strict Christian ethics this is as undoubtedly the fact as that we ought to give a man our cloak if he steals our coat. But in this bad practical world those high Christian ethics are eminences which we look up to, but never climb to. Tea is an English necessity and a Chinese monopoly. If John Chinaman insists upon heavily taxing John Bull's tea, sooner or later, upon one pretence or another pretence, there will be ill blood and spilt blood. The only way to prevent this is to fix the legal export duty by treaty, and *to go up to the places where the tea is grown and buy it of the grower.* If the Yangtse were open, and if we could buy in the markets of Woochang and Hangyan, we should get our teas at a duty of 5 mace a picul, or one thirty-fifth part of the present "squeeze." Moreover, we should pay for this tea with our woollens and our shirtings. Before the Yangtse was closed by the rebels, one Chinaman at Hangyan used to take monthly 30,000 pieces of English shirtings; he now does not take one piece in a twelvemonth.

This is not all. The exactions of the mandarins extend to the means of transit. The cargo boats are pressed for "military services," and a bribe is necessary to set them free. A hundred other extortion traps beset this produce on its way to the coast. Nothing but the presence of the European purchaser upon the spot can be of the least avail to prevent a limitless taxation of our tea. It is for you, ye teatotallers, that we are burnishing our bayonets and fitting the fusees into our ten-inch shells.

So again of silk. Formerly there was no export duty upon silk. Now there is an export duty of 10 dollars a bale, which they talk of raising to $12\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, and there is also an additional transit duty of 7 dollars 2 mace, or £2. 10*s.* upon each bale.

Now that our silk imports are thought likely to range between 100,000 and 150,000 bales per annum, this also is a subject not without interest to us at home. I must,

however, in fairness remark that the competition of the silk of other countries renders it less probable that these silk exactions all fall upon the exporter.

Be it remembered, then, that since the outbreak of the rebellion in China, the Chinese mandarins have levied a tax of full £2,000,000 a year upon the people of England ; that this tax consists almost entirely of local unauthorized extortion, and that it is capable of indefinite increase.

The English people should teach a starling to cry, " Free transit through China," and should hang the bird up in Lord Elgin's cabin. Nothing short of this will do,—nothing short of this will prevent future wars. What more is required I do not now discuss ; but this is the first and most indispensable of all conditions of peace. We do not know enough of the country to take any substitute or to submit to any modification.

Whenever we strive to obtain sufficient specific facts whereby to map a line of action, we are brought up by the humiliating conviction that our ignorance of China is a darkness that may be felt. Even of that great conglomerate of cities on the Yangtse we know little more than that it is the commercial emporium of central China, and that its population is variously estimated at from five to eight millions of souls. We know that it exists, and that is nearly all we know. No one has been there except native Chinamen and Jesuit missionaries. There are some scattered notices of it in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* (tom. xvii.), and Huc has made mention of it in his journey from Tartary to Canton. The elder missionary was roused to enthusiasm by the immensity of the numbers of prospective converts. For five leagues he saw nothing along the shores but the closely-packed habitations of men. For a still longer space the river, more than a league in breadth, was crowded with beautiful and fantastic vessels, passing and repassing by day and by night. Nearer to shore, where these vessels became fixed habitations, he entered at night a waterway defined on each side by floating shops ; and for four hours he journeyed through a labyrinth of lit streets, all resting on the surface of the river. In the morning he reached the shore, but only to find that Wocchang differs from other

Chinese cities in nothing but its marvellous magnitude. From a distance he saw pagodas and yamuns, and highly-cultivated environs. When he approached, he saw the usual details of an aggregate of Chinese habitations; banks worn away by inundations, workshops half-undermined by the stream, houses built upon piles; no order, no breadth of thoroughfares, but narrow alleys, along which men and cattle and hogs pressed in scared or jostling crowds. He records his sensations of the suffocating odours from the open manure-buckets, just as I have experienced at Shanghai, Hangchau, Keahing, Shauhing, or Ningpo. It seemed a whole creation of mankind, all buying and selling, and bartering and chaffering, a Babel of trade, a struggling world of dealers and brokers.

This is the one great type of a thousand cities which differ only in dimensions. How can we tell from which it may be safe to be excluded, or how far a single exception may neutralize the benefit of all we gain, and enable the cunning savages to hold us in check and keep us in the wrong?

The capacity of China is as unmeasured as its internal geography is unknown. No demand has yet been made upon it which has not been amply answered. Give us leave to go and talk to the people, and there is nothing we want which they cannot sell us. At Swatow you will be able to buy for a dollar and a half per picul sugar which now costs you at the Manillas 3 dollars; at Formosa you can obtain the same important commodity at the same price, and rice and indigo in any quantity. Coals can be loaded at that island for 3 dollars a ton, and the carrying trade is upon a scale which no one can appreciate who has not seen the enormous fleets of junks which now conduct it under the terrible risks of shipwreck and piracy.

The facts I have above stated respecting the transit levies have not been gathered from books or extracted from returns—the figures are now for the first time put in writing. They have been caught from the lips of those who have suffered these exactions and paid these duties with constant but discontented habitude. I may be wrong in some matter of place or district, for the obscure jargon in

which we talked made geography difficult; but a Chinaman has capital English for figures and amounts of money. About the sums of these transit duties I have no doubt, and the precise track or city wherein they are levied is of no importance. Let me add, that these men are so harassed by demands of benevolence towards the expenses of the civil war, or by blackmail levied by the rebels, that the oldest merchants are "shutting their books," as they express it. They look upon the presence and influence of the English as the only hope which commerce has in China. Many a tale could I tell upon this subject, but it is one dangerous to handle in much detail. The court of Pekin has sharp eyes and a long arm.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### OCCUPATION OF HONAN.

American Diplomacy—The *Minnesota*—Artillery Practice at Hongkong—The Coolie Corps—Death of Colonel Lugard—Arrival of the *Adelaide*—General Order to the Fleet—Proclamation to the People of Canton—Early Intelligence of the Chinese—Amount of the Attacking Force—Delivery of Despatches—Occupation of Honan—Chinese Attack upon a Boat's Crew—Yeh's Answer.

THERE has been solemn conference at Macao, and it was whispered that Count Putiatin was admitted to the councils of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros. A rumour soon spread that Mr. Reed had taken an independent line, and had met with a rebuff. He had, so went the story, sent a proposal to Yeh to treat with him inside the city, but Yeh replied that he should be happy to see him outside the city, but could not think of admitting any barbarian within the walls of Canton. Mr. Reed then proceeded to Macao, but even rumour did not venture to affirm what he proposed to himself by this journey, or whether the rather contemptuous refusal he had just received had in any way modified his opinion as to entangling alliances. The Chinese have another version of this affair. They profess to have seen a copy of

the answer, and laugh when they speak of it. I have not been able to induce any of them to procure me a transcript, and cannot make much of their description of it. If it should reach you by way of America, I think you will find that the Imperial Commissioner has replied to his Excellency Mr. Reed by what is vulgarly called a "sell,"—a sort of Chinese version of "Don't you wish you may get it?"* Certain it is that Mr. Reed is very irate with his celestial friends, and has rather abandoned his idea of being master of the position. Yeh seems resolved to show the world that he is determined to carry out the policy openly acknowledged in that notorious Chinese state paper, and to consider the terms of the last treaty binding only so long as he had not force enough to break them. He seems to be confident also that the present is a proper season for perseverance in this policy. He has doubtless heard of the might and wonderful contrivances of the *Minnesota*. Nothing that can be said in praise of her discipline and arrangements, her exquisitely-finished machinery for economizing labour and time in the working of her guns, her Sharpe's rifles, her officers' cabins, and her state reception-rooms, can be too great praise; but Yeh has heard all about these. We have just seized copies of a correspondence which has been passing between a Chinese writer resident on this island and Howqua. It contains a minute chronicle of every event, and descriptions of men and things, including a by no means flattering account of the personal appearance of Lord Elgin; possibly it also included a statement of the draught of water of the *Minnesota*. I recollect that once on circuit, when a zealous and hot-tempered junior replied with a scarcely decent violence to an interruption of the judge, and drew down upon himself a rebuke, a sarcastic old stager who sat by said, "Pitch into him again, give it him well; he can't come down to you." Yeh knows that the *Minnesota* cannot come up to him. Moreover, he has filled his city with soldiers from the North. We have just kindly rescued and released 300 of these from the wrecked *Waverley*. The Chinese report that the walls are now bristling with cannon; that the streets are all undermined; and that Yeh is deter-

* I am not aware that this letter has ever yet been made public.

mined to blow the whole place into the air rather than give it up. We shall see shortly what truth there is in these tales. They by no means lessen the eagerness of our fellows to get into the city; but they may perhaps induce the admiral and general to explode these mines by a few shells before they set our British bulldogs at the walls.

Meanwhile the valleys and precipices of this mountain island ring and echo with preparations. The quiet citizen cannot take his afternoon walk without his rumination upon the prices of grey shirting or his sigh over the depreciation of "Malwa" being interrupted by a sharp volley of musketry, or the ringing of a Minié bullet, or the whistling of a shell. The Chinese are certainly not a nervous race. On the parade-ground to the east of this wall-less and citadel-less city of Victoria, some 500 men of the 59th may be daily seen at their exercise. A cloud of Chinese children take advantage of the severity of discipline to hang upon their skirts, stooping down and picking up the cartridge-papers from between the feet of the immovable redcoats, who dare not even raise a foot to tread upon the fingers that tickle their ankles. We are too poor in men to be able to spare any to keep the ground. Up in the ravine behind Government-house a detachment is firing at a target at a range of 1,000 yards. That target has its attendant company of more adult Fük-hees. They can scarcely be kept at a safe distance; and when the bugle sounds to cease firing, they rush in and dig out the wasted lead. Further off, on the side of the mountain, with little flagstaffs fixed on rocks at various ranges, a field battery is practising with shot and shell. Straight in the line of fire, the Chinese washermen are spreading their clothes to dry upon the brushwood, quite unconcerned at the discharges, satisfied to confide in the skill of the artillerymen, and having a full practical knowledge of the flight of shot. At the short ranges the shells must pass a few feet over their heads. It cannot be that men who behave thus can be of a race of cowards.

We have also had a sham fight on a grand scale. The racecourse and the surrounding hills, and the road leading thence to the city, were contested with steadfast valour; but, alas! in this month of December the thermometer still

stands at 84° in the shade, and the men looked white and worn before the work was done.

As a balance to the contemptuous indifference with which we open all our preparations and all our intentions to the spies of the Canton authorities, we take care to use our own special sources of strength, discipline, and wealth. The coolie corps are, like everything else in China, anomalies in warfare. They are natives of a country about to be invaded, under drill to carry the guns and provisions of the invaders. Each gun has eighteen coolies attached to it, and they are exercised to attend the process of unlimbering, and to take up the gun on their bamboo poles and trot off with it, at a pace which might be dangerous if their fidelity were in doubt, or if there were no Minié rifles in their rear. These fellows will do their work if they can be got on shipboard. They will not desert, for they are better paid by us, and would probably be beheaded by Yeh. They will scarcely be expected to take the guns up under fire from the enemy, so they will have no violent incentive to run away. From the experience we have here of the Chinese character—if such a fagot of contradictions can be called character—I believe they will do what we have hired them to do,—act as artillery and commissariat mules over rough ground intervening between points of debarcation and points of action. It will probably be arranged that their pay shall be a little in arrear, and they know that they will be shot down without mercy if they attempt any tricks.

A short time since, Mr. Caldwell, the "protector of Chinese," whose practical knowledge of the Chinese population is greater, perhaps, than that of any European, was invited to inspect this body. They were paraded to the number of 800. In walking down the ranks he picked out eighteen men as Canton men, and three others as mandarin soldiers. He was right in every instance. The Canton men, when interrogated, at once admitted that they never had the least intention of trusting themselves in the neighbourhood of their own authorities, but proposed to take the English pay, and escape at the last moment. The mandarin soldiers said they would serve, for the mandarins owed them arrears, and the English paid regularly. The other men

come from a distant mountain district, have no families within the power of the mandarins, are many of them implicated as rebels, and may, as Mr. Caldwell thinks, be moderately trusted to act as their interests may point.

These traits of Chinese character are not unimportant. It is only little by little that we can come to get a notion of a people whose trains of thought and motives of action are so utterly different from our own.

On the 1st, the death of Colonel Lugard, of the engineers, was announced, and on the 3rd he was buried with all military honours, in the cemetery hard by the racecourse. It was an imposing spectacle, for all the officers of all the European nations now present in Hongkong followed in long procession the gun-carriage on which he was borne to his grave. Many of those present not only knew him as an officer, whose loss at this critical moment is disastrous to the public service, but also loved the man. I was one of those who mourned to think we shall hear no more his frank hearty laugh, and receive no more his manly, soldier-like greeting. Poor Lugard was a victim to hard labour in this treacherous climate. He had much to do, and small materials to work with. He was a leader without soldiers. He had to form and fashion a corps of engineers and sappers and miners out of troops of the line. His labour was incessant, and he paid the penalty which these trying Hongkong heats almost always exact for over-exertion.

The long-expected *Adelaide* made her appearance on the 1st, having on board twenty officers and 507 rank and file. On the 4th, the *Assistance* came in from Calcutta, bringing us back the 300 marines left behind by Lord Elgin, and 100 of the 59th. The letters by her were very unsatisfactory in their tone, and gave no promise of more troops from India.

We are now able to calculate the force upon which we must depend to take and hold this city, with its million of inhabitants.

The first act in the way of a move was the issuing of the following general order to the fleet :—

"GENERAL ORDER.

"The period being now at hand for commencing active operations against the city of Canton, the Commander-in-Chief has to call the serious attention of the captains, officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron to the necessity of carefully protecting the lives and property of the peaceable and unarmed inhabitants, not only on the ground of humanity, but likewise on that of policy, which renders it so important to retain the goodwill of those classes of the Chinese population, whose material interest and predilections separate them from the high mandarins and the military powers of Canton, against whom alone hostile actions will be directed.

"The Rear-Admiral has also to impress upon the officers and men who may so soon be actively employed, his determination to discountenance and prevent all looting or plundering, both as demoralizing and as subversive of the discipline that is so essentially necessary to success. He trusts that the officers, by precept, and especially by their example, will carry out his views and instructions.

"The Commander-in-Chief takes this opportunity of expressing his warmest thanks to the commodore, captains, commanding officers, seamen, and royal marines of the squadron, for the patient endurance they have evinced during the last twelve months, in the monotonous and frequently harassing duty of keeping open the navigation of the river; and he further assures them that, whatever may be the nature of expected operations, he shall enter upon them with the strongest confidence in their ready and gallant co-operation for the maintenance of the honour of the British flag and the success of our arms.

"M. SEYMOUR,
"Rear-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief."

The next act was a declaration from the French admiral, declaring on the part of France a blockade of the Canton river.

On the 11th it became known that the Chinese writer, Achung, who had been taken into custody for maintaining a correspondence with Howqua, had been sent into the city with letters from the English and French plenipotentiaries, announcing their arrival, and giving note of their credentials.

On the 12th Mr. Wade, the chief of Lord Elgin's interpreting staff, proceeded to the city under a flag of truce, and delivered the demands of the English and French plenipotentiaries upon the Imperial Commissioner holding the city of Canton.

A proclamation in the Chinese language was at the same time circulated in the suburbs of the city. It stated that

certain demands had been made upon the Imperial Commissioner, and that ten days had been given him within which to accede to them; that in the meanwhile (on the following Monday) the allied forces would occupy the island of Honan, opposite to the city, doing no damage unless resistance should be made; that at the expiration of the ten days allowed to the Commissioner, an attack would be made upon the city, unless the terms demanded were yielded, and warning all non-belligerents to take such measures for the removal of their families and property as they might think expedient.

It is a curious fact, illustrative of the rapidity with which the Chinese obtain intelligence, that on the Friday morning, while all the English in Hongkong were in ignorance of any communication being about to be made up the river, I heard the Chinese picture-dealer, to whose shop, as a focus of Chinese news, I have already alluded in these letters, offering to bet a picture against fifty dollars that the English would not be in Canton within ten days. He would not bet about twelve days. He must have got an early copy of the proclamation, which was, I believe, printed on boardship up the river, and could not, even at that distance of fifty miles, have been in the hands of any Chinaman more than a very few hours.

I post this letter on Sunday, although the mail does not leave until Monday; for as Honan is to be occupied on Monday, and as I am going to witness the operations, I may not be able to write again by the outgoing mail. If possible, however, I shall send you a second letter.

We must hope, in the interest of humanity, that when the allotted interval has expired Yeh will yield. He must know that he has at his gates the representatives of the four great nations of the earth; and that, however they may differ upon the *modus operandi*, they are all equally determined to tolerate no longer this foolish Chinese pageant. Mr. Reed does not, I apprehend, propose to himself to go home without making a treaty, any more than does Count Putiatin, or Baron Le Gros, or the Earl of Elgin. However much we may deplore the undignified policy which the American statesmen at home have chosen to adopt, and

however much we may feel satisfied to find that they are balked of even the advantage they propose to themselves of monopolizing the trade while we were fighting the common battle, still our interests are identical, and eventually we must work together. The high mandarins of China cannot but know the power of the nations arrayed against them. But if they do not, if they are ignorant of what every Chinaman at Singapore knows full well, and of what each small tradesman at Hongkong could tell them, what a practical satire this ignorance is upon that system of competitive examinations and the rule of literary men, which, as it is worked in China, has been so little understood and so senselessly extolled! It is useless, however, to speculate upon what Yeh will do, for the next mail will bring you tidings of what he has done, and what we have done.

Meanwhile we must have troops. It will not do to "give up China altogether." The hot months will soon be round again, and we must expect that of our handful of land force many must be invalided. If disease should unhappily so reduce our scanty and insufficient garrison as to compel us to retire from the city, after having once taken possession, the consequences would be most disastrous. Already have placards been posted at Amoy threatening a massacre of the English there. It is a vain threat while the might of England is felt in the South, but it would easily become a dire reality. The English families are mixed up in the crowded Chinese town. They are without any means of mutual protection, and the presence of a single ship of war is rather a terror to the Chinese than a protection to the British. At Swatow, where many English now reside, there is, and can be while the present treaty holds, no protection whatever. At Foo-chow there is a flourishing English settlement, but the ships of war cannot get within ten miles of the place. What might be suffered at Ningpo the Portuguese have already proved. Shanghai has the guns of the *Pique*, and Sir Frederick Nicholson might land his men and do something to protect the settlement, for it has already shown itself defensible. But it is our moral prestige which protects us in the North, and this would be utterly ruined by any weakness or short-coming at Canton. Better be wise in

time, and send on a reasonable number of troops at once, than have to exact more terrible vengeance for more massacres.

The attacking force, exclusive of the ships, a list whereof I gave you by the last mail, will be as follows :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Troops from the garrison of Hongkong, including the 59th regiment, the artillery, the engineers, and a portion of the Madras troops .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 800 |
| Marines .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 2,500 |
| Naval Brigade .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 1,500 |
| French troops and sailors .. .. .. .. .. .. | 900 |
| | 5,700 |
| Coolies :— | |
| Chinese .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 671 |
| Attached to medical staff .. .. .. .. .. | 85 |
| Commissariat .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 48 |
| Malays .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 183 |
| Total .. .. .. .. .. .. | 6,697 |

CANTON RIVER, *Dec.* 15.

As I had reason to suppose that the occupation of Honan would take place on Tuesday, and that the mail would be detained to allow the news of this fact to reach England, I came up the river on Sunday, and found the English admiral's flag still flying at the anchorage between the Bogue Forts and Tiger Island.

The French fleet had just moved up. The two navies had been indulging in mutual civilities on the occasion of the French declaration of blockade. The English admiral hoisted the French flag at the main and issued a congratulatory general order. The French returned the compliment, and issued an order very fervent in its terms. Moreover, the French entertained the English fleet with theatricals, and supper after the play, and they have left Jack in high good humour with his lively allies.

Mr. Wade and M. Marques had returned from their mission. Yeh despatched a mandarin of the fifth rank—"All same, captain," as the pilot remarked,—to receive the two epistles. His scribes are probably now looking up *Mencius* and *Choo-tze* for a stock of moral sentiments to be worked into the reply.

If the reader has any curiosity as to this piece of Chinese ceremonial, it was after this fashion :—The Chinaman, Achong, had been sent with a letter from Sir John Bowring, and another from M. Bourbelonne, notifying the arrival of the English and French plenipotentiaries, and stating that on Saturday, at noon, a communication from these high officers would be sent to the Imperial Commissioner.

At ten o'clock on the day appointed, a Hong boat, containing a well-known official—rather a low fellow, and decided in his opinions as to outside barbarians—took its station in the river. At noon the English gunboat, accompanied by the *Dragonne* French gunboat, appeared at the western point of Honan island, and, choosing its anchorage, signalled to the mandarin's boat to approach. The interpreter, accompanied by M. Duchesne de Belcour, Captain Bate, and some few other spectators, went on board the Chinese boat, and was received by the mandarin with that tone of rollicking, swaggering civility which is thought by the Chinese to be good manners towards barbarians, but bad manners towards each other. He called for tea, and after this had been duly taken, delivered Yeh's answer to Sir J. Bowring and M. de Bourbelonne's notes. Then he received the despatches from the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers, and with bows and "chin-chins" the parties separated. I understand that Yeh's answer is couched in terms of scant courtesy; that it recognizes the plenipotentiaries not as ambassadors to the emperor, but as ambassadors to Canton, and that it merely says he shall receive any communications they may have to make to him.

General Von Straubenzee, attended by Major Clifford, joined the fleet on Sunday.

This morning at half-past nine the admiral, accompanied by the general, left the *Calcutta* for the *Coromandel*. They go up together to the French admiral, and will direct the debarcation of a marine force of about 1,000 men on Honan Island.

I have frequently explained—but some do not read and some do not remember, so I may as well repeat—that the Canton river is a very enormous volume of water, seeking the sea by various channels. In front of Canton there are

two of these channels of special importance, and between these two, and formed by them, is the large island of Honan, more than a mile and a half wide and four or five miles long. On the channel opposite to the back of the island stands the Macao Fort, now in our possession, and garrisoned. The island, therefore, lies between Macao Fort and the city of Canton.

The *Imperatrix* and the *Imperador* have already gone up with the marines, and behind the *Coromandel* is the curious sight of a long train of Chinese bum-boats, freighted not only with ordinary stores, but carrying thirty head of live cattle. The Chinese purveyors modestly desired that a gun-boat should be ordered to tow them up, and although the request excited some merriment among the blue-jackets, these bum-boatmen are much too important to be left behind. So the *Plover* is tugging them up the stream. That stiff little *Plover*, the last time I saw her she was sharing the shot with the *Hongkong* high up Fatshan Creek; now she is dragging up a ragged crew of China boats. Let us move up the river after the admiral and the general. It is fortunate for General Straubenzee that he is not only a good soldier, but also that he is a man of popular and winning manners. The fleet, who all have a sort of Chinese filial affection for Sir Michael Seymour, were rather inclined to look with evil eye upon any one who came to share his laurels. They began rather early to find fault with the general's name; but now he has been among them a little, the general opinion is, as I heard it expressed, "It's impossible to help liking that old Straw-berry-jam after all." Moreover, they see Sir Michael and the aforesaid Strawberry-jam consorting together with intimate cordiality, and everything in this very important matter moves easily and well.

*Dec.* 16.

This morning the occupation of Honan took place. The sight from Macao Fort was interesting only for a few minutes. One battalion of our marines and 150 French sailors disembarked, under the guns of the shipping, upon the back of the island, and out of sight of Canton. As they advanced into the island, we watched the lines of red and

blue, not quite expecting, but feeling the possibility that some puff of smoke might give signal for a fight. The Chinese, however, had wisely seen that this plain and open island was not defensible. If there ever had been any soldiers there, which is very improbable, they had been withdrawn when we issued our proclamation to the inhabitants that we intended to take peaceable possession. Some tents were now pitched, the outposts formed, the French and English positions demarcated, and our material guarantee was seized.

Another affair has happened, which terminated in a very different manner. Intelligence travels slowly from ship to ship in our widely separated force; but I believe the circumstances are these:—On the afternoon of Monday, Lieutenant Pym, of Arctic celebrity, who now commands the *Banterer*, landed for exercise in the neighbourhood of a mandarin village some way down the river. He was accompanied by Mr. Wurgman, the artist, who is here sketching for the "Illustrated News." Allured by the friendly appearance of the inhabitants, they entered the village, and they appear also to have entered the house of the mandarin there. Whether Lieutenant Pym was acting prudently or properly in doing this I am not able to state; my information is too indistinct to allow me to offer even a suggestion upon this point.* All that is certain is, that as the party returned to the boat the population of the village suddenly encompassed them and poured in a volley from gingals and other firearms. Five men were killed: Lieutenant Pym was shot through both legs. The interpreter then jumped overboard, and was followed by several of the men, who retreated across the paddy-fields. They were followed by the Chinese multitude, and six wounded. All this took place within sight of the *Nankin*, whence assistance was, of course, despatched at the first sound of firearms. The *Nankin* men arrived just in time to rescue Lieutenant Pym, who was keeping the Chinese at bay with his sword and revolver. Of the

* An inquiry took place, which terminated in the court finding that Lieut. Pym was fully justified in all that he had done, and complimenting him upon the great gallantry he displayed throughout this critical affair.

whole party, every one was either killed or wounded, except Mr. Wurgman and two seamen. This seems to have been a most treacherous and unprovoked assault, and an attack upon the village was subsequently made by the *Nankin*. The first attempt was, I believe, not very successful, but it will doubtless be renewed.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

It is most provoking that the most important events will happen within half an hour of the departure of the mail. This afternoon a messenger from Yeh arrived at Macao Fort with a despatch for the plenipotentiaries. You know how, hoping against hope, I have kept up some intelligence inside the city. Hitherto it has stood me in little stead, but at a critical moment it has turned up trumps. I am informed, then, that the Chinese merchants say that Lord Elgin's demand was of the most temperate character; that he asked for no more than that the treaty should be carried out, that Canton should be put upon the same footing as the other treaty ports, its gates opened to commerce, compensation given for damage done to British merchants, and our occupation of Honan acquiesced in as a material guarantee until all matters are settled. At least one of the Chinese merchants thinks that these demands should have been jumped at. Yeh, however, thinks otherwise. The answer just gone up to Lord Elgin is, if my information is correct, much like that returned to the American.* It tells his lordship that the question of the treatment of strangers at Canton has been settled by the decree of the emperor; that Sir George Bonham was made a baronet for respecting that decree, and he recommends Lord Elgin to follow his example; that, as to compensation, Yeh has a demand upon the English Government for losses suffered by the Chinese.

You must make some allowance for a version of a Chinese document read to me in Canton English; but I think I can pledge myself that this will be found to be the substance of this document.

Lord Elgin is no true son of Robert the Bruce if he stands this style of answer; so we may soon now expect something decisive here.

* See this letter *antè*, p. 263.

During my stay in the Canton river I found great inconvenience in having no accurate knowledge of the circumstances of the former bombardment. As we are now about to enter upon a relation of the operations before this famous city, I had thought that a *résumé* of the previous proceedings would be necessary to prepare the reader to understand the whole matter; but upon referring to the state papers, it seemed that the shortest and most satisfactory course would be to reprint Sir Michael Seymour's despatch.

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*From the* LONDON GAZETTE *of Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1857.*

ADMIRALTY, *Jan. 5.*

THE following despatches have been received from Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels on the East-India and China station:—

"OPERATIONS AT CANTON.

"*Niger, at* CANTON, *Nov. 14, 1856.*

"SIR,—In the sixth paragraph of my general letter, No. 91, of the 15th ult., I alluded to the Chinese authorities having a few days previously forcibly seized the native crew of a lorcha under English colours, and that I had demanded redress.

"2. I have now the honour to report, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 8th of October the lorcha *Arrow*, with a colonial register from the governor of Hongkong, was boarded while at anchor at Canton by a Chinese officer and a party of soldiers, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the master, an Englishman, seized twelve of her crew, bound and carried them away, and hauled down the British flag. Her Majesty's consul afterwards remonstrated with the officer who had seized the men, but without effect.

"3. This outrage was immediately brought to the notice of the Imperial High Commissioner by Mr. Parkes, her Majesty's consul, who required the twelve men to be returned to the *Arrow* by the same officer who had carried them away; that an apology should be made, and an assurance given that the British flag should in future be respected. Their lordships will, however, observe, on perusing the documents which accompany this despatch, that although the twelve men were eventually sent back, it was not in the public manner in which they had been carried away, and all appearance of an apology was pointedly avoided.

"4. On the 11th of October this unpleasant occurrence was officially reported to me by Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's plenipotentiary in

China, and his Excellency suggested that the seizure of an imperial junk would probably produce the desired reparation. I accordingly directed Commodore the Hon. C. G. J. B. Elliot, of her Majesty's ship *Sybille*, senior officer in the Canton river, to carry out Sir John Bowring's suggestion, and I despatched the *Barracouta*, steam sloop, and *Coromandel*, tender, to afford him the means of doing so. A junk was seized,* but it led to nothing. I then sent her Majesty's steam frigates *Encounter* and *Sampson* to join the commodore (the former to lie off the factory), in the hope that the presence of such an imposing force would show the High Commissioner the prudence of complying with our demands, but his Excellency appeared determined on resistance.

"5. At this period Mr. Parkes proceeded to Hongkong, to consult with Sir John Bowring and myself as to the best measures of compulsion to be adopted, and we all considered that the seizure of the defences of the city of Canton would be the most judicious, both as a display of power without the sacrifice of life and of our determination to enforce redress—experience of the Chinese character having proved that moderation is considered by the officials only as an evidence of weakness.

"6. I immediately moved the *Calcutta* above the Bogue forts, as high up as her draught of water permitted, and on the morning of the 23rd October, proceeded on board the *Coromandel* steam-tender for Canton, with the *Sampson* and *Barracouta* in company, and the detachments of royal marines and boats' crews of her Majesty's ships *Calcutta, Winchester*, and *Bittern*, and the boats of the *Sybille*, with the commodore. On approaching the Blenheim Reach I diverted the *Sampson* and a portion of our force up the Macao passage, to prevent the Chinese from stopping up the channel, and to capture the Blenheim Fort. I then went on with the *Coromandel* and *Barracouta* to the four barrier forts, about five miles below the city. Anchoring the two steamers above the forts, I despatched the boats and took possession of them. An ill-judged attempt at resistance from two of the forts, which fired on our ships and boats, resulted in the death of five Chinese soldiers. There were about 150 guns, from one foot bore to four-pounders.

"7. I now directed Commander Fortescue, in the *Barracouta*, to follow the *Sampson*, and having spiked the guns, destroyed the carriages and ammunition, and burnt the buildings in the forts, I proceeded to Canton, where I arrived at 2 P.M., and learned that the boats from the *Sampson* and *Barracouta* had taken quiet possession of the Blenheim Fort, and also of Macao Fort, a very strong position on an island in the middle of the river, mounting eighty-six guns, which I have garrisoned, and shall retain for the present.

"8. Her Majesty's consul, by my direction, immediately informed the High Commissioner of my arrival, and of the aggressive measures which he had compelled me to take in consequence of his refusal to redress the wrong committed by his officers; also that I should con-

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"* This vessel was afterwards proved to be private property, and was therefore released.

tinue such proceedings until reparation should be made. His Excellency's reply was very unsatisfactory.

"9. On the morning of the 24th, I landed a portion of the marines to aid the detachments from the *Sybille* and *Encounter*, already at Canton, in the protection of the factory, and proceeded in the *Coromandel* to join the *Barracouta*, off Macao Fort. Then, at a preconcerted signal, the Bird's Nest Fort, mounting thirty-five guns, and a small fort opposite the city, which might have annoyed the factory, were taken without opposition, as were subsequently the Shamin Forts, at the head of the Macao Passage. The whole of the guns were rendered unserviceable, and the ammunition destroyed.

"10. As the state of affairs now appeared so very unpromising, I considered it advisable to take effectual measures for the protection of the factory. The remainder of the royal marines and a body of small-arm men were, therefore, landed; advanced posts and field-pieces were stationed at all the assailable points, barricades thrown across the streets, and the boats kept vigilant watch to guard against the approach of fire-rafts and attacks by water. The execution of this important duty I intrusted to Captain W. K. Hall, C.B., my flag-captain, whose zeal and activity throughout the whole of the operations I cannot too highly commend. The royal marines were in charge of Captain P. C. Penrose, R.M., of her Majesty's ship, *Winchester*, who showed great ability and promptitude.

"Captain Cowper, royal engineers, who had been sent from Hongkong to afford me the benefit of his professional experience, was of great assistance in pointing out and remedying the weak points in our position.

"A body of American officers, seamen, and marines, under Commander Foote, of the United States' corvette, *Portsmouth*, provided for the interests of the American community.

"11. On the 25th I took possession of the Dutch Folly, a fort with fifty guns, on a small island opposite the city, where I afterwards placed a body of 140 officers and men, under Commander Rolland, of the *Calcutta*. All defence of the city being now in our hands, I considered the High Commissioner would see the necessity of submission, and I directed Mr. Parkes to write and state that when his Excellency should be prepared to arrange the points in dispute in a satisfactory manner, I would desist from further operations; but the reply did not answer my expectations.

"An attack was made at 12.30 P.M. by a body of troops, supported by a much larger force, which occupied the streets in the rear. Mr. Consul Parkes was on the spot at the time, and warned them to retire, but ineffectually. The guard of royal marines, in charge of Captain Penrose, then drove them back, with a loss, as we understand, of fourteen killed and wounded.

"12. The 26th, being Sunday, was observed as a day of rest.

"13. Early on the morning of the 27th I caused another letter to be written to the High Commissioner, to the effect that as satisfaction had not been offered for the affair of the *Arrow*, I should resume offensive operations; and his Excellency having, by his illegal measures and

determination to refuse reparation, produced this display of force, I concurred in opinion with Sir John Bowring that this was a fitting opportunity for requiring the fulfilment of long-evaded treaty obligations; and I therefore, in addition to the original demands, instructed Mr. Parkes to make the following communication:—

"'That, to prevent the recurrence of evils like the present, which have been occasioned by the disregard paid by the Imperial Commissioner to the repeated applications for redress and satisfaction made to him by letter in the matter of the *Arrow* by her Majesty's plenipotentiary and the consul—writing, in consequence of the closing of the city to foreigners, being the only means of communication—I demanded for all foreign representatives the same free access to the authorities and city of Canton (where all the Chinese high officials reside) as is enjoyed under treaty at the other four ports, and denied to us at Canton alone.'

"No reply having been made, I determined to open fire on the High Commissioner's compound (the Yamun) a large space of ground within the old city, surrounded by a high wall, which contains his Excellency's residence, and is consequently Government property. Accordingly, at 1 P.M., the first shot was fired from the 10-inch pivot gun of the *Encounter*, and, at intervals of from five to ten minutes, the fire was kept up from that gun till sunset. The *Barracouta* at the same time shelled the troops on the hills behind Gough's Fort, in the rear of the city, from a position she had taken up at the head of Sulphur Creek.

"A proclamation was this day issued, under the High Commissioner's own seal, and placarded publicly, offering a reward of thirty dollars for the head of every Englishman. One of the originals is in possession of her Majesty's consul. Nearly all the Chinese servants now quitted the factory.

"A detachment of eighteen gunners of royal artillery, under Capt. Guy Rotton, joined me. I stationed them at first in the Dutch Folly, where they performed good service.

"14. No change having taken place in the aspect of affairs from the proceedings of the 27th, I resumed operations on the following day from the Dutch Folly, where I placed in position two of the *Encounter's* 32-pounder guns. I had previously given the fullest warning to the inhabitants in the vicinity to remove their persons and property (Capt. Hall having landed twice for that purpose), in which occupation they were engaged during the whole of the night. I began firing shortly after noon, my object being to open a clear passage to the wall of the city. This was materially furthered by a conflagration of a large portion of the houses in our line of attack, which opened the wall to our view. I ceased firing at sunset.

"Captain the Hon. Keith Stewart, of her Majesty's ship *Nankin*, joined me on the morning of the 28th, with 140 of his crew and two field-pieces. Sixty-five of the crew of the United States' corvette *Levant* also arrived, to protect American interests, making their total force 140 officers and men, under Commanders Foote and Smith.

"15. Our firing reopened earlier on the morning of the 29th than

was intended, owing to an appearance as if guns had been mounted on the city wall during the night. At 11 A.M. Commander W. T. Bate and Mr. C. G. Johnson, acting master, late of the *Bittern*, having ascertained, by personal examination and at considerable risk, the practicability of the breach, the force particularized in the enclosed return was told off for the assault, under the command of Commodore the Hon. C. Elliot.

"The landing was effected at 2 P.M., and the men, having formed, were at once led to the attack (accompanied by two field-pieces in charge of Lieutenants Bushnell and Twysden), the seamen by the commodore, Captain the Hon. Keith Stewart, and Commanders Bate and Rolland; the Royal Marines by Captains P. C. Penrose and R. Boyle. The way was most gallantly shown by Commander Bate, whom I observed alone, waving an ensign on the top of the breach. The parapet of the wall was immediately afterwards covered with the marines and seamen, who, diverging to the left and right, had within ten minutes complete possession of the defences between two of the gates, with the field-pieces in the breach.

"Captain Penrose, on gaining the wall, hastened to the gate on the right, on which he hoisted a small flag, to show its position to Captain Hall, who then promptly landed with the boats' crews of the *Calcutta* and *Barracouta*, and, having pushed his way through the streets to the city gate, quickly effected an entrance, with the assistance of Commander Fortescue, Lieut. G. C. Fowler, my flag-lieutenant, Captain Rotton, Royal Artillery, and four gunners of that corps.

"The gate was then blown to pieces, and the archway partially destroyed, by two large charges of gunpowder.

"Little opposition was offered by the Chinese troops (though the guns were loaded on the parapet) beyond keeping up a scattered and desultory fire from the streets and houses, by which we sustained a loss of three private marines killed and 11 men wounded. The wounded were conveyed to the Dutch Folly, where they received every attention from Dr. C. A. Anderson, staff-surgeon of the flag-ship, and Assistant-surgeon Newton, of the *Bittern*.

"I had the satisfaction of entering the city through the gate soon after its passage had been secured; and, accompanied by the commodore, her Majesty's consul, and a portion of the force, I visited and inspected the house and premises of the High Commissioner. We re-embarked at sunset, and the officers and men were returned to their respective quarters; my object, which was to show his Excellency that I had the power to enter the city, having been fully accomplished.

"Before the landing took place I assembled the officers, and urgently impressed upon them (as I had previously done by written order) the necessity of restraining the men from molesting the persons and property of the inhabitants, confining warlike operations against the troops only; and I have pleasure in bearing testimony to the forbearance and good conduct of the seamen and marines. No straggling took place, and when the orders were given to re-embark, the men returned to their boats with regularity and despatch.

"About 5 P.M. a second fire broke out in the suburbs, bordering on the first one, which consumed a large number of houses.

"16. At daylight on the 30th it was discovered that the breach had been filled up during the night with sandbags and timber ; a few shots, however, soon cleared it again, as well as on the mornings of the 31st and the 1st of November.

"17. I now judged it expedient personally to address the High Commissioner, in the hope of inducing him to accede to our demands. I pointed out that the steps which had been taken were occasioned by his refusal to afford reparation in the case of the *Arrow ;* that the city of Canton was at my mercy ; and that it was in his power, by an immediate consultation with me, to terminate a state of affairs so likely to lead to the most serious calamities. His Excellency's reply consisted of a *résumé* of his letters to Mr. Parkes ; he defended his conduct, and intimated that he had already appointed his deputy to consult with me. (This was an officer of very inferior rank to my own.)

"I sent an immediate answer, and informed the High Commissioner that unless I received an explicit assurance of his assent to what I had proposed, I should at once resume operations. I added that the deliberation with which I had so far proceeded should have convinced his Excellency of my reluctance to visit the consequences of his acts on the inhabitants of Canton ; but that should he persist in his present policy, he would be responsible for the result, and would learn, when too late, that we had the power to execute what we undertook. His Excellency rejoined, on the 3rd of November, and, after recapitulating his former correspondence, avoided touching on the subject of our demands.

"18. Fears being entertained that the Chinese would set fire to the houses round the factory to insure its destruction, a party was employed for three days in pulling down such houses as were necessary to our safety, leaving an open space between the town and the factory. One of the rows of houses, called 'Hog Lane,' penetrated the whole length between two of the factories, and had long been a source of disquiet to the mercantile community. The officer commanding the troops at Hongkong subsequently sent me a company of gun Lascars to clear away the *débris*.

"Captain Thomas Wilson arrived on the 31st with ninety officers and seamen of her Majesty's ship *Winchester*.

"19. As the Chinese boats continued to furnish supplies to our ships during the operations, I considered it of great importance to inform the public of the nature of our grievances, the more particularly as various placards had been issued by the government with a view to excite enmity against us. I therefore had copies of my letters to the High Commissioner printed, and Captain Hall distributed them from his boat. They were eagerly sought for. Mr. Parker also promulgated a *précis* of the whole affair.

"20. At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of November, I commenced a slow fire on the Government buildings in the Tartar city, and at Gough's Fort, from the *Encounter*, *Sampson*, and the Dutch Folly, and continued it till 5 P.M. At midnight an explosion took place in a small boat inserted under the platform of the club-house,

where the seamen and marines are lodged. It was evidently intended to blow up and set fire to the building. Fortunately, it did no damage beyond slightly burning one of the sentries. All the Chinese boats which had heretofore been allowed to remain unmolested round the factory sea-wall were now driven away.

"21. Being most anxious to avoid the necessity of further coercive measures, I again addressed the High Commissioner on the 3rd, but, as he could not be brought to entertain the justice of our demands, I was compelled to re-open fire on the 4th, and again on the 5th, from one of the *Sampson's* 68-pounders, mounted in the Dutch Folly. It was principally directed at a fortification crowning a hill in the rear of the city, hitherto considered impregnable; but, although an extreme range, several shells burst within the works, the effects of which must have undeceived the authorities as to their supposed security in that position.

"22. On the 5th inst. I received information that an attack was intended to be made on our ships and the factory, and that twenty-three war-junks were at anchor below the Dutch Folly, protected by the French Folly fort, mounting twenty-six heavy guns. Captain Hall having ascertained the correctness of the statement about the junks, I directed Commodore Elliot to take the *Barracouta, Coromandel,* and the ships' boats, and either disperse or capture them. The narrow channel having been buoyed by Commander Bate, at daylight of the 6th the *Barracouta* proceeded, followed by the *Coromandel* with a detachment of royal marines, and towing the ships' boats. Commander Fortescue anchored his ship about 800 yards above the French Folly, and within 200 yards of the nearest junks, which were perfectly prepared for attack, and drawn up in line of battle. As the Chinese were observed training and pointing their guns, the *Barracouta* was obliged to open fire from her bow pivot-gun to check their deliberate arrangements, before her broadside could be brought to bear. A most animated fire was returned instantly by the junks and forts from more than 150 guns, which was maintained with great spirit for at least thirty-five minutes; but when the ship was sprung, her grape and canister, with the aid of the boats in charge of Captain Thomas Wilson, which, pulling in, opened a most effective fire, soon drove the people out of the junks. The *Barracouta* was then enabled to give her undivided attention to the fort, and, having silenced it, Captain Hall pulled in and took possession. The guns and ammunition were destroyed. Two 32-pounders in the Dutch Folly, whence I had the opportunity of witnessing the engagement, greatly assisted the *Barracouta* by the excellence of their fire.

"Many of the junks being aground, and others sunk by our shot, they were all consequently burnt, except the admiral's ship, which was brought off. Only two escaped, and one of them was afterwards burnt by Captain Hall.

"I was much pleased with the conduct of all the officers and men engaged on this service, especially of Commander Fortescue, his officers, and ship's company, under the heavy fire to which they were exposed. Commander Fortescue mentions the gallant conduct of Lieut. W. K. Bush, senior lieutenant of the *Barracouta.* The commodore has also

brought to my notice the cool courage of Lieutenant H. H. Beamish, of my flagship, in carrying out an anchor during the heaviest of the fire, to enable the *Barracouta* to spring her broadside.

"I am happy to state that our loss only amounted to one seaman, of the *Calcutta*, killed in Lieutenant Beamish's boat, and four men wounded on board the *Barracouta*.

"23. Her majesty's steam ship *Niger* arrived on the 7th from England; and officers and seamen from the French frigate *Virginie* came up to the factory to protect French interests.

"24. At 4 A.M. on the 8th a bold attempt was made to destroy our ships with fire-rafts. Four were sent down by the tide; one was anchored close ahead of the *Barracouta*, and, but for the promptitude with which her cable was slipped, might have been productive of disastrous consequences. One raft burnt at her anchor, the others drifted clear to leeward. To prevent a similar occurrence, I caused a line of junks to be drawn across the river, both above and below the squadron. One of the junks in the upper boom was burnt by a stinkpot, thrown on board on the morning of the 12th, and two fire-boats exploded alongside the *Niger* at 9 A.M. on the 13th. This led to all boats, with which the river is thronged, being ordered beyond the lines of junks.

"25. Between the 8th and 12th of November the consul received three deputations from the principal merchants and gentry of Canton, who seemed anxious to bring about a settlement of the present disastrous state of affairs. They were obliged to admit that our demands were not unreasonable; but that such was the inflexibility of the High Commissioner's character, they feared it would be useless to attempt to alter his expressed determination not to admit our representative into the city. They denied the accusation made by the High Commissioner, that he had been compelled by clamour to offer a reward for our heads, and loudly expressed their disapprobation at it. Even if they have the disposition to settle this dispute in our favour, I fear they lack the power to do so.

"26. Strenuous efforts having been made, without effect, to compel a compliance with our demands, Sir John Bowring, on the 8th, submitted that the next step should be the destruction of the Bogue Forts. Concurring in this opinion, I informed the High Commissioner that unless he submitted within 24 hours I should resume hostile measures. I waited more than the stipulated time, and proceeded in the *Encounter* below the Bogue Forts on the afternoon of the 11th, leaving the *Sampson* and *Niger*, with Commodore Elliot, to protect the factory. I found there the *Calcutta* (in which I re-hoisted my flag), *Nankin*, *Barracouta*, *Hornet* (just arrived from Shanghai), and *Coromandel* tender.

"On the following morning I sent a summons to the chief mandarin to deliver up the forts till the Viceroy's conduct could be submitted to the Emperor of China, pledging myself that the forts should remain uninjured and be given back when the present differences shall be terminated. This being refused, the squadron then attacked the two Wantung Island Forts from the Bremer Channel side, and they were taken possession of

by boats and royal marines after a considerable, though ill-directed resistance, of about an hour. These forts were fully manned, had upwards of 200 guns mounted, and were found stronger than when captured in 1841. The Chinese troops stood to their guns up to the moment our men entered the embrasures. The mandarins had boats in readiness to facilitate their own escape, leaving their unfortunate followers, who rushed into the water until they were assured of their safety by the efforts made to save them. They were afterwards landed on the main.

"One boy killed and four men wounded, on board the Nankin, were, happily, the extent of our casualties, though stinkpots were freely thrown at those who first entered the forts.

"On the 13th the Annunghoy Forts, on the opposite side of the Bogue entrance, mounting together 210 guns, were similarly attacked and taken, and, though some resistance was offered, I am thankful to state without a casualty on our side.

"27. The command of the river being now in our hands, I have no operation in immediate contemplation beyond the security and maintenance of our position; and it will remain with her Majesty's government to determine whether the present opportunity shall be made available to enforce to their full extent the treaty stipulations which the Canton government has hitherto been allowed to evade with impunity.

"28. I have to express my entire approval of the conduct of the officers and men engaged in the series of laborious operations I have felt it my duty to undertake. From the commodore, captains, and commanders I have received the most prompt and efficient assistance, and their example has influenced the officers and men. I have already mentioned the officers who have brought themselves prominently into notice.

"The health of the men is remarkably good; and the squadron continues in an efficient state for any further service.

"29. During the whole of my proceedings I have received the most cordial support of the British and foreign communities, from their confidence that future benefit must be the result. Her Majesty's consul has rendered me the most valuable assistance, particularly from his intimate acquaintance with the Chinese language.

"My thanks are especially due to Commanders Foote and Smith, commanding the United States' naval forces, for the good order and harmony they have so largely contributed to preserve during the present crisis.

"30. I have endeavoured, as briefly as its high importance will permit, to lay before their lordships every particular connected with my proceedings. The original cause of dispute, though comparatively trifling, has now, from the injurious policy pursued by the Imperial High Commissioner, assumed so very grave an aspect as to threaten the existence of amicable relations as regards Canton.

"Though I shall continue to take steps, in conjunction with her Majesty's plenipotentiary, in the hope of being able to bring matters to

Byng Pt
GOSS I.
Sulpher Creek
TSING-HAE
OR
TSING-POO
ROUTE OF ALLIES TO RECONNOITRE THE NORTH FORTS DEC. 23 1857
Fort Pt
Undulating & Cul
VILLAG
Nemesis Reach
Woping
Tsing ning
Tsing Yuen
Long hoi
Canton
Grounds
Canton
Part of the PROVINC of KWANG-TU
British
French
Chinese
Allies
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100
Peacock Pt
TRACK OF THE DOVE, JANUS, DRAKE & KESTREL GUN BOATS FOR A RECONNOISANCE OF THE NORTH FORTS, DEC. 23rd 1857.
SHAMEEN FORT (IN RUINS)
Starling Reach
Oliver Pt
Fatee Creek
GOUGH I.
Fiddler's Reach
WHAMPOA
ENCE
French Brigade
Lemons Batte R. Mar
Reg.t Roy.l Artillery
and Sappers
tish Naval Brigade
Holloway's 1st & 2nd
R.t Marines &
ne Artillery.

a successful termination, I shall be most anxious to receive the instructions of her Majesty's government on this important question.

"31. I enclose a copy of a notice I have had issued to the British community by her Majesty's consul.

"I have, &c. M. SEYMOUR,
"Rear-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief.

"Ralph Osborne, Esq., M.P., Admiralty,
London."

## CHAPTER XXV.

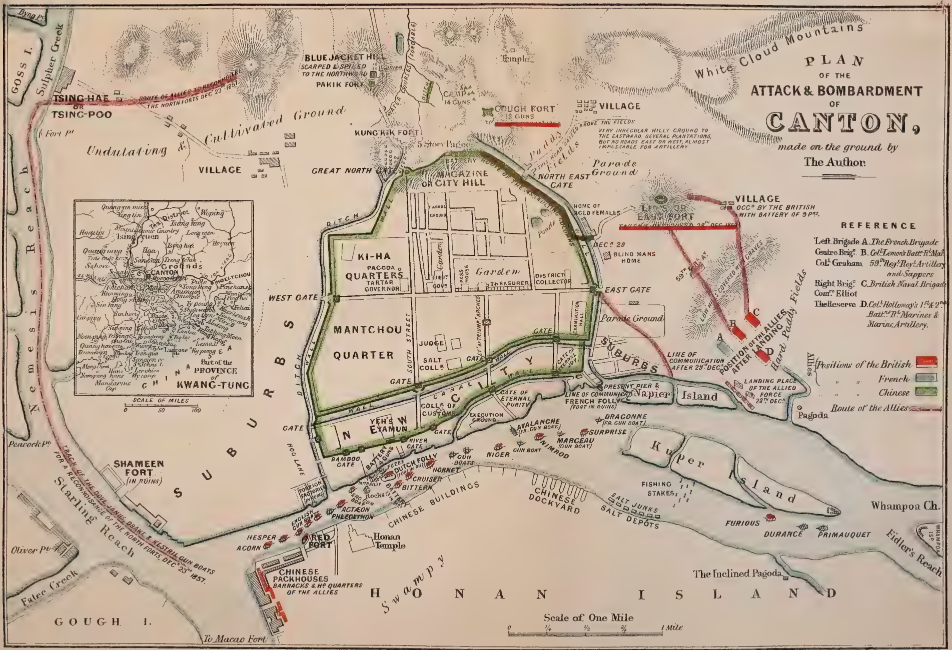
### THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

Advance to Canton River—Flight of the River Population—The Ships take up their positions—Honan—Quarters—Canton from the Honan Pack-houses—Arrival of the Troops—The Mosquitos and the "Browns"—Church Service in a Pack-house—A Peep from the main-truck of the *Nimrod* into Yeh's Yamun—A Reconnaissance to the Western Side of Canton—Another to the Eastern Side—Health of the Troops—Working at the Batteries—Proclamations—A Placarded Mandarin—Plan of Attack—Captain Edgell—The Morning of the Blockade—The First Shell—The Bombardment—Debarcation of the Troops—Capture of the East Fort—The Night Scene of the Bombardment—The Morning of the Assault—The Walls and Forts are taken.

CANTON RIVER, *Dec.* 19.

IT is yet uncertain whether the siege of Canton will terminate in a surrender, an easy victory, or a sanguinary assault. But, whatever the event, it must always be a curiosity in the history of sieges, so I shall chronicle our proceedings from day to day in some detail.

It was on Saturday, the 19th of December, that I had my first near view of Canton. In the dark and drizzling night of the previous day I had left our watch tower at Macao Fort and steered right up the reach towards that vast suburb and those ruined Shameen forts whereof we had taken so many four mile distant surveys from the top of the pagoda. We went on and on till the confused mass of lights separated into individual twinkles. We were so close that I could see a Chinese lantern through the sight of a




Day & Son Lith. to the Queen

rifle when we dropped anchor and the ship swung round to the tide. The splash of oars and the hail of the watch, and lights dotted here and there, told that other ships were around us; but nothing more of this mysterious enemy's country was visible through the murky night. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep, wondering what the morning's light would show us.

Day dawns—up sleepers, up! or the buckets of the deck-washers will souse ye. We rub our eyes, and the first sensation is to expect to hear the swish of a shower of grape. We are in the middle of the hostile city. We are anchored, it is true, off the western point of Honan, just where the river breaks into two streams to form the island. We look down the channel which divides Honan from Canton. But Honan and Canton banks are almost equally covered with buildings; the channel is not really three hundred yards wide—it does not appear to be twenty feet. A thin, meandering line is all the water we can see; the rest is covered by boats—not boats such as we see on the Isis, at the bottom of Christ Church meadows, nor even barges such as we see upon the Thames, but shapeless, house-like structures. Some are gay, flaunting flower-boats, bedizened with paint, and hung within with lanterns and lustres. Some are mandarin passage boats, with high poops and elaborate carvings. The great mass, however, consists of floating huts and houses some two stories high. The habitations of 100,000 people are crowded in this river, and give our position the appearance I have already described, as being in the very midst of the hostile city.

Our little squadron steams and fumes (situated just as if we were a dozen vessels in Chelsea Reach, and the river towards London-bridge crowded as I have said), and the *Cruiser*, in obedience to a signal from the *Coromandel*, detaches herself, and proceeds into the little thread of channel. There is a flutter and a panic among the dwellers upon the water. The outside boats cast off, and the strong tide drifts them rapidly away before our steamer. How it happens that the channel is not hopelessly blocked, we cannot imagine. But the current is very swift; down they go, and the channel is wider by their removal. Then another

tier, and another, and another is detached, and the tide sweeps them still more rapidly away. Surely all Canton is going to vanish down the river. Houses that looked firmly established on the land detach themselves slowly, and then scud off. Give them time—why should we hurry these poor people? An hour, and an hour, and the channel suburb of Canton has removed itself without molestation or injury. They are gone to seek a safer shelter in the numerous creeks which the Chinese only know. Perhaps some of them are gone round to the back of the city. If so, I fear we shall have to disturb them once more; but there are thousands of backwaters and ditches and canals in which they can find safe habitation.

And now the channel is clear. We have an uninterrupted view along it. It is not nearly so wide as the Thames at Wapping, and moreover there are no bridges to interrupt the line of sight; but the buildings on each side are much of the same character as those at Wapping and Rotherhithe —the warehouses of Honan on the right, the low buildings of Canton on the left. About half a mile up there is a wide interval, covered only with heaps of building rubbish, having no structure standing but a newly-built Chinese gateway—a sort of triumphal arch, whereon is writ in Chinese characters, "The site of Hog Lane." Beyond this interval, as large or larger than the Temple-gardens—an interval which will be readily recognized as the location of the destroyed factories—there are ruins. High, square, brick-built pillars start up from the *débris* of their fallen roofs. These are the remains of the hongs and warehouses, battered or buried during the retaliatory attack of the British fleet. A little further on, where the stream slightly widens, there is an islet in mid-channel. It is covered with the wreck of masonry. Stones and brickwork are lying about in shapeless masses; but nine trees, which have survived the deed of violence these ruins tell of, rise in the insterstices and shake their leaves and offer shade. This islet shuts in the view and closes the vista. It is the site of the Dutch Folly Fort.

The *Cruiser* has paused before the melting floating city. Now it is gone, she passes on after it. We watch her with

intense anxiety. Will our friend Yeh suffer this? Or shall we have the contents of those two hundred guns which he is said to have brought to bear upon this channel down upon our decks? The excitement among the Chinese is not less than that among us. The roofs of the houses are crowded. They know that we are not going to fire, for our proclamations have told them that until the time given to Yeh has expired we shall only fire in defence. But the steamer is nearing the Dutch Folly, the scene of the last operations, and the Chinese spectators are as uncertain as we are whether Yeh will allow the presence of a British man-of-war within three hundred yards of his own yamun. "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." Surely this maxim is to be found in Confucius, for in fighting or in yielding it is a Chinaman's only rule of conduct. Yeh, although he has rejected Lord Elgin's demands, is determined to take his full period of respite. Not a soldier appears upon those small patches of the walls that are not hidden by the houses. Even the guns are, as our glasses show us, clumsily concealed by matting and wicker shields. The steamer passes through, and others follow. They cast anchor in mid-stream, and make themselves snug and comfortable, as if they were at Spithead. Imagine a row of ships of war moored stem and stern broadside on to the shore at the Tower stairs and half a mile up and down the stream, and you will have some idea of the position of the *Nimrod*, the *Hornet*, the *Cruiser*, the *Bittern*, the *Actæon*, and the *Acorn*. Half an hour after they had anchored, the gun-boats were running up and down, and the gigs, and cutters, and dingeys were rowing to and fro, and the Chinamen were going from boat to boat with oranges and bananas for sale, as though we had been settled here for a lifetime.

Having thus satisfactorily settled matters on the river, let us go ashore. Not to that left-hand shore to which you might jerk a biscuit from this poop now swinging to the tide, for our deaths are worth dollars there. If any accident were to drift us there, our heads would certainly be set up in company with that of the poor fellow whose head was cut off in that unfortunate expedition of Lieutenant Pym. To repeat a bad pun made by a friend at my elbow, "it would

not be pleasant promotion to become *head of the staff* on that side of the river." On the Honan side there are broad stone landing-places and ranges of warehouses, which by right of conquest, or perhaps we should say by "special occupancy" (a phrase which wants a situation, as the law has just discharged it), belongs to us. There is a small Union Jack upon the roof of one of these, and a larger tricolour upon another. Here, then, let us land.

There is a part of the "'long shore" of the borough of Lambeth which, according to a superstition rife among London cabmen, forms a short cut to the Dover railway. The streets are of a preternatural narrowness, and zig-zag about at angles of the greatest possible acuteness. Warehouse walls rise high and windowless on one side, and wretched shops exude frowsy odours on the other side. There is a perpetual block of cabs and carts, a clamour of angry voices of men whose hope of catching the train grows fainter every moment, a jostling of pedestrians, a Dutch concert of oaths, and a general mass of confusion closely packed. We must allow for some change of circumstances. Substitute laden fatigue parties for cabs and carts, rushing orderlies for impatient travellers, marching detachments for a struggling populace, and then our borough waterside thoroughfare will not be unlike the new British and foreign conquest on the island of Honan. We are scarcely landed before we are swept into the tide of human beings which rushes and eddies in this narrow lane. The warehouses to the left are all open, let us take refuge in one of them. It is a strongly built brick building more than two hundred feet long by one hundred feet broad. At the other end there is a doorway leading to the river, and a loft divided off into compartments. This storehouse is about thirty feet high, and its roof is supported by rows of square brick pillars. It offers a great area with comfortable accommodation for a numerous body of troops.

More than half a mile of river front is occupied by these packhouses: and when we have filled all these, there are plenty more upon the island. As we visit several others we find great stores of tea and bales of English cotton. One is already occupied by a battalion of marines. Nice beds of

junk matting have been made up along the sides of the building, arms and accoutrements are hung upon the walls and pillars, and in the central parts of the area the men are squatting or lolling round their cooking fires and frizzling their rations.

Our object in visiting these places is to obtain a guide to head-quarters. In the narrow thoroughfare I see hundreds whom I know ; but all are in a state of struggle, either on duty or looking for quarters. At last we find the place where the senior colonel and his brigade-major, Colonel Holloway and Major Travers, attended by Captain Ellis, the colonel's aide-de-camp, sit in conclave—the Minos and Rhadamanthus of these regions. Let us stand by a few moments and mark the curious scene. A knot of Chinamen are chin-chinning Minos—a kindly-hearted and gentle-spoken Minos. One is complaining that some sailors have broken into his store of preserved ginger, and are not only eating the excellent ginger, but destroying. In a moment Colonel Holloway gives him a pass and a guard, and explains to him that if his property is not taken away in thirty hours, the guard will be withdrawn. So with the owners of tea and with the proprietor of those cotton bales, and so with the stolid owners of the shops and minor storehouses, all of whom have neglected the warning given them to clear out. Fancy the addition which the removal of these heavy goods by a thousand Chinese coolies must make to the confusion of that narrow lane below. This is only an item of the business done at head-quarters. Fifty soldiers come to copy the brigade orders, which the colonel and the major have passed the night in drawing out. Every moment some officer reports himself. Every minute some, to me unintelligible difficulty is reported, and is solved by a prompt sentence of command. By Jove! these military men get through business quickly. Our little party is dismissed with a word and a scratch of writing, and in two hours I have a small square compartment marked out by bamboo sticks, matting, and piled tea-chests, where, with a chair, a table, and a sofa—the abandoned household gods of some departed Chinaman—I establish myself in peace, within three hundred yards of the guns of Mr. Commissioner Yeh.

Some of us pass the rest of the day on the angular roof of the highest pack-house, and look down on the river and the city. There is nothing picturesque about the view of Canton. No domes and minarets rise from the mass of habitations. No lofty temples, no high monuments, represent historic memories and immortal aspirations. The far-stretching dull level of gray roofs is broken only by the square pawnbrokers' warehouses (just like the warehouses in our docks); by the little watch-boxes erected upon high scaffoldings of bamboo, and looking like multitudes of large pigeon-houses; by a few mandarin poles, and by the mountains and hill forts behind the city. Away to the left this plain of roofs stretches to the horizon. In the foreground, almost at our feet, lie the waterside houses, almost hovels, and generally built on piles. Masked by these, and only visible on close inspection, are the outer walls of the city. Now and then you can see an embrasure, and the march of a Chinese sentry shows the continuity of the wall. The first discharge of the Chinese guns will topple down the rickety buildings, and show the strength or weakness of the outworks. It will also, as our naval friends take care to inform us, knock all our pack-houses "into a cocked hat."

The river swarms with gun-boats all freighted with closely packed red-coats—a terrible sight for the gazing crowds opposite. These gun-boats come up at full speed, disembark their men at the river entrance of the proper pack-house, and in half-an-hour that pack-house becomes a comfortable barracks. Those marines, however, are not so jolly. They are fresh from England, with ruddy faces and sweet blood on the surface of their skins. They are turtle and venison to the Chinese mosquitos. These despicable enemies have bunged up some eyes and blotched many faces. How the marines do swear!

A toilsome day brings a weary night. There are all sorts of "shaves" about night attacks, mines under the pack-houses, fire-rafts, and such like amenities. But my real enemies are the mosquitos and the Browns. Just as intense fatigue overcomes the mosquito bites, I am startled by loud voices, which every half-hour hold this dialogue :—

"Who goes there?"

"Brown."

"What Brown?"

"Mrs. Brown."

"Halt, Mrs. Brown; advance one, and give parol."

Confound this family of Browns! It's a shame of Colonel Holloway to allow women in a place like this, and especially such a restless animal as this Mrs. Brown. She has kept 2,000 men awake all night.

At breakfast next morning I inveighed indignantly against Mrs. Brown. My messmates, with some merriment, insist that the respectable name of Brown is not in fault. I suppose I must take their words for it that the dialogue runs, "Who goes there?" "Rounds." "What rounds?" "Visiting rounds." "Halt, visiting rounds; advance one, and give the parol." But I could still swear any Brown's life away upon the evidence of my ears.

SUNDAY, *Dec.* 20.

Confusion has subsided into a regulated busy action. We had divine service this morning in the largest pack-house. 1,200 marines made up the congregation. Colonel Hocker has induced his non-commissioned officers to form a choir, and the psalms were chanted in a style that would do credit to St. Paul's. There being no provision for the spiritual wants of the marines when brigaded ashore, the admiral attended with his chaplain. It was, I think, the most impressive religious service I ever witnessed, except, perhaps, that simpler spectacle which preceded the battle of Fatshan. The only drawbacks were, that the principal bass was on guard, and the tea-chest seats ever and anon broke down.

TUESDAY, *Dec.* 22.

Yesterday and to-day, all day long, up and down the river. With revolvers in our pockets we do not hesitate to trust ourselves to a Chinese sanpan. These wretched boatmen are glad to earn English shillings, and have not enterprise enough for open kidnapping. I pass hours in watching the sappers and miners (twenty-five of whom most opportunely arrived by the mail steamer) laying the platforms for two 13-inch mortars on the islet called Dutch Folly and for two others on the peninsula called French Folly, about a mile

further down the river. How beautifully these men (aided by the crews of the *Cruiser*, the *Nimrod*, and the *Hornet*), throw up their breastworks among those ruins of the old forts, and how cunningly and quickly they construct their magazine. Chinese guns are pointed on the spot, and riflemen are perched on the stones about us to return their fire should it open. But Yeh does not disturb us. He proposes, no doubt, to let us go the length of our tether, and kill us all in the city, with mines, and musketry, and grape.

Captain Dew has arranged a barrel which hoists up to the truck of his mainmast. From that elevated and uncomfortable spot I could see into the court-yard of Yeh's yamun. Two Mrs. Yehs were hobbling about quite cheerily, but I think I saw signs of removal.

WEDNESDAY, *Dec.* 23.

Last night the general arrived, and the news soon spread that a conference was held on Monday, at which the two plenipotentiaries, the two admirals, and the general were present, and that the diplomatists formally handed over the affair to the belligerents.

The business of to-day was a reconnaissance in force to get a near view of the forts to the north of the city. At two o'clock, the *Dove*, the *Janus*, the *Drake*, and the *Kestrel* gunboats, with seventy marines and twenty-five French bluejackets (who are disciplined like our marines), started. The two admirals, the general, and Colonel Holloway, with their *suite*, were in the *Dove*. West of the city, the river which washes the base of Canton, makes a sharp turn to the northward, so that about four miles up the stream is at the same distance from the forts as it is at the pack-houses. Up these four miles we steamed; passing Puntinqua's garden with its little white pagoda, and many other well-wooded inclosures—passing also a dismantled fort on the left bank, and arriving, in about an hour, at the village of Tsing-poo. This was where Gough landed to attack the city. The bank consists of elevated ground, hillocks from which batteries might sweep the river, and there are buildings and loop-holed walls whence deadly discharges might come. The leaders jumped from their boat, and we paid the French the

compliment of allowing the first of their bluejackets to land a moment before the first of our marines; then away we all went inland at a killing pace, for the two admirals and the general stretch out like prize pedestrians. It was a beautiful breezy walk over a mile and a half of undulating country. We were now in front of the forts, which rise before us in extended panoramic view—not confused and foreshortened, as we see them from the pack-houses. They extend along a spur from the White Cloud Mountain, a line of mamelon-shaped hills which stretch from the mountain down to the north of the city, and one of which invades Canton itself. It was a pretty sight on this sunny December day to see the little parties of redcoats and bluejackets posted upon different hills to prevent our being cut off, and ready to support each other, while the reconnoitring party climbed the nearest elevation, where, within 1,800 yards of Gough's fort, and within 1,500 of a heavily armed bastion, the chiefs took a survey through their glasses of the heights to be climbed. Captain Bate mapped the country, Major Clifford, whose miniature Victoria Cross attracts every eye, took plans of the fortifications, and your humble servant made a rough sketch of the interesting panorama before us. We are within range of all these guns, and tremendous in size they are. There are some fellows in that bastion training a gun to bear upon us, and we expect every moment to see the puff of smoke. The monster guns of the Chinese throw solid shot, and being fired upon the non-recoil principle, carry to enormous distances. At Fatshan I saw a ball fired from 2,000 yards come on board a gunboat, pass through a gun-carriage, knocking it into splinters, and go out through the stern. I suspect, however, that there is some truth in what a deserter told us yesterday. He says that Yeh is waiting for reinforcements, that he has sent to collect all the forces of the two Quangs, and has given orders that not a gun shall be fired lest it should precipitate the attack before his succours have come in. This man was disbelieved because he was an ill-favoured, hang-dog looking fellow—as though a deserter was likely to look like an honest man!

It was a rapid affair, that reconnaissance. We returned

as swiftly as we came, and were back in our quarters by six o'clock.

To the general it was very useful, for it showed him, if I mistake not, that an attack on this side would cost him five hundred men. The bluejackets are all for going helter-skelter at the forts, and swear they would carry them in four hours; so *in all probability* they would: but the general prefers certainties to probabilities.

To me this little expedition was invaluable, for it is only little by little that I can hope to gain or to convey to my readers an accurate idea of this great city. When I look at it from the pack-houses I despair of being able to see or to describe the assault. Canton is at least as large as the Surrey suburbs of London; it is quite as flat, and it contains 1,000,000 inhabitants. Captain Dew's pork-barrel at the main-truck of the *Nimrod* will be occupied by the captain for the purpose of directing his guns; but if this were not so, it would not be of much use for close observations to the dizzy head and swimming brain of a landsman. How can I hope to follow the fortunes of 5,000 men penetrating that labyrinth by different routes?

THURSDAY, *Dec.* 24.

To-day there was a reconnaissance on the eastern side of the city. Two gunboats at daylight landed the reconnoitring party at a creek about a mile to the east of the French Folly. We struck inland over low hills covered with graves, and soon reached a picket-house, which had twice fired upon and repulsed previous small exploring parties. We came prepared to force it; but the party was withdrawn as we approached. They were about two hundred. We crossed a paved causeway leading towards the city, and continued our trot over the steep and slippery graveyards, and over the dry, hard paddy fields until we arrived at an eminence which the leaders seemed to think gave the required *coup d'œil*. We were now about eight hundred yards from the great eastern gate of the city, and the same distance from the eastern fort outside the city. The gate lay to the west of us, and the fort was to the north. Some intervening trees partially intercepted the view of the city walls.

and gate; but the fort was open to view. The general had seen enough. This is evidently the route of the attacking party. The fort before us will be taken at a rush, and this will give us a strong position, whence the wall can be breached or escaladed. Over that wall is the northern half of the city, where the public offices and great yamuns and pleasure-gardens are, and where there are no narrow streets. Thence our storming party will assault the Magazine-hill, and thence all the long line of hill forts we saw yesterday will be taken in reverse. The general, I am told, makes it a point of honour—or rather a point of art—to take that terrible Gough Fort without the loss of a man. It is lucky for us we have not Russians to fight with here; in the hands of the engineers who fortified the heights of Sebastopol this city would be impregnable. During the reconnaissance every eminence was crowded with multitudes of Chinese, and mandarin soldiers were running about the walls with little flags; but if they contemplated any attack, we were come and gone before they could make their preparations.

The reconnoitring party were back to breakfast at eleven o'clock, having accomplished a "most satisfactory" survey of the ground.

In the afternoon proclamations were distributed along the Canton shore, warning the inhabitants that Yeh had rejected the terms offered, and that if the city were not surrendered within forty-eight hours it would be bombarded and stormed. The time of issuing this proclamation was chosen so that it might expire on Saturday night. Sunday will then intervene, and thus give the people some more hours to clear out, and the authorities more time to look at our preparations, and make up their minds as to the futility of resistance.

We must have this city. The island of Honan would be in a few months a charnel-house of British troops. At present they are wonderfully healthy. In Colonel Hocker's battalion there are only fifteen sick out of seven hundred men. This is attributable to the cold weather, the plentiful fresh rations, beef, and even Shanghai mutton five times a week; and the extraordinary supplies we have of quinine wine.

The intelligent arrangements of the commanders must of course have their due acknowledgment. But all these will be powerless to prevent sickness if hot weather should find us here. I have only described the allied position yet, not the island of Honan. The pack-houses and stores only form the fringe of this great island. The country behind our barracks is a swamp. The stagnant water comes up to the wall at the rear of our quarters. The general aspect of the island to the back of our position is like that of the Isle of Dogs, without its drains. Even now, when the nights have become cold, it cannot be healthy. Three months hence it will reek with pestilence.

"Will Yeh yield?" is still the question in every mouth. It makes one's heart ache to think of the miseries that must fall upon this doomed city should he still hold out. It is not we who shall destroy and plunder; but if we may trust the precedents of all foreign sieges, the commencement of the bombardment will be the signal for all the dangerous classes of Canton to sack and fire the city and carry off their loot. We shall probably stand by, as we did at Che-kiang-foo, guarding their exit, and thinking we are doing a humane act in allowing "the poor Chinese" to remove *their* property. For the merchants and the mandarins, especially the former, I have no sympathy. It is they who have rendered all this necessary. It is they who, for their own pecuniary profit, excited the populace, subscribed to hire "braves" and print lying proclamations, and prevented the carrying out of the treaty. It is they who have kidnapped and tortured our countrymen. It is they who have built triumphal arches in the city to commemorate the expulsion of the barbarians, who wear decorations showing the part they took in the good work, and who travel northwards to Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, and twit the contented people in those parts with their cowardice in not cuffing and spitting upon the barbarians even as the brave Cantonese have done. Canton must fall. Even in the interest of the Chinese, Canton must fall. But how gladly should I close this letter by saying that it has fallen without a shot fired or a life sacrificed.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The besiegers are resting from their labours. The 59th have come up, but have not yet disembarked. The mortar batteries on Dutch Folly have been completed; the works on the French Folly have been abandoned. Everyone's ingenuity is taxed, and, moreover, the fleet is most heavily taxed to get up the materials for some Christmas festivity. The trees on Dutch Folly have been robbed of their boughs to do duty for holly—mistletoe we have no use for—but the ration beef is not cut in barons and sirloins, and the plum-puddings, though made by stalwart marines, are mockeries, delusions, and snares.

Will the mail take you the news of the fall of Canton? Not if we have to take it by force. On Monday morning the batteries open. On Monday, at twelve, the mail leaves. It is not one of the contract mails, and it cannot be delayed without risk of missing the steamer at Galle, a contingency which happened to the letters to which the last English mail ought to have brought us answers. The consequence is that the word "China" does not once occur in our last files of the *Times*—a pleasant thought for soldiers and sailors who, 15,000 miles away, look to home for sympathy and encouragement.

SATURDAY, *Dec.* 26.

This day passes in anxious preparations. The men of the pen are preparing copies of the plan of attack both for the fleet and the army. The boats are hurrying about, transshipping munitions of war. The only people who look quite happy and unconcerned are the Chinese coolies, who, exulting in the magnificent daily ration of two pounds of rice and half a pound of salt beef, carry huge loads about right joyously, grinning and chattering like monkeys. Captain Hall and Mr. Parkes continue their dangerous labour of distributing proclamations. They land a strongly armed company suddenly in a suburb and post up the proclamation or distribute it to the crowd which soon assembles. In one of these rapid descents Captain Hall caught a mandarin in his chair, not far from the outer gate. The captain pasted the mandarin up in his chair with the barbarian papers, pasted the chair all over with them, and started the bearers

to carry this new advertising van into the city. The Chinese crowd, always alive to a practical joke, roared. These belligerent billstickers have brought off some Chinese counter proclamations. Arrogant to the last, these papers say that the rebellious English, having seduced the French to join in this rebellion, it becomes necessary to stop the trade altogether, and utterly to annihilate these barbarians.

This evening the orders were issued detailing the plan of attack.

From the general orders I extract the following :—

"GENERAL ORDERS.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, HONAN, *Dec.* 26.

"1. The troops under command of Major-General Van Straubenzee, C.B., will be formed into brigades as follows :—

"1ST, OR COLONEL HOLLOWAY'S BRIGADE. — 1st battalion royal marine light infantry ; 2nd battalion, ditto, under command of Colonel Holloway, aide-de-camp ; brigade-major, Captain Travers, royal marine light infantry ; and aide-de-camp, Captain Ellis, ditto.

"2ND OR COLONEL GRAHAM'S BRIGADE. — Royal engineers and volunteer company of sappers, royal artillery and royal marine artillery, provisional battalion royal marine light infantry, 59th regiment, 38th Madras native infantry, under command of Colonel Graham, 59th regiment ; brigade-major, Major Luard, 77th regiment ; aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hacket, 59th regiment. The whole of the artillery will be placed under the orders of Colonel Dunlop, R.A. Captain Morrison, 1st battalion royal marine light infantry, is appointed provost-marshal."

The general order issued by the admiral is as follows :—

"GENERAL ORDER.

"*Before* CANTON, *Dec.* 26.

"The naval and military Commanders-in-Chief of the allied forces before Canton have agreed to the following order of operations against the city. First bombardment to commence at daylight on Monday morning, the 28th of December :—

"The ships and vessels named in the note (under letter A*), on the signal hereafter indicated being made, will open fire on the south-west angles of the city walls, with a view to breach them, and impede the communication of the Chinese troops along their parapets to the eastward.

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* (A) *Actæon, Phlegethon,* and gunboats.

"The ships and vessels named in the note (under letter B†), and the Dutch Folly, with a similar object, will breach the city walls opposite the viceroy's residence; the mortars in the Dutch Folly likewise shelling the city and Gough Heights.

"The ships and vessels named in the note (under letter C‡), between the Dutch Folly and the French Folly, will open fire on the south-east angle of the new and old city walls, and the walls forming the east side of the city.

"These three several attacks will commence simultaneously when a white ensign shall be hoisted at the fore of the *Actæon*, and a yellow flag as a corresponding signal at the same time hoisted at the fore of the *Phlegethon*.

"The *Hornet* and the *Avalanche* will repeat these signals at their fore so long as the flags shall remain flying on the beforementioned ships.

"The bombardment is to be in very slow time, and continued day and night, not to exceed per each gun employed sixty rounds § during the first twenty-four hours.

"Immediately the bombardment opens, the landing of the allied force will take place at the creek in Kupar (where the British and French flags will be planted), in the following order, commencing at daylight:—

"1. Sappers and miners, 59th regiment, royal artillery, stores, ammunition, &c.

"2. The French naval brigade, stores, &c.

"3. The naval brigade, under the orders of Commodore the Hon. C. Elliot.

"4. The naval brigade from Canton.

"5. Lieut.-Colonel Lemon's battalion of royal marines.

"6. Colonel Holloway's brigade of royal marines, &c.

"The disembarcation of the French forces will be superintended by Captain Reinaud, flag-captain; the British troops and royal marines, by Major the Hon. H. Clifford.

"The British naval brigade, by Captain W. K. Hall, C.B., flag-captain.

"The following will be the disposition of the united forces after landing:—

"British naval brigade on the right.

"Centre brigade, composed of Lieut.-Colonel Lemon's provisional battalion, 59th regiment, royal artillery, and sappers.

"French brigade on the left.

"Colonel Holloway's brigade in reserve, with royal marine artillery.

"After getting into position, the allied forces will remain in line of contiguous columns of brigade until further orders for an advance,

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†(B) *Mitraille, Fusée, Cruiser, Hornet;* gunboats *Niger* and *Avalanche.*
‡(C) *Nimrod, Surprise, Dragonne, Marceau,* gunboats.
§ Except the ships under letter C, which will fire 100 rounds.

which will be made to a position for the night, preparatory to active service in the morning.

"M. Seymour, Rear-Admiral Commander-in-Chief of her Britannic Majesty's naval forces.
"C. Regnault de Genouilly, Rear-Admiral Commander-in-Chief of his Imperial Majesty's naval forces.
"C. F. Van Straubenzee, Major-General commanding the military forces.

"M. C. Seymour, Flag-Lieutenant."

The naval brigade will be composed as follows :—

"Commodore the Hon. G. J. B. Elliot, C.B., to command the brigade.

"1st division.—Captain the Hon. Keith Stuart, Captain G. S. Hand, Commander G. F. C. Hamilton, Commander F. A. C. Brooker; the *Sybille*, 8 officers and 153 men; the *Nankin*, 9 officers and 208 men; the *Sampson*, 3 officers and 48 men; the *Racehorse*, 3 officers and 49 men; the *Elk*, 3 officers and 45 men; the *Inflexible*, 3 officers and 52 men:—Total, 584. The *Sybille's* and *Nankin's* boats' crews to form a company.

"2nd division.—Captain A. C. Key, Commander A. W. L. Hood, Commander J. A. Slight; the *Calcutta*, the *Sanspareil*, the *Acorn*, and the *Macao Fort*, 474 men. The *Calcutta's* and *Sanspareil's* boats' crews to form a company.

"3rd division.—Captain Sir R. M'Clure, Knt.; Captain Sherrard Osborne, C.B.; Captain the Hon. A. A. Cochrane, C.B.; Commander W. M. Dowall, Commander Charles Fellows; the *Esk*, 6 officers and 104 men; the *Niger*, 4 officers and 65 men; the *Highflyer*, 5 officers and 64 men; the *Hornet*, 4 officers and 65 men; the *Cruiser*, 4 officers and 65 men; the *Furious*, 10 officers and 70 men :—Total, 446.

"Grand total, 1,501."

I am sorry I cannot give you the names of officers and the composition of the French landing force. The French have a feeling in regard to the publication of their arrangements which I of course respect. The position and number of their ships are a fact patent to all eyes, and I have therefore included them in the plan which I forward you.*

In the list of the naval brigade we miss the name of Captain Edgell. The non-arrival of the *Princess Charlotte* keeps the *Tribune* a prisoner at Hongkong. It is sometimes a

* This plan is inserted in this volume.

penalty that a man pays for being a perfectly reliable officer that he is wanted for some responsible post where energy and judgment are indispensable. Such is Captain Edgell's case; but we are all here too much indebted to his unwearying industry and foresight to forget him. As protector of Hongkong and general agent to the fleet he is doing more important work than he could do even here.

MONDAY, *Dec.* 28.

It is five o'clock in the morning, the north wind whistles through the shrouds, and it is thick darkness as we climb he rigging to the main-top of her Majesty's ship ——.

Yeh knows what must happen at daybreak. It has been told throughout the fleet, it has been intentionally allowed to be known to the bumboatmen and all who have communication with the opposite shore, that the bombardment will commence at daybreak. The frequent reconnaissances on the eastern side have also told them that the attack will be on that side, and we know they have taken the hint, for two new embrasures have broken out yesterday, and guns have been mounted in them.

Before the first streak of daylight every glass is directed upon the berth of the green passage boat. We call it Howqua's boat. It is moored on the other side of the river, and used to carry messages to and fro, and always has a white flag flying. The boat and the flag are still there, but she does not move. No, she does not move. I must use the seamen's more practised eyes to tell me so, for I cannot yet distinguish objects. Surely, surely, these men will yield while there is yet time! There seems to be no thought of such a thing. Had there been, it is now too late. A cheer tells me that, not in the dawn, but in the less thick darkness, up goes the white ensign to the main of the *Actæon*, and at the same moment a yellow flag flies on the main of the *Phlegethon*. I expected at that moment to hear a concussion that should have shaken the earth. Not so. A dropping fire, gun by gun, runs along the line. I fancy that the *Cruiser*, which has the guns from the bastion in front of Yeh's yamun pointed down upon her deck, fires a broadside to anticipate them, but I may be mistaken, for I am some

way off, and the puffs of smoke are already wreathing about. Some minutes elapse, and the light strengthens. Then off goes one of the mortars upon Dutch Folly. It is fired at Gough Fort. The whistling shell speeds high over the city —just as I have often seen them, and heard their plaintive whistle over the heights of Tchernaya, or from the earth-works on the north of Sebastopol harbour. It does not reach its object. At its highest elevation—far, far away—it puffs forth in a thin white cloud. I can now see the dark fragments falling, and in the cold, cloudless morning sky that little cloudlet hangs—

> "As though an angel in his upward flight,
> Had left his mantle floating in mid air."

Strange fancies seize us in these highly wrought moments—the angel of mercy has fled from the doomed city.

Slow and continuous, with a sombre monotony, like the firing of minute guns, the cannonade continues. No broadsides —no quick firing—no excitement. Every gun is accurately pointed, after many minutes' care, to strike or sweep the appointed wall, and to avoid the habitations. The shells are not so obedient as the round shot. What the opposing guns are doing we cannot see, for the smoke gathers thick below us, and the big guns seem to have brought down the wind.

Vainly do the mortar-shells strive to reach those hill forts, which seem to be sleeping in tranquil security against the cold grey sky. They all fall short. That red five-storied barn, which is called the five-storied pagoda, and which is said to be the barrack of five hundred Tartars, was nearly touched ; a shell burst half-way up the hill. But Gough Fort has never yet been approached. Some, who must have keener sight than I have, say that the Chinese are endeavouring to bring their monster guns to bear this way. The strength of the armament of those forts was placed to bear upon the eastern face when we reconnoitred them on Wednesday last ; but it is useless, even if practicable, to change the bearing of those guns. If we cannot reach them at this, nearly 4,000 yards' range, with our mortars, they will never reach us. The morning wears on and the smoke thickens, and still this dull monotonous minute-gun sound continues.

Still no sign of surrender. These strange Chinese actually seem to be getting used to it. Sanpans and even cargo-boats are moving down the river like London lightermen in the ordinary exercise of their calling; people are coming down to the bank, and watch the shot and shell fly over their heads. Even the great kites which hover about here all day have returned, and are circling above the smoke.*

Now the gunboats leave their stations, embark the troops, and hurry down the river to the landing-place at Kupar Creek. I also change my position, and dot down these hasty memoranda as I fly. A strong body has already landed, and through my glass I can distinctly see the general and his staff—protected by a party of bluejackets and redcoats, either marines or 59th, I can't distinguish which, for they are crouched on the ground—pushing a close reconnaissance to Fort Lin.

Here I must leave off. It is now half-past eleven o'clock. The *Opossum* leaves with the mail exactly at twelve, and I have small time to close my despatch and reach the admiral's office.

* Many curious instances occurred which I had not time to write. During the whole of the fire the river was covered with charred timber. The wooden houses by the waterside had taken fire, and while they were yet blazing the Chinese pulled down the beams, and pushing them into the river towed them across between the bombarding ships to the island of Honan. By the light of the blazing houses strange sights were seen. A 12-pound rocket fell short and was burning upon the ground, a Chinaman attacked it with a flail as if it had been a living thing: of course it burst at last and blew the poor fellow to pieces. In a room opening upon the river a family were taking their evening meal within two hundred yards of the *Phlegethon*, which was keeping up a constant discharge of shells, all of which passed a few feet over their heads. The light was so strong that the interior of the room was visible in all its details—the inmates were all eating their rice as though nothing particular was happening outside. The firemen were working their fire-engines within point blank fire of the ships; and directly Yeh left his yamun the populace burst in and gutted it, although at that time the *Cruiser* was making it the target of her fire. I was told, although I did not notice this myself, that the sanpans were all day long proceeding from ship to ship, and selling fruit and vegetables to the sailors who were bombarding their city. Who can pretend to understand such a people as this?

*Half-past* 12.

No sign of surrender. The embarkation of the land force continues, and the bombardment goes on.

*Before* CANTON, *Dec.* 29.

Some person at Hongkong has taken upon him to delay the mail. Whoever it may be, it was done without the knowledge of Lord Elgin or the admiral, for their despatches went by the steamer which conveyed mine. However, I send you a supplementary letter.

I broke off in my first despatch while the bombardment was still proceeding, while the troops were landing at Kupar Creek, and while the general was prosecuting a close reconnaissance of the East (or Lin's) Fort.

So near did the reconnoitring party advance without any appearance of defenders, that we imagined the fort must be deserted. I suppose, however, the general had reason to think otherwise, for the 59th and the artillery were ordered up, and were posted in the broken ground to the left, while some of the naval brigade and marines, who had now formed upon a hill-side, were advanced into the village on the right of the fort. Immediately this movement took place, some matting which covered a square building on the top of the round stone fort was removed, and three guns from the lower embrasures and a volley from gingalls on the top soon told that the place was occupied. Our men were well under cover, and skirmishers were pushed forward, who, with the deadly Enfield, made it dangerous for the gunners to appear in their large embrasures. They continued their fire, however, with great pertinacity until the 9-pounder field-pieces were got into position, and battered and shelled the place (from the village side and across the ravine which separates the village from the fort) at close quarters. A storming party was now formed, but the Chinamen had had enough of it, and, after firing a general volley at the advancing column, they absconded in some mysterious way, and were seen swarming up the hill towards Gough Fort ; a moment after and two men appeared in the embrasures waving the English and French flags.

My view of this operation was from the river side of the

fort. What happened afterwards I saw less distinctly. About an hour after the fort had been in our possession it blew up with a loud explosion.* The occupying party and also the troops encamped on the hill side were put in motion, ascended the hill, and descended on the other side. I saw Captain Maclure's and Captain Osborne's men, conspicuous by their white gaiters over their blue trowsers, gather on a little summit and disappear into the valley beyond. There we lost sight of them. Volleys of musketry and flights of rockets continued in that direction for several hours, and there was all the appearance of an obstinate fight, which lasted till sundown; but whether this was occasioned by the discovery of some unknown fort commanding the east fort and rendering it necessary to blow up the latter, or whether some body of Chinese troops had come out into the open, we shall not know until we can draw out the separate threads of this widely spread entanglement.†

Then came the night—and such a night! The ships almost ceased from their firing, but the city soon became like our own Shropshire iron countries at night—a plain of fire. At first it appeared as though the besiegers were bent upon reducing the place to ashes; but little by little, as I gained, by a change of position, some idea of the scene as a whole, the destruction was not without a plan. There was a great blaze at the north-west angle of the city. The gate there is surmounted by a Chinese guardhouse, with the usual grotesque upward pointed roof. Shells and rockets were poured in volleys upon this structure, and it soon became a sheet of flame, through which the roof, the rafters, and the walls stood out in dark outline. By constant showers of

* The explosion was occasioned by an accident. Some bags of Chinese powder had been thrown over the wall, and an accidental spark exploded them.

† A large body of Tartar troops came out skirmishing, firing their gingalls from the cover of the graves, and keeping up a constant flight of bamboo rocket spears. This is a terrific weapon to look at: it makes an ugly noise as it whirrs past you, or as it "fids" into the ground, and if it strikes, the rocket goes on burning inside your body. It is very wonderful that out of the tens of thousands of these missiles which must have been exploded among our men during these two days, only one man was killed by a rocket spear.

rockets the flame was led up and down the city wall, and in an incredibly short time the long, thin line of fire shot high into the heavens, and then subsided into a smouldering smoke.

While this was still raging, those vengeful rockets described a new parabola. They came hurtling through the moonlight along the line of the eastern wall. They sought out the three spots which have been marked as the objects of the triple assault of the English and French troops to-morrow. As those dreadful 24-pound rockets flew, flames arose. They seemed to lead the fire about as a tame element, precisely as they willed; and, strange to say, it never seemed to spread inwards, or to stray from the line of the city walls. I expect that when, at some more convenient season, I come to see the interior, I shall find that all the conflagrations we have been watching to-night with an awe-stricken pity have destroyed only that line of old houses which leant against the inner side of the wall and afforded cover to those gingalls whence all our great losses in affairs with the Chinese have arisen. I may be wrong, for I pledge myself to nothing that I write in this confusion of showering rockets and crashing roofs—if I am wrong, I can correct my impression hereafter.

TUESDAY, *Dec.* 29.

I mark the change of days, but they are not divided by repose. All night the city was girt by a line of flame. The approach of morning was indicated by a suspension of the rocket practice, and by the reopening of the mortar battery with redoubled energy. As the day broke the flames sank down and the sun rose upon a perfectly smokeless city. It is necessary to describe the conformation of a Chinese city more accurately than I now have time to do, to account for the rapidity with which the wallside houses perished. For police purposes every city is divided into walled departments of some fifty yards square, with gates that can be closed. The houses that lean upon the inner walls are, in most cities that I have seen, divided from the rest by a mound or a ditch; they are encroachments—hovels made by squatters—wood and thatch, that blaze and vanish.

The charges of powder must have been increased in the mortar batteries, for the shells now flew high up to the hill-forts. One of them at daybreak burst upon an embrasure of Fort Gough, and another went right over it. The ships that had been enfilading the eastern wall now ceased firing. It was the moment for the assault. In the neighbourhood of the east fort the three divisions formed and the rush was made. For two hours nothing is visible but smoke, nothing is heard but the rattle of musketry and loud cheering. What deeds are done among this broken ground—among these trees and brushwood—on the tops and in the interstices of these grave-covered hillocks—how fare these forces, spread over more than a mile of attack, what divisions are first, who fall and who survive, I must tell hereafter. At a quarter to nine o'clock the wall is gained, and I see the bluejackets, English and French, racing along it northwards. Gough's Fort gives out its fire—let us hope without effect; but, well served, its guns might sweep the wall. There is a check and silence for half an hour. I can recognize the blue trousers of one of the divisions of our naval brigade. The leaders are probably teaching them how to take that five-storied pagoda upon the north-western wall. Along the city wall, and protected by its battlements, they pass, I think unscathed, the fire from Gough Fort away to their right, and come in front of a gleaming white battery, newly built, and full of guns erected upon a ledge of the rock upon which the wall and the five-storied pagoda here stand. If the assailants would only go to a proper distance, how these guns would riddle them. But with a rush and a cheer a detachment strikes from the cover of the wall, which the guns do not command, and houses itself safely at the foot of the very rock which bears the battery. Not a shot can it fire. The riflemen from the walls now ply this half-moon for some minutes, and in a quarter of an hour the detachment at the foot of the rock has gone round and taken the position from behind. Relieved from these guns, which might have swept them down by hundreds, our men in serried masses are now swarming along the wall. The five-storied pagoda (which is no more a pagoda, according to our notion of a pagoda, than it is a bumboat, but an old

square red building divided into storeys) is carried by the bayonet, and the French and English colours are hoisted simultaneously. Now, Gough's Fort opens out sulkily upon its late ally; but the assailants, not waiting to reply, hurry along the intervening wall westward. I can follow them for some time from my position, and I hear them cheering when I lose them in the hollow. A few minutes of sharp fusillade, and bluejackets emerge from the trees and buildings upon Magazine-hill. A moment after, and up go the two bits of bunting which tell that this key of Canton is our own.

It is now twenty minutes after ten. In one hour and a half, therefore, the hill defences of this city have been captured. Gough's Fort yet holds out, but this is a mere question of a few hours or minutes more or less—the Magazine-hill commands it, and it is within point blank range.

The whole of the operations have been conducted with a view to occasion the smallest possible sacrifice of life, and especially of the lives of our own men and of our allies. We may hope, therefore, that the victory will be a cheap one. I purposely refrain from repeating any of the rumours that are flying about as to deaths and wounds, but I may state it as within my own knowledge, that Captain Bate was killed while superintending the placing of the scaling-ladders. Captain Hackett was also killed, and Lord Gilfurd is wounded in the arm. How many others are lost it is impossible to say. The Chinamen are still shooting at our men from the tops of the houses, and if this goes on I fear it will be necessary to treat the city less tenderly than hitherto.

While the *Algerine* gunboat, Lieutenant Forbes, is, with steam up, taking the supplemental despatches on board,—2·5 P.M.,—Gough's Fort is assaulted and taken.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CAPTURE OF CANTON.

Bivouac on the Joss-house Floor—Hall's Terrace—Description of the Landing-place—The Wounded—The Coolies—The French—Dangerous Passage from the Landing-place to the East Gate—Seventy Hours of Rain—The Men upon the Walls—Pork and Fish—A Peculiarity of Instinct in Chinese Pigs—The Point of Escalade—The Morning of the 29th—The Escalade—Death of Captain Bate—Affair between the Tartar Troops and Colonel Holloway's Brigade under the Walls—Loss in Killed and Wounded—The Forts are Blown up—Apathy of the Chinese—The Troops Enter the City—Capture of Peh-kwei—The Treasury is taken—The French capture the Tartar General—The Chase after Yeh—The Capture of Yeh—His Behaviour—Interrogation of the Mandarin Prisoners—Yeh is sent on board the *Inflexible*—Peh-kwei and the Tartar General are re-instated in Office—Ceremony of Installation—List of Casualties.

CANTON, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 2.

WE have now been five days upon the heights and walls of the city of Canton, but the plain of chimneyless roofs which lies at our feet is as impervious as ever. Our lines down this Magazine-hill are not very extended, and our quarters are not very luxurious. In the great open joss-house on the top of the hill colonels, and subalterns, and orderlies, and servants huddle almost indiscriminately. We sleep on the stone floor, wrapped only in our blankets. We make fires to cook our food in the bronze sacrificial urns ; the servants, who have no blankets, wrap themselves in the dusty altar-clothes ; the stores of red votive candles serve to faintly illumine the dingy building, and also to grease our boots ; the table where the offerings were laid is applied to the purposes of the officers' mess ; the brigade major has made his office in one corner. The great gilded idol looks down serenely upon his new race of votaries. Fortunately, the roof is unbroken, but the appearance of the neighbourhood is not one of perfect repair. A 13-inch shell has burst upon

the stone terrace in the immediate front, and made a crater from which every near-lying thing flew up in fragments. At the back there is a Chinese battery with long guns of curious antiquity, mounds of grape-shot, and inconvenient quantities of loose powder; but this has received so many attentions from those distant ships whose square yards are only just visible here, that we climb about at the risk of breaking our shins or bringing down upon our heads a tottering shed. The spot where I have sought shelter is the very point to which all our heavy ordnance was directed, for it was the key of the city defences. Against these fortress temples the monster mortars on the Dutch Folly roared, hitherwards the French *Phlégéthon* threw her great conical shells and the gun-boats pointed their 10-inch guns. Downwards many steep wide flights of granite steps descend. Sometimes they are lost to sight by the roofs of the joss-houses and villas lower down, sometimes they are hidden by the trunks or foliage of the ancient trees. We know nothing yet of what is below, for a pattering fire salutes any one who ventures a few yards away, and the orders are strict not to provoke this, lest we be obliged in returning it to damage the city. We see enough, however, in the upheaved terraces and perforated roofs, to tell us that this must have been an unquiet residence on the day and night of the 28th of December, and we are not greatly astonished at knowing that the garrison was found much disheartened on the morning of the 29th.

But, although we cannot yet walk about leisurely at the foot of Magazine-hill, we can walk on the walls, and in another day or two we shall be able to pass without an escort to our ships. Captain Hall is making a new landing-place at the south-east point of the city, and it is already looking so smart and trim that people call it "Hall's-terrace." But this is quite a new affair. Order is only beginning to reign in our communications. It was quite a different thing when, on the second day after the assault, forced by hunger and by thirst, and by sore bones aching by contact with those joss-house flag-stones, I descended from our heights on the desperate enterprise of getting up a certain portmanteau and warm wraps, a two-dozen case of sherry, and another case

full of preserved meats, all which I had deposited for safety on board one of her Majesty's ships.

This was a more hopeless quest than any ever made after a golden fleece; and, as it was successful only after two days' incessant work and watching, it gave me full opportunity of seeing everything that was going on from the landing place to head-quarters. Talk of Balaklava, that interesting village in its palmiest days was not such an entanglement of confusion as the landing-place which formed the terminus of the communication between the army and the ships. The point is where a shallow streamlet or drain falls into the river, about a mile to the east of the south-eastern corner of the city wall. Suburban waterside hovels once covered the area upon which the promiscuous crowd is now raging and shouting, and pushing and struggling; but those hovels are now only heaps of rubbish. Twenty or thirty ships' boats have their bows against the hard, the commissariat lorcha, the general's chop-boat (which, in the confusion, was once seized upon by a French ship of war and taken down the river), several gun-boats and the *Coromandel* lie off in the river. Packages innumerable, baggage and bales, barrels and cases, munitions of war and munitions for the stomach, are piled about in mountains. Soon after I first saw this scene the thronging multitudes were hushed, for a strong escort appeared, bringing down the wounded. Many a wan face passed which we were glad to recognize, even though distorted by pain or flung back in lassitude; for when a man is hit the rumour always spreads that he is killed, and many of them had been already spoken of as dead. Nothing could be more promptly or more tenderly done than the removal of our wounded. Large hospital-ships' boats, previously fitted for even a greater emergency, were near at hand; and in those spacious floating houses they were all safely placed as swiftly as could be gently done. Then the Babel recommenced; everybody wanted an escort, and everybody wanted a troop of coolies. Oh those patient, lusty, enduring coolies! It was a valuable legacy which Colonel Wetherall left us, that coolie corps. They carried the ammunition, on the day of the assault, close up to the rear of our columns; and when a cannon-shot took off the head of

one of them, the others only cried "Ey yaw!" and laughed, and worked away as merrily as ever. Their conduct has throughout been admirable, and Captain Temple, "the king of the coolies," deserves credit for the manner in which he has handled them. Well dressed and well fed, wearing the cotton uniform of a Chinese soldier,—except that the Chinese characters on the jacket of the Imperial "ping" are replaced by an English number, and that the words "Army Train" are written in conspicuous characters round their conical caps,—these stout fellows, with their bamboo poles, are at once the envy and the terror of the Chinese populace. "Two coolies, and leave to join an escort," form the highest immediate earthly aspirations of many an officer of no mean rank who is without a change of raiment, and who has worked hard for three days and tasted no porter. Other officers, a numerous class, are much more interested about their men than about their own creature comforts. They are asking for gun-boats and troops of coolies to get their men's kits over from Honan; they might as well invoke Hercules and Neptune. The French are already passing in strong bodies, carrying up their heavy baggage to the front. Ever and anon some gaping Chinaman is urged by curiosity to approach the crowd. Quick as lightning Johnny Frenchman seizes him by the ear, pops the end of a bamboo pole upon his shoulder, gives him a kick in the rear, and makes him trot off, a pressed porter, amid the jeers of our commissariat coolies. When a long file of baggage-carriers has been formed, an escort is given, and away they go through the dangerous *débris* of wrecked houses which intervene between the landing place and the east gate. During this transit of about a mile and a half the men are fired upon from odd corners, slugs and gingall balls come down from the roofs of those square fortresses, the pawnbrokers' warehouses, and the escort keeps up a constant fusillade in return. The line of march crosses a creek, and the southern parade-ground, and through a long silent street, and at last reaches Colonel Graham's post at the east gate, whenceforward there is a now safe passage along the city wall, held as this is by constant posts of riflemen, who allow no Chinese head to show itself on the rooftops. In one of these transits, whereof I had occasion

to make five in one day, I was near being witness to a bloody battle. As we debouched from the parade-ground, a Chinese banner was seen flaunting above the ruins ahead, and the tramp of a large body of men was heard. Quick as lightning the rifles were at the shoulders of our men, and every revolver was pointed. The officers shouted and struck up the weapons just in time—it turned out to be a body of bluejackets marching down, imprudently demonstrative of their trophies.

If I try to paint these scenes, it is with no idea of imputing blame, for no blame is due. Immediately after the taking of a city of a million of inhabitants, we cannot expect the single landing-place to be more orderly than the door of the Opera-house or the Epsom entrance to a railway station. The men had four days' provisions in their havresacks, so they did not suffer; and there were officers of willing energy present, trying to gradually mould the chaos into order—men who made no difficulties, who appeared ubiquitous and indefatigable, fertile in expedients, and never out of heart or out of temper. As I sat for hours watching my opportunity to furtively slip my cases among some heap destined for head-quarters, I had full leisure to note how much may be done by individual tact and firmness. During this time Captain Hall, of the *Calcutta*, Major Crealock, deputy assistant quartermaster-general, Mr. Power, of the commissariat, Major Clifford, assistant quartermaster-general, and Captain Temple, were the presiding genii of order. After I left I doubt not that others of equal vigour succeeded them. But, having slipped my last article in among the government stores, I lost my interest in the scene, quietly followed the convoy till it got to Magazine-hill, and then innocently reclaimed my property from the coolies. My mess that evening had soup and *pâté* and capital sherry for dinner, while the general was dining on biscuit and tea.

There is, however, a lesson to be learned from this experience. The system is still bad. That landing-place scene still proves that a British regiment, as now constructed, cannot take the field. The first object and duty of a general is to secure his position. For this he employs in guards or fatigue parties all the men who are returned to

him as fit for duty. Every regiment should have attached to it a transport train, not retained for military duty, but under command of the regimental quartermaster, and confined to the transport of baggage and provisions. Without this we never can march ten miles inland without renewing the scenes of the Crimea.

After the time of which I have been speaking, seventy hours of rain fell. It was an unlooked-for event, and the misery it caused was incalculable. No tents had been brought from the depôt on the river, the coolies were knocked up, and Colonel Lemon's battalion of marines were in the open nearly all the time.

The loss of efficient men by sickness was almost as great as that effected by all the Chinese guns, and spears, and rockets.

MONDAY EVENING.

In a few days we settled down in our new position. "Hall's-terrace" is now complete, and we can walk about in tolerable security, and revisit the scenes of Tuesday's struggle.

The men are cooking their food upon the walls, and there appears to be great plenty of pork and fowls. Never was an army kept under stricter discipline. The eccentricities of the British sailor are held under strong repression by Captain Morrison, the provost-marshal, and his assistants; and if a man is found ten yards in front of the outposts he is flogged incontinently, unless he happen to be a Frenchman. Yet somehow pig is very abundant.

"Where did you loot that pig, Jack?"

"Loot, sir, we never loot; there's an order against looting, and it's pretty strict, as we knows."

"But how do you get all these pigs?"

"Why, d'ye see, we lights our fires o' nights, and I think the pigs must all come to the light, and the sentries must take 'em for Chinamen, and fire at 'em, for we generally finds two or three with their throats cut in the morning."

I hope Captain Morrison and the Chinese find this explanation satisfactory. It was all I could get.

There was also a great quantity of fine carp frying and stewing, but these were better accounted for. A Chinese

magazine blew up under very suspicious circumstances, dreadfully burning sixteen of our men. Another was soon discovered, and the powder was emptied into a pond adjoining a joss-house. Many thousands of pounds were thrown into this pond, and, a few minutes after, many hundreds of great gasping carp came floundering to the surface. Upon those sacred carp the irreverent members of the British force are now feasting.

About half a mile to the north of the east gate we come to a part of the wall where the embrasures are knocked down. This was where the men of the 59th and the French, with the English engineers and sappers attached to the French, escaladed. There is a bastion here—a protruding half square tower—and on either side of this the scaling ladders were fixed. The wall rests upon a bank of earth about twenty feet below, and at the foot of this bank runs the wide shallow ditch. There is still a village not greatly damaged on the other side.

On the morning of the 29th this village was occupied by the French and by some companies of the 59th, which, although forming the covering party, had crept up to the front. Captain Rotton's guns, and four French field-pieces under Lieutenant-de-vaisseau Veriot, from behind the village, were battering away at the walls, and had knocked over the parapet for a distance of thirty feet; and the shells and rockets from the Dutch Folly and the ships in the river were from an unseen distance bursting along the whole line of fortifications. The orders (agreed to by all the chiefs, both French and English) were, that the assault should be made at nine o'clock, but the men had been all night in the open; they were drawn up at day-break in position, and the emulation between the French and English added to their impatience. However we may despise the Chinese, it required no small amount of courage to continue to crowd those walls, and ply their hidden assailants with guns and gingalls and spear rockets while those shells were bursting over their heads, and those guns were crumbling their embrasures, and the riflemen were dinging their deadly bullets through the loopholes. Twenty minutes before the appointed time the French advanced, and of course the

English could not be kept back.* They had crossed the ditch, and were clustered under the wall before the scaling ladders could be brought up. A daredevil young Frenchman had taken off his shoes and gaiters, and was trying to work himself up the southern angle of the bastion, aided by Major Luard, who was propping him up with the muzzle of the Frenchman's own firelock, when a ladder was placed, and Luard, leaping upon it, stood first upon the wall.† He was followed by a Frenchman, the bandmaster of the 59th, and Colonel Hope Graham. At the same instant of time Stuart, of the engineers, was balancing in air upon a breaking ladder at the north side of the bastion; but, although he sprang to another and got upon that, I believe that two or three Frenchmen springing to the wall from the breaking ladder got up before him. Let me mention, also, Corporal Perkins and Daniel Donovan, both volunteer sappers, who held their place well among the French assailants, and were among the first over the wall. Meanwhile, the Chinese had been tumbling down all sorts of missiles; but when the allies were once upon the wall the great body of them retired. They poured down into the city and fired from the streets; they dodged behind the buildings on the ramparts, and aimed their cumbrous matchlocks from behind them. A few single encounters took place, and Luard's revolver disposed of one lingerer; but the general move was, to fire right and left, and hurry to the right, to sweep the wall upwards towards the hill. Helter-skelter, away they went, driving the Tartars down into the town and before them along the wall, until, some hundred yards in front, they came upon a new body of the besiegers, who were just accomplishing another escalade.

* The French have a habit of stealing a march upon their allies, by attacking a little before the appointed time. There was some excuse however, in this instance. The men had been brought up so near the walls, that the shells from our ships were falling among them, and they were as safe upon the walls as elsewhere.

† I notice with regret since my return to England, that Major Luard's name was not among the promotions for this affair. The services of the marines also, were in this gazette very niggardly rewarded. It is possible, however, that the promotions are not yet all published.

We have followed their path thus far. Here let us pause and contemplate. At a broken embrasure about two hundred yards south of the north-east gate, close by a battered shed, where Commodore Elliot now finds scanty shelter, a scaling ladder yet stands. You can reckon the height of the wall by the rounds of the ladder—it is twenty feet. The foot of the ladder rests upon a bank of earth at the foot of the wall. At the base of this bank lies the wide ditch, perhaps forty yards in breadth. The bottom is covered with patches of water-loving vegetables, except in the middle, through which a muddy streamlet ripples. Look up the broken and shelving bank of red earth on the other side, and you see an enormous tree, which almost hides a village behind its branches. Further to the left, and separated from the village and the tree by a wide footway, is a white mud-built cottage, its blank gable-end turned towards us. Perhaps it is distant a hundred yards from this embrasure. It stands in a patch of vegetables, and twelve yards distant from the ditch. There is a low earthen fence and bunches of high reeds, which must prevent your seeing from this cottage down into the ditch. That bunch of reeds is the scene of poor Bate's death. This broken embrasure is where the bluejackets and the marines scaled the wall. In that cottage in early morning of the 29th the chiefs of the British force were assembled—the admiral, the general, and the members of their staff. On the overhanging hill just beyond, by no means out of fire, but out of the fury of the fire, were some troops and divers lookers-on. Among others was Mr. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's private secretary, who, with other amateurs, was sometimes intrusted with messages from the general, which brought him into dangerous proximity with round shot and rockets. As to the white cottage, where the chiefs found refuge, five large holes made by round shot still show the attention it received. A storm of balls and rockets from the wall hurtled all round this spot, and no one could cross the footway to the tree and the village without imminent danger. It was necessary, however, that some one should cross that open patch of vegetables, and look down into the ditch, to see where the best point for placing the ladders would be. Captain Bate at once volunteered to go, and

Captain Mann, of the engineers, accompanied him. Bate was one of the most scientific of our naval surveying service, a right good officer, and a popular commander. He was, moreover, an eminently religious man. "My pluck," as I heard a very gallant officer say some weeks before this event, "is quite a different thing from Bate's. I go ahead because I never think of danger; Bate is always ready for a desperate service because he is always prepared for death." Bate had run across the open patch, and was looking down into the ditch, when a shot traversed his body. Dr. Anderson, who saw him fall, rushed out through a fire from which some who saw it feared he would not return, and a seaman, I think Bate's own coxswain, accompanied him; but the stricken man never spoke.

Meanwhile a gun had been brought to bear from behind a house in the village, and it was worked by Major Crealock and Major Clifford, and Colin Campbell, of the *Opossum*, and other members of the staff. Captains Blake and Cooke had brought up their marines and kept up a fire at the embrasures. How hot the fire was may be judged from this, that Captain Blake out of his half-company, firing from under cover, had one man killed and six wounded in a few minutes.

When the fire was a little quelled, the scaling-ladders were advanced, and of the blue-jackets Commander Fellowes stood first upon the wall, just in time to meet the party which was advancing after their successful escalade to the south. Others came tumbling up, and we may be sure that the admiral and the general were not far behind. Commodore Elliot was well in front. The "hurrah" was now along the wall to the heights, as I described it in my former letter, and the pace was tremendous. There were several hand-to-hand encounters, and it is said that even the general had to use his revolver to disembarrass himself of a pertinacious Tartar. However, they ran, and rallied only at distant points and for short conflicts, until they were obliged to form and attack the Magazine-hill with more deliberation. Lieutenant Davidson, of the *Furious*, had the satisfaction of firing the first Chinese gun from the battery on Magazine-hill. It was about this time that the flank-

fire from the streets grew hottest, and that Lord Gilfurd and, I think, poor Bowen, and several others, were hit.

This escalade was accomplished under the fire of our own ships. Some men were wounded by our shells, one Frenchman was killed, and Captain Bush was twice obliged to halt his company because the line of our own fire was across their path. The loss would have been greater had not Major Schomberg, from his crow's-nest on the Dutch Folly, seen our men on the walls, and discontinued the mortar and rocket firing. It was, however, not the fault of the ships, but the impatience of the assaulting party, which caused this untoward mistake. The ships ceased firing at the appointed hour.

General Straubenzee was hardly upon the wall before he was obliged to leave it. An army of Chinese, just about the time of the assault, had issued from the north of the city, and came forth into the open country—bare undulating moors, like the country between Buxton and Sheffield—waving their banners, and beating their tomtoms, and brandishing their shields ; and, drilled to advance, or halt, or wheel according to signals made by flags, they advanced, threatening the flank and rear of the assailants. But Colonel Holloway, with his brigade of marines, had been stationed to the north-west of Lin's Fort expressly to meet this very probable emergency. Covered by the inequalities of the ground and by the graves, the Tartars came on in excellent skirmishing order, and very many of them exhibited great individual bravery. The fire was so hot that Colonel Holloway's adjutant was shot by his side, and a few minutes after the colonel himself was shot in the knee. The wound did not, however, drive him from the field. His presence and energy were required to prevent his men from rushing in upon the scattered foe, who were firing from under cover. The Tartars had already been driven out of a little village and a small wood which they had occupied in force, and the marines were pressing forward to convert their retreat into a flight, when successive messages came from the general to recall his men. This command has been much criticized. It was difficult to obey, and had it not been given, the defeat of this body of the enemy would have been more disastrous

to them ; but not, perhaps, without some loss to ourselves. Straubenzee's acknowledged tactics have been, throughout, not to expend men against such a foe. The general was acting up to his system ; but the marines grumbled furiously, and growl still. The men had thrown off their knapsacks in the heat of the fire, and when they were recalled Colonel Holloway and his aide-de-camp, Captain Ellis, assisted by a few others, were obliged to remain in front and bring them in, while the men were almost frantic at being withdrawn.

There are many episodes of this siege which I should like to tell, were I sure that the English public would care to read them. I must, however, rectify one error I made in my hasty sketch, written while the conflict was still going on. Although it was upon the testimony of my own eyes, I stated that the English and French colours were waved at the same moment from different embrasures of Lin's Fort—I now find that the French were in first. It is not of much consequence, for the Chinese were out before either party entered. However, let our brave and agile allies have the honour due.

Our loss in killed and wounded during this short siege does not amount to more than ninety-six English and thirty-four French, and of these the wounds are under the average severity. The surgeons say that this is to be accounted for by the want of propulsive power in the Chinese weapons. Where the Minié ball would have crushed the bone, the Chinese bullet glanced, and lost its energy among the surface tissues. When we consider the mass of missiles flying about for so many hours, and when we hear of the narrow escapes which almost every individual of the force employed had, the number of men hit seems miraculously small. Let us not, however, undervalue the courage of our Chinese enemies. They have no knowledge of the military art. The commonplaces of attack and defence, which every tyro subaltern knows, are astonishing pieces of strategy which surprise and confound them ; their weapons, terrible as they are among themselves, are inefficient against our rifles and field-pieces, and mortar batteries with shells that fall and explode like mines. Let us ask, how would European troops stand against such odds of discipline, and

strategy, and weapons? Depend upon it, the Chinese have the stuff in them whereof good soldiers may be made, and this is a fact which should not be neglected when we are casting about for a substitute for our vanished Sepoy army.

From Tuesday night until Monday night we remained in position upon the heights and walls, waiting, apparently, that the city, now at our mercy, should come to us with offers of submission and prayers for protection. Nothing of the sort occurs. The imperturbable Chinamen go on just as though nothing had happened. We make an imposing military promenade all round their walls, but only crowds of the lowest classes come out and stare at us. The Mandarin soldiers have been driven from the suburb near the landing-place, but have been succeeded by robbers, who despoil the villagers, and resist our officers if they interfere. Captain Hall had to cut one of these fellows down as he was aiming a furtive blow with his short sword at Lieutenant Forbes, and there are few of us who have not a pike or a sword to show as a memorial of some encounter with these ruffians. The Tartar soldiers are found at night creeping up to our sentries, especially in the neighbourhood of the magazines. The general belief is that they come to blow us up. I think they come to steal the powder. Gough Fort and Bluejacket Fort were mined by our sappers, for we have not force enough to hold them. The Chinese actually came at night and stole the powder laid ready to charge the mines; and a Chinaman was found in a magazine from which our men had been withdrawn because the roof had caught fire, and smouldered for two days before it went out.

On Friday Lord Elgin and Baron Gros came up to camp, and sat upon the roof of the Chinese battery on Magazine-hill to see the forts blow up. It was worth the trouble of getting up the hill to see this sight. When the spectators took their seats, both the forts were full of men. The French, who, having no engineers of their own, were directed by Captain Stuart, took Bluejacket Fort; and Gough Fort was mined by the senior engineer officer, Captain Mann. When the appointed time had come and passed, a rocket went up, the men hurried out, and the solid stone buildings stood intact in their loneliness. They never looked so

interesting as during the ten minutes which succeeded the rocket. Seated at only five hundred yards' distance, you could just see a small glimmering slow match burning down. Then came a succession of loud, sharp, cracking, shivering explosions, throwing fragments high in the air, and frightening, but not killing, a kite at the moment hovering over Fort Gough. There were at least twenty successive explosions at the larger fort. When the smoke cleared, a thousand years seemed to have passed in a few seconds. The square substantial fortification was a picturesque ruin, such as we see at Caernarvon or Drachenfels. It was intended that the two forts should go up together; but the French were ready first, and the spectators were tired of waiting, so the drama was divided into two parts.

People still ask, not what *we* are going to do next, but what the Chinese are going to do. These curious, stolid, imperturbable people seem determined simply to ignore our presence here, and to wait till we are pleased to go away. Yeh lives much as usual. He cut off four hundred Chinese heads the other morning, and stuck them up in the south of the city. Our leaders seem to be puzzled by the tenacious, childlike, helpless obstinacy—the passive resistance, of their enemy. When petitioners come up to complain of some plundering straggler, there is a buzz of expectation in the camp. Mr. Parkes and Mr. Wade, the interpreters, who, by reason of the general ignorance of the language, are become masters of the position, are looked to with ludicrous anxiety. There is an evident hope that the gentleman with the tail is a mandarin with an offer of submission.

I sometimes think that these oracles deliver rather apocryphal responses as to the manners and customs of modern Chinamen, but they certainly work like horses; and, as our leaders must lean upon external aid, it is well they have men of so much pluck and energy at hand. It is, however, an evil—one of the many evils unavoidable in China, that the responsible men cannot form their own judgments and directly superintend their own measures.

TUESDAY, *Jan. 5.*

At length, after a week's pause, we have made a move, and a decisive move. At half-past seven o'clock the troops

entered the city, and before ten we had captured the lieutenant-governor, the Tartar general, the Treasury, fifty-two boxes of dollars, and sixty-eight packages of sycee, and, lastly, the great Yeh himself. It will take me longer to recount how all this happened than it took the troops to accomplish it.

Last among the tiers of temples which cover the Magazine-hill, stands the only house in Canton city which an English gentleman would think inhabitable. All the rest are huge, dusty, ruinous, dilapidated shams. It is called Yeh's house, and was yet unfinished when the city was taken. The lattice-work is new, the paper, which does duty for glass, is unbroken, the grotesque decorations are fresh, and the whole place is clean. From the terrace of this house you have the best and nearest view of the city. You look up one narrow street running southwards, and you catch glimpses of two others passing in the same direction; you can for a short distance trace the walls to the right and to the left, and you can see far out in the body of the city a line of high mandarin poles. These poles denote the residences of the great public officers, and, as our maps tell us, they open upon the "street of Benevolence and Love"—a principal street of Canton, which crosses at right angles the three streets we look up from this terrace.

At half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, while the rain was still falling, we could see from the terrace three columns of English red-coats penetrating into the city down these three narrow streets, while a detachment of four hundred French blue-jackets, with two guns, were advancing along the to our right. They are all soon lost to sight, and we must descend and follow if we would see more. There is heavy firing on our left, and, of course, we hurry there first. It is only Colonel Lemon's men discharging their rifles. Let us speed away to see what the general's party are doing. They meet with no resistance, except from the intricacy of the streets. But they have lost their way, overshot their mark, and in the labyrinth of narrow ways cannot find the yamun they are in quest of. Colonel Holloway's detachment of four companies are more successful. They have marched rapidly down the street in which we saw them, and they

have paused for a few moments before a closed gateway. It is only a passive resistance. The pioneers with a few blows of their axes open a way through this obstruction, as they do through a barricade which is erected a little beyond, but is not manned. The people look on from their doors, and the coolies carry water-buckets to and fro in the rear of the troops, just as though nothing uncommon were passing. Now the troops arrive at the cross-road, where one street strikes the street of Benevolence and Love—a fine broad avenue in the map, a hovel-crowded alley, ten feet wide, in reality. Here Colonel Holloway detaches Captain Parke with two companies to the left, with instructions to advance and seize the treasury, while he leads the rest of his men round to the right. A hundred paces bring him in front of the yamun of Peh-kwei, the governor of the city and province. Like the front of all Chinese yamuns, it is a dismal square, with a wall on one side, whereon a gigantic beast is painted. The vast doors of the yamun, whereon two great figures like Gog and Magog are daubed, front this monstrous effigy. This is the place indicated in the colonel's instructions. "Quick" is the word. A rush from the pioneers, and the unbarred doors move open with unexpected ease. "Front form," cries the colonel, and in a moment the redcoats are four abreast and advancing at the double up a broad granite paved causeway in the middle of an immense courtyard—trees and shrubs on either side of the causeway, low buildings forming the right and left sides, and a huge barn-shaped pavilion closing the square in front. In obedience to a few words and a few gestures sentries are thrown out, and while the main body is yet hurrying on every spot is guarded. A few Chinese guards, with pikes and matchlocks, are disarmed and huddled together in the front guard-house, and the pavilion is gained, hastily searched, and passed through. Another courtyard like the former now appears—more granite terraces and causeways, more trees and shrubs—more lateral low buildings, and another big dingy pavilion in front. This is treated just as the former was, but nothing is seen but miserable guards stupified by surprise, and swarming domestics. A vast dilapidated hall, and still another pavilion beyond. The lateral houses appear a little more

habitable ; the paint is not so entirely rubbed off, the paper sashes are not so broken ; there are porcelain flowerpots and furniture, and articles of Chinese *luxe* lying about. This third pavilion is a hall of audience, rude and dirty, but imposing. There is a fracture in the tiled roof, through which an English rocket had forced its way. There are curtained *portières* right and left, leading evidently to private apartments. "Halt!" "Order arms!" and the muskets descend upon the stone floor with a ring which makes the old shed echo. At this moment one of the *portières* is raised, and an old man, dressed in the ordinary blue Chinese dress, but wearing a mandarin's cap with a red button, appears in the doorway. He has a black moustache, a quick eye, and more intelligence in his face than you usually see in China; and he seems to say, as plainly as gestures can speak, "What can all this disquietude be about?" Every one felt that this could be no other than Peh-kwei. Colonel Holloway put his hand upon his shoulder, led him gently back into his apartment, seated him in a chair, and put a guard round him. The old gentleman was quietly at breakfast when the English marines burst in.

A few moments' delay occurred while a Chinese interpreter was got up, and the governor, seeing he was in no immediate danger, recovered a composure which he had never lost the power of assuming. He was asked for his seals of office and his papers. It was very unfortunate, but he had that morning mislaid his keys. "Tell him," said Colonel Holloway, "not to trouble himself, for I have a master key ;" and at a sign a tall pioneer with his axe made his appearance. The governor took up a coarse damp towel, which the Chinese use as a napkin, and the lost keys were accidentally found to have been underneath it.

Meanwhile, Captain Parke and his detachment had been equally fortunate. Turning to the left, and proceeding down the street of Benevolence and Love, they came to the large low building indicated as the treasury. Here also the doors gave way to the first rush. The surprise was complete. The guards were, some sleeping, some cooking, some smoking. The military mandarin in command drew his sword, but was tripped up and secured; a young Tartar shouldered his

matchlock and pointed it at the captain, but a bayonet was at his breast in a moment, and would have been in it had not the captain struck it up. All the others were motionless under the influence of British bayonets brought to the charge within six inches of their bodies.

For six days the western gate had been open, and exit had been denied to neither men, nor goods, nor treasure. Surely there could be nothing left to reward the captors. How can we strain our minds to comprehend the stolid, stupid confidence of these Chinese officials? The treasury was full of silver—as full probably as it ever was. Fifty-two boxes, which a man could not singly lift, were found, and sixty-eight packets of solid ingots. There was also a store-house of the most costly mandarin fur dresses, lined with sable and rare furs, and there was a room full of copper cash. Now a strange scene occurred. The instructions were to bring away any bullion, but to touch nothing else. These orders were obeyed with a strange and self-denying fidelity. The soldiers and officers in strict discipline turned their longing eyes away from the rich dresses. But how to remove the heavy load of bullion? Crowds had assembled in front, and a happy thought occurred to one of the officers,—"A dollar's worth of cash to every coolie who will help to carry the silver to the English camp." In a moment the crowd dispersed in search of their bamboo poles, and in another moment there were a thousand volunteer Cantonese contending for the privilege of carrying for an enemy their own city's treasure.

With their stipulated strings of cash round their necks, away they trudged with the English soldiers and the sycee silver. Colonel Graham, who had advanced from the south to the same point, came up in time to direct this operation. When the last British soldier left the treasury the mob poured in like a countless pack of famished wolves. The retiring and self-denying English could hear their yells and shouts as they fought over the fur dresses and other stores that had been left untouched.

Contemporaneously with these operations the French had followed the course of the ramparts to the west gate and closed it. Leaving a detachment to secure this exit, the

main body struck inwards for the lofty poles which mark the site of the palace of the Tartar general. Here, if anywhere, resistance must be expected. All is hollowness—all is sham! They had come to force a palatial fortress; they found a rank wilderness; colossal courtyards, grass-grown and mildewy; habitations with space for an imperial army, but not safe to the tread of a single soldier; vast empty rotting halls where bats in thousands were clinging to the roofs, and where the floors were inches deep in their ordure. It was not destruction they saw around them, but decay. Upon Peh-kwei's table was found a return from the Tartar general, saying that he had 7,000 Tartar troops under his command. Where were they? Certainly they were not, and had not for many years been, in this yamun. It is the custom to let Chinese soldiers live at their own homes, but surely they might be expected to be called in and posted on guard when an enemy had occupied all the fortifications. Yet the evidence afforded by the place itself is indisputable. The Tartar general must have lived here almost alone. A hundred men would have trodden down this rank grass, and dispossessed these horrible clustering bats. A few days after this event I passed two hours in this yamun in the company of several English and French officers, who came to allot it for quarters. After close inspection they came to the conclusion that there were only two rooms fit for the dwelling of a civilized man. From one of these the French chased the Tartar general, and they took him in a closet close by.

We must now go back to the general starting point, and accompany the chase after Yeh. Mr. Consul Parkes, who, was attached as interpreter to Colonel Holloway's party, arrived too late, and was without an escort. While he was deploring his ill-luck he met with Commodore Elliot, who, fired by Mr. Parkes telling him that he had some information as to Yeh's lurking-place, agreed, upon his own responsibility, to accompany him with a hundred blue-jackets. Mr. Parkes expected to find Yeh at the imperial library, but upon arriving at that high-titled edifice he found only a great empty house. Having ransacked every corner, they were coming away disgusted, when Mr. Parkes put his foot against a closed

door. It gave way, and a Chinaman was seen inside the closet diligently studying one of the sacred books. Where was Yeh? How should the Chinaman know? He knew nothing of Yeh—he was only a poor student. Drawn from his hiding-place and subjected to a sharp interrogatory, he confessed, bit by bit, that Yeh had been there, but had left some days before. At last he even thought he knew where he was—nearly three miles off—somewhere at the south-west corner of the city, in a small yamun of one of the lieutenant-governors. Taking this "student" along with them, the party now proceeded to the governor's yamun. The governor was by this time in custody of Colonel Holloway, and the admiral and the general had arrived there. An examination took place, and the governor, after some admonition, admitted that he also knew Yeh's retreat, and named the same place which the student had named. He was made to send a second guide, and the two Chinamen were placed in front of the bluejackets. These unwilling guides, as they were urged along through the narrow streets of the Tartar city, did not cease shouting to the crowds which ran together, "Good people, go about your affairs. These gentlemen have just had a respectful interview with Peh-kwei, and they are now going to have another interview with Yeh." "Very well," said the crowd, habitually deferential to the cap of the small mandarin. As they got deeper and deeper into the maze of streets some of the officers seemed to think they were doing an imprudent thing. "If the worst comes to the worst," said Captain Key, "we know the direction of the walls by this compass, and can fight our way to them;" so on they went. The longest chase must have an end. At last the guides called a halt at the door of a third-rate yamun, which appeared closed and deserted. The doors were forced open, and the bluejackets were all over the place in a moment. It was evident that they were now on the right scent. The house was full of hastily-packed baggage. Mandarins were running about—yes, *running* about; and at last one came forward and delivered himself up as Yeh. But he was not fat enough. Parkes pushed him aside, and, hurrying on, they at last spied a very fat man contemplating the achievement of getting over the

wall at the extreme rear of the yamun. Captain Key and Commodore Elliot's coxswain rushed forward. Key took the fat gentleman round the waist, and the coxswain twisted the august tail of the imperial commissioner round his fist. There was no mistake now,—this was the veritable Yeh. Instinctively the bluejackets felt it must be Yeh—and they tossed up their hats and gave three rattling cheers.

Yeh is by no means the hero people thought him. He trembled violently when he was taken; he strenuously denied his identity; and it was not till Mr. Parkes had several times had the satisfaction and triumph of assuring his old enemy of his personal safety that he grew composed. As soon, however, as he felt himself safe all his arrogance returned. He posed himself magnificently in his chair. He laughed at the idea of giving up his seals, and also at the idea of his being led away. He would wait there to receive the men, Elgin and Gros. They searched all his packages for papers, and found among other things the original ratifications of the treaties with England, France, and America; they were, as he intimated, too unimportant as documents to be sent to Pekin. This search lasted three hours. The news of the capture had been sent to head-quarters; Colonel Hocker was despatched with a strong body of marines, and Yeh again trembled as he entered his chair a captive.

At the foot of the terrace, before the great joss-house on Magazine-hill, off-setting from the broad steps, is a collegiate quadrangle. Here the dons of the ecclesiastical institution once clustered. Some small cellular apartments, opening inwards towards the hill, were doubtless the private abodes of the bonzes; two large rooms, whose windows look over the city, were the hall and senior common room. This quadrangle is a little changed in its uses. It has become the British head-quarters. The admiral and general have appropriated the hall and common room, and the staff are contriving possibilities of residence in the cells. The servants have utilized the small area—a dozen Crimean shirts are there hanging to dry.

About twelve o'clock on Tuesday the colonnade of this small quadrangle was loosely thronged by post-captains and colonels and smaller barbarian mandarins. The news that

the city had been dragged, and all the big fish taken had spread. Every one was anxious to see the prisoners brought in.

First marched Peh-kwei, whom I have already described, and after him, with rolling step, almost gigantic in stature, and immense in bulk, came the Tartar general. As he passed close by me I measured him by myself; he must be quite six feet four high. They were ushered into a small room at the end of the colonnade, where the general and the two admirals were assembled. The two mandarins took their seats as though they had come of their own free will to pay an ordinary visit. The Tartar general, with his head thrown back so that you saw only the inside of the brim of his Tartar cap, looked not unlike our own Eighth Harry as Holbein shows him. There is great show of dignity and courage about that martial Tartar, but he is only a type and specimen of the great imperial sham of which he forms part. He is an empty imposture. During the fight he never appeared upon the walls. After the fight he did nothing to gather his 7,000 men around him. When the French came he made no defence, but ran from room to room, and was dragged from a filthy closet. If he had been taken by Tai-pings instead of Europeans he would be howling at their feet. Knowing himself personally safe, he swells himself and tries to look majestic. He believes he has to do with men more superstitiously obsequious to Chinese rank than the coolies of Canton are, so he tries to awe them by his presence. Perhaps he is right. There is too much of this nonsense.

The interpreters catch this mania of mandarin worship from their teachers and their Chinese books, and our leaders —predisposed by the truly English deference for high-sounding titles—catch the infectious folly from the interpreters.

What shall be done with these men? "Send them both aboard ship," advises one interpreter; "Send them back to resume their functions, and to save the city from pillage," advises the other. Lord Elgin is consulted, and has the boldness to believe that the general principles of human

nature are not to be extinguished by paper lanterns and peacocks' feathers. He advises "Let them both return under conditions. Let Peh-kwei re-establish his court under the authority of and in co-operation with an European tribunal. Let Tseang-keun return under condition of disbanding his troops and delivering up their arms." "Impossible; they couldn't do it; contrary to all Chinese precedent," &c. "Try." The trial is made, and the indignant mandarins laugh loudly at the impudent suggestion. Left together for a night to consider the matter, they are found in the morning like pricked windbags, ready to surrender their inflation under gentle pressure;—but I am anticipating the events of subsequent days.

Room for the great mandarin! Preceded by Colonel Hocker, with his sword drawn, accompanied by Commodore Elliott and Captain Key, and followed by two files of marines, in waddles the great Yeh himself. He is not ushered into the small room, but into the admiral's room. To place him with the governor and the general would be to confine a pike with two gudgeon. Peh-kwei and Tseang-keun shook at the sound of his footsteps.

If he had six headsmen in his train, and if we all stood kidnapped men before him, he could not hold his head more haughtily. It is a huge, sensual, flat face. The profile is nearly straight from the eye-brow to the chin. He wears his mandarin cap, his red button, and his peacock's tail; but in other respects has the ordinary blue quilted tunic and loose breeches, the universal winter wear of this part of China. He seats himself in an armchair, and some inferior mandarins who have pressed in after him stand round and make him a little court. The officers who fill the room are passing to and fro upon their own duties, and of course refrain from staring at him. Yet no one can look upon that face without feeling that he is in the presence of an extraordinary man. There is a ferocity about that restless, roving eye, which almost makes you shrink from it. It is the expression of a fierce and angry, but not courageous animal. While the long nails of his dirty fingers are trembling against the table, and his eyes are searching into

every part of the room, scrutinizing every face, his *pose* of dignity is too palpably simulated to inspire respect, even if you could forget his deeds. But no one can look upon him with contempt.

The two admirals and the general now arrive, and, after some salutations, which were naturally more embarrassing to the captors than the captive, the English admiral inquired whether Mr. Cooper, senior, was still living. You will recollect the circumstances under which this gentleman was kidnapped. Yeh burst forth into a loud laugh, which sounded to every one present as though he were recollecting, and enjoying the recollection of, this poor man's sufferings. When he had finished his cachinnations he replied, "I can't recollect about this man; but I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if he can be found you shall have him."

The disgust was at that moment so great (for many in the room had known and esteemed poor Cooper), that if the audience could have decided the matter, Yeh would have been taken out and hanged.

He was told that his answer was not courteous, and he replied that it was, at any rate, the only answer he should give.

The admiral now asked whether he had any other prisoners alive in his custody. He appeared to have misunderstood the question, for he replied, "Those eighteen men were my prisoners of war. I took a great deal of trouble about those persons, to have them properly buried. I can show you their graves at this day."*

"What eighteen men were they?" asked the admiral, "and when were they taken?"

"How can I tell you who they were; and how can I remember when they were taken? You were fighting from October till January, when you were beaten off and expelled, and your ships ran away. It was during this time."

It was evidently not consistent with the dignity of the admirals and general to prolong this conversation. After a moment's consultation they directed Mr. Parkes to assure "his excellency" that every care would be taken for his

* Their graves have since been discovered: they were in the common malefactors' burial ground.

personal safety and convenience; but that he would be removed for the present on board ship.

"I don't see any necessity for going on board ship," replied his excellency, "I can do everything that requires to be done just as well here." But when Yeh observed that the admirals were grave and impassible, and that they were about to retire, his eyes roved round the room again in terror, and he added, "Well, I will accept your invitation. In fact, I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of seeing one of your ships."

It was more than an hour, however, and after delays so frivolous that I cannot describe them, that he was at last fairly seated in his chair. As he progressed, with his escort of marines, along the walls to the landing-place, he met a gang of our commissariat coolies. These fellows put down their loads and saluted him with a roar of laughter. This was too much. He gnashed his teeth with rage and made a threatening gesture.

*The Governor's Yamun, Jan.* 14.

Saturday last was a great day in the city of Canton. Yeh being safely caged in the *Inflexible,* and the authorities of the city being prisoners, the plenipotentiaries became afraid that the city would be sacked by the populace. It was resolved, therefore, to formally reinstate Peh-kwei in his palace, and to assist him with a council of three, composed of Colonel Holloway, Captain Martineau, and Mr. Parkes.

About midday large bodies of English and French troops defiled into the city, and the yamun of the governor was strongly garrisoned.

At three o'clock the plenipotentiaries and their suite, and the naval and military commanders passed through the courtyards in their chairs, and assembled in the third pavilion, which I have already spoken of as a hall of audience.

Here they for two hours awaited the arrival of the Chinese governor and the Tartar general. The guns which were to fire the salute had lost their way in the city, the prisoners were not ready, and at last, when the delay had been supposed to be overcome, it was discovered that no order had been left to deliver over the prisoners, and the

faithful sentinel opposed his bayonet to all who presented themselves to conduct them out.

It was five o'clock before Peh-kwei and his gigantic colleague appeared. It was, doubtless, an imposing sight. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were seated on a sort of daïs, the naval and military commanders were seated on chairs at a right angle with the daïs, and opposite to those chairs were others, left vacant for the Chinese. A throng of English and French officers, a band, and colours, filled up the hall. There were only three Chinamen, spectators, present. When Peh-kwei came in the plenipotentiaries advanced and received him, and, resuming their seats upon the daïs, motioned to him to take that assigned to him. But Peh-kwei demurred, protested, jabbered, and pottered about, and created a scene. The plenipotentiaries remained silent spectators of this for some minutes. Lord Elgin at last yielded, and made way for the Chinamen beside him. With great satisfaction, and many grins and bows, the mandarins enjoyed the victory granted to their pertinacity, and sat in seats of honour, taking precedence of the English and French admirals and the British general—ill-omened evidence of weakness of purpose!

The proceedings then commenced. The ceremony was somewhat hurried, for the sun was setting, and we were in the heart of the unknown city. I must confess that I think it, although admirably conceived, yet badly ordered in the execution. If we had assembled in that hall the inferior Chinese authorities—if Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had then taken their seats—if Peh-kwei had been brought in a prisoner—and if the plenipotentiaries had released him upon the spot, and had resigned to him their dais, there could have been no doubt in the minds of the Chinese as to the nature of the transaction. As it stands, the Chinese know only the Peh-kwei is in his yamun, with a guard of honour.

Lord Elgin then addressed Peh-kwei sitting. He said,

"We are assembled here to welcome your excellency on your return to your yamun, and on your resumption of the functions of your office, which have been momentarily interrupted. It is proper, however, that I should apprise your excellency, and through your excellency the inhabitants of Canton, that the plenipotentiaries of England and France and the commanders-in-chief of the allied forces, are firmly resolved to

retain military occupation of the city until all questions pending between our respective governments and that of China shall have been firmly settled and determined between us, the high officers appointed by your governments for this service, and plenipotentiaries of equal rank and powers whom his Imperial Majesty the emperor of China may see fit to appoint to treat with us. Any attempt, therefore, whether by force or fraud, whether by treachery or violence, to disturb us in our possession of the city, will not fail to bring down on its authors and abettors the most severe and signal punishment. I am, however, no less to apprise your excellency that it is equally our determination, when the questions to which I have referred shall have been so settled, to withdraw from the military occupation of the city, and to restore it to the imperial authorities. Meanwhile, it is our sincere wish that during the period of our military occupation the feelings of the people should be respected, life and property protected, the good rewarded, and offenders, whether native or foreign, punished. We are desirous to co-operate with your excellency for these objects, and with this view we have appointed a tribunal composed of officers of high character and discretion to act in concert with you. We hope that through the agency of this tribunal confidence may be restored to the people, and the foundation laid of a better understanding between foreigners and natives, so that henceforth all may pursue their avocations in peace, and traffic together for their mutual advantage."

The address of the French Plenipotentiary was very nearly as follows :—

"Monsieur le Gouverneur,—Les paroles qui vient d'adresser à votre excellence le haut commissaire de Sa Majesté Britannique expriment si fidèlement la pensée du gouvernement de Sa Majesté l'Empereur des Français qu'il n'est pas necessaire de les reproduire devant vous. Je me borne, donc, à les confirmer de tout point. J'ajouterai seulement que nous vous remercions de vouloir bien aider les commandants-en-chef des forces alliées à maintenir l'ordre dans cette grande cité jusqu'au moment où l'heureuse issue de nos négociations avec la cour de Pekin nous permettra de la remettre entre les mains des délégués de l'Empereur de la dynastie Ta-Tsing. En agissant comme vous le faites vous acquerrez de nouveaux titres à la reconnaissance de vos concitoyens ; et, tout en vous félicitant, M. le gouverneur, nous faisons des vœux sincères pour votre bonheur personnel."

These addresses were successively translated to Peh-kwei, and he made an answer which the interpreter reproduced in so low a tone that I could not catch a word of it. It was, however, as I understand, only an unmeaning Chinese compliment, except that in his answer to the French plenipotentiary, Peh-kwei said, "That man Yeh has been the cause of all the troubles."

I must reserve for another chapter all description of the virgin city of Canton, and of the doings in the governor's yamun, where, with the little guard of fifty men left to retain possession, I found opportunity of getting a corner to sleep. We are not luxuriously located. While I am writing I hear the following colloquy between two marines :—

"So, Jem, the musquiters have been at your face, too?"

"Musquiters, you call them things—blessed if I ain't been sleeping all night in a beehive."

HONGKONG, *Jan.* 15.

Last night I left Canton and came down here with the mail boat in order to correct my list of killed and wounded, and to add such remarks as to the state of the latter as I could safely make.

We passed Yeh in the river, and at an early hour this morning I visited the *Hercules* hospital-ship in this harbour. Dr. Burns and Dr. Smart, with their assistants, were already at their duties; the desperate cases are very few, and the men are in the enjoyment of all the care and comfort which can alleviate their pain and expedite their recovery.

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*List of Casualties of Naval and Marine Brigades before and in Canton, on the 28th, 29th, and 31st of December,* 1857.

*Actæon.*—William T. Bate, captain, gingall ball in chest, killed.

*Sanspareil.*—Henry Thompson, midshipman, left arm and kidney pierced by a spear-rocket, mortally, since dead.

*Sybille.*—Edward Loft, A.B., wound of chest, mortally, since dead.

*Nankin.*—John Jackson, blacksmith's-mate, wound of head, mortally, since dead.

*Highflyer.*—Joseph Bailey, captain of the mast, wound of head, mortally, since dead.

*Calcutta.*—Viscount Gilfurd, lieutenant, arm broken by a gingall ball, severely, but now recovering; Charles Fossett, captain of forecastle, wound in right thigh, severely, doing well; James Pearson, ordinary, wound right arm, ditto; William Payne, ordinary, wound right shoulder, slightly; and James Holland, A.B., wound of head, ditto.

*Sybille.*—John Smith, A.B., left elbow, severely; Jacob Williams, A.B., graze of breast, slightly; John Burleigh, A.B., wound in ear, slightly; Philip Palmer, bandsman, wound in mouth, slightly; and William Jeffries, sail-maker's mate, wound in head, slightly.

*Nankin.*—J. Brumblecombe, ordinary, wound of arm, severely; Cornelius Sulivan, ordinary, wound of breast, slightly; William Bockham, A.B., wound of shoulder, slightly; and Alexander Charters, carpenter's mate, slightly.

*Sansparcil.*—George Lane, ordinary, right foot, severely; Alfred Watson, ordinary, right knee, slightly; John M'Ginness, ordinary, wound in temple, slightly; and William Croker, ordinary, wound in wrist, slightly.

*Esk.*—Charles Bowen, captain of the mizentop, wound of chest, killed.

*Highflyer.*—William Bissidu, ordinary, left arm, slightly; and Richard Sarsfield, boy, first-class, wound of head, slightly.

*Niger.*—Charles Smith, boy, first-class, wound of left thigh, killed.

*Furious.*—William Randall, A.B., wound of left arm, slightly.

*Racehorse.*—George Herd, armourer, sprain, slightly.

*Hornet.*—William O. Butler, lieutenant, scalp wound, severely, doing well; James Fisher, master's assistant, wound of arm, slightly; and John Davies, captain afterguard, wound left eye, severely.

*Elk.*—John Manuel, A.B., contusion, severely; and Patrick Sweeney, leading seaman, contusion slightly.

*Cruiser.*—Charles Fellowes, commander, wound left foot and wrist, slightly; William Tilbury, A.B., wound of right thigh, severely, doing well; J. Dunn, captain of foretop, left leg, slightly; O. A. Vignold, acting-foretop, wound of arm, slightly.

*Inflexible.*—Samuel Polwan, leading seaman, wound of hand, severely.

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*Royal Marines, Provisional Battalion (Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Lemon.)*

*Calcutta.*—Private William Mason, wound of temple, slightly; Francis Musselwhite, private, wound in arm, slightly; W. Smith, private, wound in ear, slightly; James Allwood, private, wound in head, severely—doing well.

*Sybille.*—Isaac Eaton, private, wound in right thigh, dangerously; William Emmett, ordinary, wound of ankle, slightly.

*Assistance.*—Thomas Hill, private, burn, slightly; John Parker, private, wound of knee, slightly; John Adams, burn, slightly; and Thomas Cooke, private, contusion, slightly.

Royal Marine Artillery.—Thomas Holloway, colonel commanding naval brigade, right knee, slightly; Benjamin Wise, colour-sergeant, left arm, severely; James Fury, gunner, loss of left arm, severely; and Robert Hoddy, gunner, wound of foot, slightly.

First Battalion Royal Marine Brigade.—First Lieutenant W. F. P. S. Dadson, right arm, severely; Sergeant William Rea, right leg, severely. Privates—William Burton, wound of head, severely; James Lucas, right thigh, severely, but doing favourably; and Frederick Mears, right arm, slightly.

*Esk.*—William Oxford, cooper, Henry Page and James Prior, ordinary, Edward Wiltshire, captain of the maintop (dying), William

Marler and William Dyer, ordinary (since dead), and Thomas Williams, A.B. (since dead)—severely burnt by an explosion of a Chinese magazine.

*Niger.*—Henry Whitehead and Simon Holloway, ordinary, John Bullimore, stoker (since dead), and William Atkins, quartermaster—severely burnt by an explosion of Chinese magazine.

*Furious.*—Joseph M'Boil, stoker, Thomas White, captain of the mizentop, and H. G. Ravenhill, leading seaman—severely burnt by an explosion of a Chinese magazine.

*Hornet.*—Thomas King, ordinary, and Edward Chancy, ordinary—severely burnt by an explosion of a Chinese magazine.

*Woodcock.*—James Gorman, quartermaster—severely burnt by an explosion of Chinese magazine.

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*Nominal List of Casualties in the Land Forces occurring on the 28th and 29th of December*, 1857.

59TH REGIMENT.

Lieutenant Hackett, killed.

Lieutenant Thinkwin, lacerated wound of knee.

Ensign Bowen, gingall ball through chest, coming out close to spine—since dead.

Private Denis Sullivan, musket ball through right arm.

Private Timothy Regan, killed.

Private Matthew Walsh, shell wound in right eye.

Private James Bullock, musket ball in hand.

Private James Calvert, wounds in thigh and head by shell.

Private Patrick O'Neal, contusion of knee by spent cannon ball.

Private James Wigley, wound in thigh by musket ball.

Private William Taylor, musket ball entering under left orbit.

Private Joseh Healy, musket ball in thigh.

Private Joseph M'Namara, musket ball in leg.

Private William Quinn, musket ball in arm and fracture of ring finger.

Private John Slattley, musket ball through calf of leg.

Private Joseph Embley, musket ball in thigh.

Private Thomas Haddican, musket ball through shoulder.

Private Dennis Sullivan, musket ball in face.

Private John Skillen, musket ball wound in knee.

Private Matthew Cronin, contusion by fall from scaling ladder.

38TH MADRAS NATIVE INFANTRY.

Havildar Sheik Ismail, wound of scalp by rocket.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### INSIDE CANTON.

The Blockade Question—The Interior of the City—Curiosity Shops—Street of the Triumphal Arches—The Nine-Storied Pagodas—General Character of the Houses and Yamuns—First Night in the Governor's Yamun—The Three Commissioners—Their Court—The Depôts of Arms—The Loss of the Chinese during the Siege—Dearth of Interpreters—Concealed Treasure in Colonel Hocker's Quarters—A Shrewd Buddhist Priest—Deportment of Peh-kwei and Yeh—Proposition to send Yeh to Calcutta.

*Governor's Yamun*, CANTON, *Jan.* 28.

HAVING gone down to Hongkong with the last mail-boat, I remained there a few days to get my letters and make some arrangements for a more protracted residence in Canton. The topics of interest in the city of Victoria were not very numerous. The arrival of the *Princess Charlotte* and the departure overland of Captain King—farewell dinners to Commodore Elliot, who takes home the *Sybille*—the advent of Captain Hall, to take the place of Captain Edgell as senior officer—deeds of heroism upon the walls, reported by the heroes upon leave—the circumstances of one or two past balls and the probabilities of the forthcoming races—the departure of the Madras troops, and expectation of others to supply their places—were the chief matters talked over in that not very eventful city. Some benevolent individuals amuse themselves by throwing pebbles into the stagnant socialities of the island, by inventing some egregious "shave." Yeh was a frequent hero of these fictions. At another time Peh-Kwei had absconded. Then the Tartar general had fled to join a camp of 20,000 men assembled near Fort Lin. A Frenchman had been found outside a Canton shop skinned. The whole of the ninety-six villages were ready to march upon the invaders. A massacre of the English in Canton was in active preparation. *The blockade was taken off!*

This last was the all absorbing "shave." The island was

immediately divided into two parties, who argued the question entirely upon public grounds. It was amusing to one a little behind the scenes to hear these disinterested and patriotic discussions. You never would have imagined that the disputants had any personal interest in the matter. Yet it does so happen that some of the European houses have been buying large quantities of teas at high prices in the north, reckoning upon the continued suspension of the southern trade ; and it generally occurs that the representatives of these houses think the Chinese ought to be punished by keeping up the blockade until they have learnt that we can do without the commerce of Canton. On the other hand, those Americans who have intimate relations with the Chinese, and people who could not run the risk of buying teas in the north at their present prices, are struck with the gross cruelty of stopping the poor Chinaman's commerce in his own river. They never hint that they hope to buy 11,000,000lbs. of teas at lower prices as soon as the river is open. The hope may be illusory, but it is a chance which costs them nothing.

The leaders subsequently conferred upon this subject of raising the blockade. The consultation took place on Monday, the 25th, and the day determined upon is the 10th of next month. This mail will probably take home a copy of the proclamation about to be issued at Hongkong. We shall not get the *Gazette* here until the mail is gone.

On the 21st I returned to my quarters in Canton, and found that all the tender solicitude of the people of Hongkong had been entirely thrown away. I traversed the whole city with my trunk and chow-chow baskets, myself the only escort to my four coolies. Along the great east and west thoroughfare a closed shop was become a rare exception, and the only difficulty was to push our way through the crowd. The people were cutting up their pigs and their fish (the abundance of immense carp, tench, and roach in the streets of the city is wonderful), and cooking their comestibles in full businesslike security.

Idlers were playing at Chinese hazard, and exhibiting their piles of coins upon the board. The curiosity-shops, in incredible numbers, were spread with curious antiques of the

newest fashions, and were victimising credulous lieutenants in a way which Mencius would not have approved. The crowds are not even afraid to manifest curiosity at the clothes and features of their European guests, and the shopkeepers invite you into their shops with a politeness that proves they have no misgiving that you will exercise any right of conquest except a conquest by purchase. Yet the spirit of insolence has departed out of them. Neither in word nor gesture is there any symptom of hostility or even of dislike. I have seen two people frightened very much by a scolding for using the word "*fan-quei*" (foreign devil'); but I believe they used it in all innocence, having never heard us called by any other name. I would neglect no precautions, for the neglect of precautions would revive hopes now abandoned, and the neglect of precautions nearly proved our destruction at Ningpo during the last war ; but, so far from there being any notion of retaking this city, I believe that no ten Chinamen within sight of Canton would dare to raise a stick in the presence of a British or French soldier or sailor.

The street of the triumphal arches is the only exception to the general reopening movement. That street lay rather in the way of the *Phlegethon's* fire, and the lower part of it has suffered severely. The Chinese are engaged in clearing away the rubbish, to rebuild their burnt houses, but the uninjured shops near the treasury still remain sulkily closed. In the large western suburb, where the streets and shops are quite as good as in the city, not a shot fell, and business goes on as usual.

The commercial parts of Canton have been much overestimated. We have believed that there must be some grain of truth in the bombast and brag of the Chinamen. Canton is big and populous ; that is all. In other respects it is a very ordinary Chinese city. Its temples are numerous, and the Confucian temple and the temple of the Five Hundred Gods are good of their kind, but most of the others are miserable and dilapidated. The nine-storied pagoda is in so ruinous a condition that the general the other day forbade the attempt to climb the fragments of its broken staircase. Major Luard, whose success at the escalade seems to have inspired him with a mania for climbing, had previously risked his neck in

getting some way up. Yet this pagoda is the great boast and lion of Canton. The Chinese boasted of it because foreigners could not get near enough to see what a miserable ruin it is. What can we think of a people who will not afford a few dollars to save their monuments from mouldering? When the general and his party went to the pagoda it had all the air of not having been opened for twenty years. I have already spoken of that great district of desolation, the Tartar general's yamun. Hundreds of coolies are now papering and whitewashing, carpenters are shoring up, and, I believe, even painters are painting. It is thought that when the jungle is cleared away, and the roofs and floors are secured, and the bats driven out, and the atmosphere sweetened, it will become good barracks, and that the surrounding grounds will become—what I innocently described them as being, when I spoke of them on Chinese testimony—capital camping ground for British grenadiers.

How different are all the realities of Chinese life from our English notions of oriental magnificence! Their ridiculous mandarins live in houses in which an English gentleman would be ashamed to lodge his steward, and keep their retainers in places which an English farmer would think quite unworthy of his cows. It is explained that they allow their vast yamuns to fall to decay because their tenure of office seldom exceeds three years; their luxuries, therefore, are fur dresses, embroidered tunics, jadestone sceptres, loose silk chair-covers, and such like movables.

I found the yamun of Peh-Kwei in a much more busy state than when I left it. I shall not forget the sensations of our first night in that place, when we were suddenly left alone at sundown, with fifty men, in that unknown Babylon of interminable pavilions, without light, or guide, or power of speech. Fancy fifty foreigners left in the dark in Vauxhall-gardens, two days after London had been stormed, groping about the rotunda and the Alhambra and the side boxes for places where they might sleep secure from a night attack. It was not encouraging, that when two of us penetrated to Peh-Kwei's buildings, to demand oil and tallow, a hundred fellows, headed by Peh-Kwei and his guest the Tartar general, stormed at us in chorus, and twice pressed us out by

the unhostile pressure of their bodies against ours before we could make ourselves understood sufficiently to levy a pound of candles as the price of peace and quietness.

Now all this is entirely changed. Through the open yamun doors crowds of Chinese come and go. The Chinese tribunal of Peh-Kwei and the tribunal of the three commissioners (Colonel Holloway, le Captaine Martineau, and Mr. Parkes) are *aux petits soins*. Thanks to the energy of the triumvirs, the streets of Canton are as safe from European violence as the streets of Paris are from Chinese exactions. Colonel Holloway's court takes all the mixed cases; and, finding the other day that a Chinaman was in the wrong, he was sent over to Peh-Kwei with a statement of the circumstances. The mandarin was so charmed with this compliment that he had the poor wretch bambooed nearly to death.

The new court has also established a new Canton police. Captain Pym is the Colonel Rowan of Canton. He has a hundred soldiers under him armed with swords and revolvers, and the French have a separate body of thirty men. Associated with the European police are an equal number of Tartars. Five English and two French stations have been established in convenient parts of the city and suburbs, and the shopkeeping community are likely to obtain, under British and French rule, a security they never before hoped for.

Things were proceeding so happily that Peh-Kwei the other day wrote a note to Lord Elgin, complimenting him very much upon the state of affairs, and suggesting that we were all now such very good friends that it was quite unnecessary for us to keep soldiers in the city. This polite impertinence produced an answer which Peh-Kwei has not yet shown to his most intimate advisers. Instead of evacuating the city the general has been obliged to remind the Tartar general of a stipulation that the arms of the Tartar soldiery should be given up. The Chinese dignitaries were prepared to correspond upon this subject, to appoint commissioners, to receive reports, and to hold a discussion upon every gingal. The English general, with a barbaric promptitude, marched 1,200 coolies and a large

escort into the three great depôts, and on Saturday last lodged nearly all the rubbish within the English lines. The three imperial armouries were in a high state of efficiency. The double-handed swords were immense in numbers and terrible to look upon. There were rooms full of those fear-inspiring shields, which, in some quite modern period of Chinese history, probably gave to some piratical Greek the idea of the shield of Minerva. There were arrows in thousands, very carefully finished and preserved in cases, but the mandarin bows were very rare. Great store of quilted war-jackets filled the presses, and there were many complete suits of Chinese armour. The swords, and pikes, and gingals, and matchlocks were innumerable; but the chief attraction was five brass guns, which were followed by covetous eyes as they were walked off by the coolies. In another establishment we found collected all the shot that could be recovered after the last year's bombardment, and also some unexploded shells, which had been fired upon the city on the 28th December. There was also a great depôt of infernal machines in form like a dark lantern made of tin; many flags and banners were also carried off.

I have taken some pains to ascertain the loss suffered by the Chinese during the bombardment and the storm. We have all the official returns of the first day in our possession, and no account that I have seen places the deaths during the whole operations higher than two hundred. Some distrust the Chinese accounts, but I am inclined to put faith in them. Unless you surround Chinese soldiers you never kill many of them. You never catch them upon an island or in an isolated position. They act upon the principle of the wife of Bath, that—

> "A mouse who trusts to one poor hole
> Can never be a mouse of any soul."

They fire very fiercely upon you as you are coming up to attack them, but escape by the back door as soon as you get too near. Our escalade was a complete surprise upon them. They fancied we were advancing under the fire from their walls to attack Fort Gough; they never expected that we should turn aside and "jump upon wooden legs" over the

wall. Howqua's comprador, with whom some of us talked the matter over, declares that it is impossible that the numbers killed could be greater than is stated. The people, he says, knew perfectly well the line the fire would take, and got out of the way. The troops who were obliged to remain on the walls kept very much under cover, and great quantities of the missiles missed the wall and fell into the ditch. The dead must be buried outside the city, and, as the western gate only was open, it was easy for any one to calculate how many were carried out. It says little for the destructive power of our warlike engines that so small a loss should have been occasioned by so large an expenditure of shot and shell; but the probabilities are that the fact is as the Chinese state it. It is placed beyond doubt now that the loss of the Chinese during the bombardment in 1856 was not more than forty-three, and I quite believe in the probability that the recent list of killed does not exceed two hundred.

The staff arrangements have undergone some change. The last accounts from India showing that Major Crealock's regiment was actively engaged, he resigned his staff appointment here, and is gone off to his regimental duty. Captain Pellew, the general's aide-de-camp, has pursued the same course. Captain Cooke, of the marines, succeeds Major Crealock, and Captain Carrington, who has hitherto acted as provost-marshal, has been removed to the adjutant-general's department. The general has not yet chosen an aide-de-camp to succeed Captain Pellew.

Our great want is interpreters. It would appear that there are only three English interpreters available for our use in all China. Mr. Wade and Mr. Parkes are worked beyond all reason, and, what is more to the purpose, they toil in vain to overtake the exigencies of the public service. Mr. Alabaster, a young man of some acquirements in Chinese, is in attendance upon Yeh. There is a Chinaman named Wang, and a Portuguese named Lozario. These are the only mouths through which we can communicate with this people. All the other Chinese scholars are, I suppose, engaged in their consular or their missionary labours. Where are the "students" who were sent out with a salary to learn

Chinese? Some say the experiment is yet so young that they have not had time to learn; others affirm that they are taken from their studies to do clerks' duties as soon as they arrive in China, and therefore never will have time to learn; and there are those who say that, notwithstanding the King's College examinations, the choice is made with so little discrimination as to aptitude for learning languages that they never can learn. As to the cause I am not confident, but the effect is certain—they are not available in any number proportionate to the demand for their services.

Where are the interpreters who were to be supplied by the Bishops' College, an institution that I believe has for some years received £250 annually for this purpose? It has never yet turned out one Chinese scholar. In the destitution which exists, I understand that some of the pupils of this college have been employed to interpret in the police-court. I can testify that their performances are most distressing to witness. A question from a magistrate is followed by a five minutes' wrangle between the interpreter and the witness or prisoner. I am told that their Chinese has the greatest possible degree of remoteness from resemblance to Mr. Davies's English, and it would certainly puzzle a jury of sphinxes to understand the English they extract from Chinese.

If we are to have an extensive intercourse with China we must have a large staff of interpreters, who should be confined to their duties as interpreters. It is not Chinese scholars, armed with consular and official power, which we went. With very great respect, and with very great personal regard for several of these men, whose honour is pure even in the eyes of Chinamen, and whose scholarship and zeal are worthy of all admiration, I must yet not shrink from the public duty of declaring that to them we owe nearly all the difficulties that beset our path in China. They have spent their lives in learning, not only the Chinese language, but also the elaborate Chinese ceremonial. By concentrating all their powers of mind upon these fripperies they are come to regard them with even more reverence than they are regarded by the Chinese themselves. Therefore they see insults, and they see difficulties, and they see impossibilities, where an Englishman, acting by

the light of his own common sense, would see no insult and find no obstacle. They venerate footeis and toutaes as tremendous nobles, with whom it is glorious to contend on points of etiquette. Whether there shall be a break in the line of a written communication is a question of the gravest importance. To coerce some obese old opium-smoker of infamous morals and intense ignorance into a tacit admission of equality is a victory. To make a reluctant coolie render to them the respect which he pays to the humblest of his mandarins is a point of great moment, but never attained except while the coolie's ears are hot with the recent application of an Anglo-Saxon palm. All this only strengthens the Chinaman's conviction that we are very pitiable barbarians. He sees us apeing his own ceremonials, and while he laughs at our awkwardness he is indignant at our presumption. If our interpreters were to pass their days in hissing against a flock of geese or braying against a drove of donkeys, these animals would soon come to regard their imperfect imitators with contempt, and probably believe them to be an inferior order of creatures.

The course to pursue in China is this — dare to act honestly with them, and dare to tell them the truth; say to them that the nations of the civilized world regard them as a barbarous, or, at least, as a semi-civilized people; that our laws recognize no rank but that we derive from our own sovereign; that in dealing with foreign officers we regard nothing but their acts, and desire only to be assured that those acts are within the scope of their authority; that to us all foreign officers are of equal rank—that is, of no English rank whatever; and that knowing, and desiring to know, nothing of Chinese ceremonial, no observance can do us honour, and no lack of it can disgrace us. *Correspond with them in English;* and, if their answers should be discourteous in form, pass over the intended insult with the remark that "we are informed that the letter is written in bad Chinese; but that it is no part of our business to insist that a Chinese secretary should be an educated man, or versed in the courtesies of civilized nations."

This course of action would get rid of nine tenths of our difficulties in this country. The Chinese would declare at

first that they do not understand our letters—although Yeh's papers contain daily reports of the contents of the Hongkong papers, and translations of extracts from the *Times*. Our own interpreters will exclaim against the idea as preposterous; but we are accustomed to see their prophecies fail. Firmly carried out, I believe this plain, open, truthful course would succeed. Sure I am, from all I see around me, that nothing can be worse than that we have hitherto pursued.

This line of policy would by no means decrease the necessity for interpreters, and I draw attention to the fact that the public service is in this particular in an unsatisfactory state. The Chinese, who have all the instincts of trade, are moving to satisfy the want on their side. The chief thoroughfares in this city abound in bookstalls; and the last new work, "which is in everybody's hands," and "without which no library is complete," is a small tract teaching the English numerals and a few phrases—the sounds being imitated in Chinese characters. People are reading this in all directions. I saw a lame beggar lying under the eaves of a house and assiduously learning to beg in English.

These Chinese beggars are the most importunate creatures of their kind. They are not quite so numerous as those of Naples, but they are even more pertinacious, and their sores and leprosies are more disgusting. It is a scandal to a city with a score of miles of rich shops that so much misery should exist unchecked. In all other Chinese cities I have found some benevolent institution which distributes rice and medicine. We have not been able to discover any such establishment in action in Canton. Mr. Huliatt, our chaplain, who performs divine service in this pagan yanum, and exhorts our men in soldierlike discourses that ring like Christianized versions of a speech from Thucydides, has taken this matter in hand. He has established a Chinese hospital and soup-kitchen—supported by contributions from the scanty pay of the army. I cannot say I think the poor of Canton have any strong claims upon English charity, but if any of those eccentric Englishmen who feel the wrongs of the Chinese to press upon their consciences choose to send a subscription, he will be glad to receive it.

There are funds which might be fairly made available for these purposes. Some days since a poor priest presented himself at head-quarters in abject garb and squalid plight, and told a piteous tale to the general how his little personal property and his only change of raiment lay in the monastery of Celestial Bliss, now occupied by Colonel Hocker and his battalion. The general at once gave him an order to remove all his property from the place, and the priest prudently waited till the colonel and the major part of his officers and men were absent on a *reconnaissance*. He then presented his order, and was led about by the officers of the day to recognize his property. The poor priest was accompanied by some servitors of his order. With their assistance he opened the pedestal of an untouched idol, and lo! a bar of solid gold and several bars of silver were exposed to the view of the astonished soldiery. Proceeding to another image, he abstracted some stones of great magnitude and price. Then he borrowed a ladder, and, mounting to the roof, removed a sheathing, and behold! a magazine of richly embroidered silks and costly furs, all which were duly piled upon the shoulders of the poor brethren. The guard were almost frantic, but the order was imperative. The poor priest was a true Chinaman. Having succeeded so far, he pushed his rights to the utmost. Lying about were some trophies and small matters which the absent soldiers had gathered together in other places and brought to these quarters. These also were put together. All was carried off; and when the reconnoitring party returned to their quarters they found them swept, but not garnished. Nothing was left but the hole in the roof and the disembowelled joss.

Peh-kwei has been asked to take some steps towards alleviating the misery of the destitute classes; but he does not see his way to the employment of any less efficacious methods than the head-cutting knife and the bamboo. The life of these high dignitaries must be very dull. Peh-kwei is too great a man to do anything. He sits all day in an uncomfortable straight-backed chair, and receives a few reports and writes occasionally—or rather dictates, for his handwriting is unpresentable—to the emperor. Seeing him the other day in this position of dignified discomfort, one of

the interpreters asked him whether he passed much of his time in reading. His answer was, 'No, I never read; my heart is heavy. I cannot laugh over romances, and if I read good books I go to sleep.'

Yeh, on board the *Inflexible*, exhibits much the same spectacle; and it naturally occurred to the Anglo-Saxon mind that he also must want books. The offer was rejected; but Yeh is a religious man, and said nothing about romances. His answer was, 'What should I do with books? All the books that are proper to be read I know by heart'—he quoted Caliph Omar without having ever heard his name. He passes his time in praying to Buddha and telling his fortune. His papers abound in fortune-telling schemes, analogous to our '*sortes Virgilianæ*' or '*sortes Biblicæ*.' One of them is headed, 'Scheme to determine when the Kwangsi Rebellion will Terminate.' The Chinese are very indignant with him for not killing himself. They say, 'Eep number one fools; he no make writee pigeon, he no make fightee pigeon; he number one bad mandalin; he no cuttee thloat.' The wretched creature seems to have been influenced in his conduct by these fortune-telling tricks, which are as heterodox in China as they are in England. *Respice rivales divorum!* Yet, although the revelations of his state papers, and our observation of his personal habits, demonstrate that he is without conduct or judgment,* or even the strong common sense of an ordinary Chinaman, his official rank is so great that we are told his presence in the Canton river exercises an unfavourable influence upon our dealings with the Chinese people. Unless early news of his degradation should be received, he will be sent away. The present idea is to send him to Calcutta, where he will probably have an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of the king of Oude within the walls of Fort William.

* The reader will find this estimate of Yeh's character much modified hereafter.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A WALK ABOUT CANTON.

Intricacies of Canton City—The Governor's Yamun—The Commissioner's Court—The Tartar Yamun—The Treasury—The Execution Ground—Manner of the Executions—The Ruins of Yeh's Yamun—The Site of the Old Factories—Temples—The Tartar City—The Fatee Gardens—Puntinqua's House.

CANTON, *Feb.* 15.

I AM weary of walking the slippery alleys of Canton. Six weeks here have rendered us all familiar with every object of interest. Not that we know our way about. The inhabitants, when they go far abroad, often carry a fan with a plan of the city upon it; and wise mandarins sometimes have a Chinese compass in their chairs. Even the few main thoroughfares are not easily to be recognized if you come into them unawares, the streets so much resemble each other in their narrowness, their pendant signboards, their drifting crowds, and their lines of shops. If you take a Chinese guide from the east he does not know the west. We are about to name the principal thoroughfares, and to put up boards in English, French, and Chinese, for the benefit of future tourists; but at present Canton is not a city easy to be learned by heart.

We sleep—that is to say, four of us sleep—in a building very like a cucumber-frame without any glass. It is true that the absence of glass has been supposed to be supplied by the presence of gauze paper; but, as nearly every pane is torn, the north wind, which whistles shrewdly at night, finds means of bringing us a morning supply of colds. Let me endeavour to tell how some of us, who may happen not to be on duty, sometimes pass our days.

After comfortable ablutions in the abundant warm waters of this yamun, for the water is positively warm as it comes

from the wells, and after a campaigning breakfast, we sally forth armed with revolvers and stout walking-sticks. The commissioners' court in the outer quadrangle is already sitting. The three commissioners, in their square open pavilion, are trying a rape case; and hundreds of Chinese, an orderly crowd, are looking on. The culprit is a fresh-coloured Irish boy, of the marine force, and the complainant is a little weazened old woman who totters upon her small sheeps' feet, and talks voluble Cantonese against the erect young soldier. The English police corroborate her story. I am afraid there can be no doubt about the fact. The boy was drunk and indiscriminating. He had offered violence to that quaint creature. He is found guilty, and fifty lashes write in red letters upon his back the Cantonese commissioners' version of the axiom, "*si non casté, tamen cauté.*"

The open space in front of the governor's yamun is more than an acre in area, and abuts upon the Great East and West-streets. We no longer call it "the street of Benevolence and Love." Perhaps we go westward, and, pushing through the crowd, and averting our eyes from the too tempting curiosity shops, we arrive at the gates of the Tartar yamun, with its two colossal marble lions in front. I have already spoken of this place as a scene of desolation. It is rapidly returning to its former grandeur, In an incredibly short space of time the Chinese workmen, set in motion by barbarian dollars, have repapered all the walls, botched up all the holes, and, mowing ways through the bamboo jungle, have discovered little nooks with terraces and small bridges, and curious pavilions—gentle accessories to the mighty halls which are to form the quarters of the forces. The French are taking great pains to restore the portions they have chosen. Le Capitaine Martineau has his private rooms, his chapel, his prison, and his office. A few dashes of the paintbrush do wonders in a Chinese building. The Tartar yamun will soon look as imposing as it did when it was the palace of the southern king of China. The wilderness in its rear, with its central temple and its ancient trees, will be again a pleasant park. It is sixty acres. We flushed a woodcock there during a recent walk.

If we retrace our steps and pass again eastwards we shall

revisit the other great official yamuns. Twenty times may we go about these great straggling places before we become aware of all their walls contain. Behind the treasury, the portals whereof seem to be in the centre of an overpeopled neighbourhood, I have counted thirty head of deer, their horns appearing and disappearing in the coarse bamboo jungle. There are not five men beside myself who know that this miniature deer-forest exists in Canton city, or, despite the provost-marshal, venison would not be so unknown in our quarters. These little wildernesses will, doubtless, soon be cleared; and before we leave they will become parade-grounds, or, perhaps, encampments; but it shows how little our English residents know of what is just an inch beyond their noses, that they, in their northern newspaper, made pert merriment of my early statement that there were park-like grounds within the circuit of the Canton walls. Our rambles are, however, more usually among the intricately reticulated streets. As we make our way towards the south-west, by aid of our Chinese compass, we pass guests proceeding to a marriage, with the wedding presents in long procession behind their chairs—whole-roasted pigs, cakes, and confitures, and baskets whose contents we can only guess at. Perhaps—it has happened more than once—there is a terrific sound of rapid wheels. There is an alarm of fire; and the fire-brigade, in their uniform caps, are dragging a fire-engine along the pavement of black granite at a tremendous pace. These firemen are fine fellows. In the heat of our bombardment we saw them working their engines under fire, and once at least we blew up engine and firemen together, by a shell. As we near the southern parts, passing under the wall of the old city, we come upon lower neighbourhoods, and the shops are adapted to the wants of the waterside population. Here (if you observe curiously the shops which are filled with the sun-dried comestibles the Chinese love) you may find dried rats with their tails fully projected, and leaving no doubt of their class and order in creation. Look carefully into that finely-browned roast pig and you will discover it to be a dog. Puppies are also borne by in open wicker baskets, and their fate and ultimate destination are not ambiguous. But these

peculiarities are not common, and are not ostentatiously displayed. You must have an old *habitué* of the factories with you, or you would not discover them. The rats are field rats, caught and dried after harvest, and the dogs have been carefully fed upon rice and meal. We do the Chinese much wrong in the matter of their food. Their pork is far more white and delicate in flavour than the pork we see exposed in London, and it is fed with a care and cleanliness from which some English dairies might well take pattern.

Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop, fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a rood in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery; there are two wooden crosses formed of unbarked wood, standing in an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small enclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Aceldama, the field of blood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating scepticism. It was within this yard that the monster Yeh has within two years destroyed the life of 70,000 fellow-beings. These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and by Yeh's orders her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh—that was how he treated *his* prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what period of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman, none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was

used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who, have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while they confess that after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done, deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck and laid them convenient for the stroke. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop. No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous man-slayers are educated to their work; until they can, with their heavy swords, slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber, they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off a hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell, that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

Leaving the execution-ground, and re-entering the city, we reach, at a distance of about two hundred yards, a square space, wherein are the stumps of two mandarin poles cut short by cannon-shot, and two stone lions, with very peculiarly shaped heads and ridiculous sharp noses. One side of the square is occupied by the painted gates and outer buildings of a yamun. This is all that remains standing of the palace of the governor-general. Inside those gates you find nothing but two acres of brick rubbish. Of the courts and pavilions I looked down upon from the maintop of the *Nimrod* not a vestige remains. The cannon of the ships knocked the place down, and even while the firing still continued the populace of this low neighbourhood rushed in and carried away every scrap, not only of furniture or ornament, but of wood or

stone. They bore off the beams, the window frames, the wooden columns, amid storms of round shot and shrapnell shell, and left nothing but the mounds of brick and mortar, and the fragments of wall which we see. There is nothing like a Chinese mob for utter destruction.

Repassing the southern wall, and pursuing our course westward, we penetrate through devious lanes (not more dirty, perhaps, than some of our own waterside purlieus) to the ruins of those hongs which were knocked down by the English when they were compelled to retreat from Canton. Howqua's house is among the fallen, and so are the hongs of many other "quas," who, while making enormous fortunes from our trade, exulted in being conspicuous as barbarian-haters, earning their peacocks' tails by sitting on the committee of war, and paying premiums for murdering and kidnapping our people.

When the real danger came all this boasting *canaille* retired into the western suburb, whither they were well informed by their English and American friends that no fire would be directed.

Passing these ruins, and crossing a little creek upon a temporary bridge made of scaling ladders and planks, we come upon the site of the dear old factories. It is now an open space, several acres in extent, and covered only by little hillocks of prostrate bricks and trampled mortar. Not six inches of wall is left standing, not an inch of wood lies undiscovered. Only, as if to show that while barbarian foundations are transitory Chinese institutions are eternal, the solid pavement of Hog-lane continues. The church which once stopped the path has disappeared, but lines of coolies are carrying their burdens along Hog-lane and crowds of sanpans ply at the landing-place at which it terminates.

In small stalls near at hand you may buy English books and odd articles of European use. A sailor recently bought a Sèvres vase, fully believing it to be a Chinese antique; all this is, of course, loot from the factories. Its exhibition, under present circumstances, is only an ordinary instance of Chinese impudence.

If we now turn northwards we shall get into some of the best streets of the western suburb, where every shop is like

a little joss-house, and where silks, and embroideries, and jadestone ornaments, and heavy, ugly, ill-made Chinese furniture, and perfumeries, and other luxuries, are set forth in the highest flight of Chinese taste. You may go for a mile northward in a straight line. If you deviate to the left, you will probably want your pocket compass to get back again, for you will quickly be involved in the Belgravia of Canton—narrow, quiet streets, with windowless brick walls and small doorways that give no notice that the best private houses in Canton lie behind. We may now visit the "Temple of the Five Hundred Gods" without danger of being stoned, as Sir John Bowring once was when he ventured there; and you may even see the "Temple of Longevity," with its kitchen gardens and ornamental grounds. Having rambled our full in the western suburb, and lunched on tea and cakes, perhaps at Howqua's (if you have a merchant likely to buy tea in your party), or if not, then at one of the many tea-houses—you may return into the city by the south-western-gate, and proceed eastwards to the temple set apart for the adoration of the emperor—a series of courts and tabernacles which, although just under the wall, is not much injured by our fire. Thence trend away to the north-west, and you will cross the Tartar city and look up at the Mahommedan pagoda, claimed to be a great Arab antiquity. Continue in the same line and you will at last reach the nine-storied pagoda where the priests will chin-chin you and be very civil. Pass thence along the front of the Tartar yamun, to the yamun of the governor. You will then have done twelve hours' hard walking, and will be quite ready to join any one of the hospitable messes whereat British and French officers discuss savoury stews in different nooks of that celestial edifice. Another day may well be devoted to the river. You will go up the crowded Fatee Creek and land at the gardens—some two or three acres of nursery ground—where you will see thousands of rare trees in pots, dwarfed and distorted into grotesque imitations of dogs and deer, and dragons and vases, and birdcages. There are also mandarin orange trees, beautiful camellias, and other flowers whose names I know not—but all in pots and all for sale. You will visit also Puntinqua's house and gardens—sixty acres of fishponds, pavi-

lions, bridges, and aviaries, with painted barges, pretty flowers, cool stone seats, and every preparation for summer indolence—the whole dominated by a white pagoda, whence you have a complete view.

Having seen all this, you will not have seen one tenth part of Canton, but you will have seen all I dare to indicate of a general character, for I must not forget that I am not writing a Chinese itinerary, and my only excuse for saying what I have said is, that Canton is a virgin city, and some description of it is, strictly speaking, *news*.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE CANTON PRISONS.

Peh-kwei's Proclamation—Description of a Chinese Prison—The Yard of the Second Prison—Horrible Scene in one of the surrounding Dens—The Paralyzed Child—The European Prison—Description—Traditions of the Prison—Death by Poison—Lord Elgin's Interference—Prison Book-keeping.

Two days were occupied in visiting the prisons. A proclamation had been extorted from Peh-kwei, giving general amnesty to all who were amenable to punishment for having held commerce with the foreigners. It was the duty of the three allied commissioners to ascertain that this amnesty was fully carried out. In the first prison we found a Portuguese boy, a Portuguese man, and the coolie who had acted as verger at the church attached to the factories. At the end of our second day's labour we returned to the yamun with fifty prisoners and two mandarins—head gaolers—in our custody.

I approach with reluctance the task of telling what we saw in these places, and shall dismiss the topic as briefly as I can. It is not, however, sufficient to say that all the inmates were squalid and half-starved, swarming with vermin and covered with skin diseases. This condition is common to all the Canton gaols, and to all their inmates. But there are

horrors which one mind cannot convey to another, and such we saw again and again during those two days.

A Chinese gaol is a group of small yards enclosed by no general outer wall (except in one instance). Around each yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed that when the prisoners are let out into the yard the gaolers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie.

We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The gaolers were ordered to open that place, and refusing—as a Chinaman always at first refuses—were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the gaolers than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low weakly-muttered groans. So soon as the double doors could be opened several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity, still alive. The mandarin gaoler, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As

they were borne out one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last.

They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins as the gaolers lugged them, not too tenderly, along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape. Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was "hunger," or that that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there was a well in the yard, and their fellow prisoners had supplied them, but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out; for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year fifteen men have died in that cell. Some of those who were standing by me asked "How will you ever be able to tell this to the English people?" I believe that no description could lead the imagination to a full conception of what we saw in that Canton prison. I have not attempted to do more than dot a faint outline of the truth, and when I have read what I have written, feel how feeble and forceless is the image upon paper when compared with the scene impressed upon my memory.

This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the 6,000 prisoners we saw

whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. "*Quelle société,*" exclaimed Captain Martineau, as in the first yard we visited he saw a little boy, confined here because he was the son of a rebel—"*quelle société pour un enfant de quatorze ans!*" Alas! we saw many, many such cases in our after experience. In one of the dens of the Poon-yu, the door of which was open, some one pointed attention to a very child—rather an intelligent looking child—who was squat upon a board and laughing at the novel scene taking place before him. We beckoned to him, but he did not come. We went up to him, and found he could not move. His little legs were ironed together; they had been so for several months, and were now paralyzed and useless. This child of ten years of age had been placed here charged with stealing from other children. We took him away.

It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats, and a night in the guard-house, at last forced the discovery from the mandarin or gaol inspector in our custody. It is called the Koon Khan, is in the eastern part of the city, and is distinguishable from the others only in that it is surrounded by a high brick wall. Nearly the whole of our second day was passed in this place. It has only one yard, and into this the prisoners are not allowed to come. There is a joss-house at one end of the court; for, of course, the Chinese mix up their religion with their tyranny. The finest sentiments, such as "The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow;" "Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them;" "May we share in the mercy of the emperor," are carved in faded golden characters over every den of every prison. Opening from this yard are four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief gaoler of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a gaoler at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed they always reiterated their first story, "The other gaolers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh."

How, step by step, we followed up our inquiries, and how we cast about hither and thither for a clue, and at last found one, which was often lost and refound, would be too long to tell. Mr. Parkes conducted this business with a vigour and intelligence that cannot be over-estimated. At first they had never heard of a foreigner; then a heavy box on the ears administered by one of the orderlies, in punishment for a threat to a prisoner, produced a recollection of *one* European prisoner. Then the gaolers were roughly handled in sight of the prisoners, and, together with the mandarin, were taken out in custody of the soldiers. Gradually the prisoners began to give credence to what we said—that we were now the mandarins of Canton, and could protect them if they spoke out. One produced a monkey-jacket from his sleeping-place at the back of the den; another had an old jersey; all of them soon had stories to tell. Many of the prisoners had been inmates of the place for many years, and upon reference to the books we found that they were all originally placed here for very trifling crimes. Old stories get mixed up with new; the difficulties of Chinese dialects come into play, and we often fancied we were unravelling some sanguinary iniquity of yesterday, when we found at last that it was two or three, or even ten, years old. It is only by small degrees that the collated evidence of these vermin-bitten witnesses is made to assume some form and consistency. It appears at last almost certain that six Chinese were beheaded last night, their fate being, in all probability, precipitated by our visit to the other prisons. It also appears quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans, two Frenchmen, and four Englishmen, have found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners, examined separately, deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Pekin—the gaoler held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison—and they were strangled. We

asked how they knew it was poison. There was no doubt on this score. It is a curious circumstance, illustrative of the prostrate state of terror that exists here, that the gaoler's fowls scratch about, untouched, among all the famishing men within the Canton prisons, and feed upon the vermin. It was remarked that the fowls fed upon the vomit of these two Europeans, and died.

Only two of these prisoners had excited much sympathy among the Chinese. One of them was a sailor, who spoke the language, adapted himself to their habits, and told them stories. He was cheerful, or pretended to be cheerful, at first; but in a short time he grew sick, and cried, and spoke of his friends far away. Even the Chinese were sorry when his time came, and when the gaolers poisoned him. There was another, an old white bearded man, who was there some months. He spoke only a few words of Chinese, but the Chinese veneration for age came to his aid, and they pitied him also.

Some of us thought that this must have been poor Cooper, the owner of the docks at Whampoa, who, probably mistaken for his son, was kidnapped from his chop boat, lying within a hundred yards of the *Sybille*. His wife and daughter were on board with him. A sanpan came alongside with a letter. While he leaned forward to take it he was drawn into the sanpan, and he was away up a creek before the alarm could be given and a boat lowered from the man-of-war.

The others, we were told, were not favourites. They could not speak, they held themselves aloof. If two of them happened to be in prison at the same time they conversed together. If there was only one, he either fought with the gaolers or sat alone covering his face with his hands.

It is, I suppose, contrary to our principle and our policy, and the custom of civilized nations when a city has been taken by assault, to punish these acts; but we stretched a point. We carried away the principal gaoler and the secretary —two terrible ruffians, the head and the hand of this iniquity; and we also carried away the prisoners who had given us trustworthy information, but we only took them as witnesses, and lodged them in our guard-house.

On the night of the second day, the three commissioners

sought an interview with Peh-kwei, gave him a hint of what they had discovered, and produced the fettered and paralyzed child to show that there were instances of unnecessary severity in the prisons under his control. The lieutenant-governor, far from being moved by this spectacle, flew, or affected to fly, into a towering passion; Mr. Parkes was bent upon persecuting him (poor Peh-kwei!); what right had we in his prisons? What was it to us how he dealt with his own people? Were we prepared to open all the prisons in Canton? It was breach of faith to go into those prisons without notice to him. He would write immediately to Lord Elgin—Mr. Parkes's manner was most discourteous—and so on.

Meanwhile Lord Elgin had seen, and has acted. Peh-kwei has been told that where a Christian power has means to stop these things, they cannot be permitted. The Chinaman as usual blusters, exclaims that he is oppressed, and yields. A hospital is marked out, and the prisoners are to be visited. The prayers which our countrymen sent heavenwards from those dungeons, that their countrymen might some day avenge them, will probably be unanswered; but so long as we are in possession of Canton the Chinese themselves will benefit by what we have seen. When we retire, things will of course resume their ordinary routine, for it is only by the present system that these prisons can be supported. A Chinese magistrate obtains only a nominal salary, and he has to employ 1,000 sub-officials, and to make a large fortune in three years. This can only be done by extortion and starvation.

Nothing can be more orderly than the books of these prisons, nothing can be more just and beneficent than the rules laid down for their governance. In some countries words represent facts, but this is never the case in China. The practice is as I have faintly sketched it.

In dealing with this nation of fair words and foul deeds we are under great disadvantage. Howqua, and Singqua, and Imqua, and all the other merchant "quas" were in the committee of war, and cognizant of all that was doing in these prisons. "Committed by the committee of war" was the usual entry in the prison books. If we had seized How-

qua and held him for twenty-four hours—and he was well within our reach—poor old Cooper would be in the bosom of his family. But this would have been, according to our notions, unjust to Howqua, for the Chinese would not afford us legal evidence of his complicity. So poor Cooper languished in that loathsome prison, and we are a righteous nation, who respect the dicta of learned Dutch jurists.

When I have said that Mr. Huliatt's soup-kitchen goes on well, and that he has already funds to supply a daily meal for three months to 1,500 Chinese, I have said all that I dare venture to say about this city. A score of letters would not exhaust the subject, but the patience of the British public has its limits.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### TRADE AND DIPLOMACY.

Arrival of the Sepoys—Fracas between them and the French—Howqua at Home—Estimate of Amount of Stock of Teas—Opinions of the Chinese Merchants assembled at Howqua's—Blockade Raised—Police—The Chinese New Year in Canton—Site of the New Factories—Adieu to Canton—Diplomatic Occurrences—The Americans and Russians join with the English and French—The Four Plenipotentiaries prepare to go North.

The 70th sepoy regiment has arrived. They are doubtless very fine high caste gentlemen. It is said that they have existed for sixteen days upon bran and water, because they had scruples of conscience about cooking at sea. Two hundred coolies were assigned to sweep out their quarters, because, as General Straubenzee remarks, these men do nothing of that sort, but only do soldiers' work. I believe I am not more cruel than my neighbours, but I should certainly like to see all this nonsense flogged out of these scoundrels. In these latter days, when it has been possible to substitute other punishments, there has been too much flogging in this army for slight offences, and I would willingly spare some of our drummers and boatswains' mates for service in the

sepoy quarters. They landed, I must admit, in very soldier-like order, and, by the aid of our coolies and their own camp followers, they were lodged or tented in a marvellously short time. The next day they addicted themselves to looting, and three of them were shot by the French police. The evidence upon the court of inquiry which followed was very contradictory; but that they were looting, and that they resisted the police, were two uncontested facts. Perhaps the French were hasty; but a sepoy in his undress is undressed in the literal sense of the term, and it is not quite to be wondered at that the Frenchmen had recourse to their arms to rid themselves of the blows and brickbats of a crowd of half-naked black ruffians. No two human creatures can be more different than a sepoy dressed in his red coat and faultlessly clean belt and the same animal stalking about on his long, lank shanks, with a white girdle round his loins. It is ominous of subsequent events that on the third day after the arrival of this 70th regiment they were erecting two funeral pyres before the eyes of the wondering Chinamen just outside the north-east gate, and burning two of their comrades. Cremation is a cleanly mode of sepulture, but it would be well to preserve entire the classical custom, and to perform the rite with sweetly scented woods.

I am afraid that General Straubenzee, whose popularity has been waning since the capture of the city—such is the fate of sudden favourites—will not recover his ground by bringing his old Indian prejudices into China. He has most unfortunately commenced his treatment of the sepoys by an act which both English and French regard as an insult. When an Englishman or a Frenchman is caught plundering he is tried by the three commissioners. The first four sepoys who were caught looting were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the commissioners, and handed back to their own colonel.

Passing from the men of war to the men of peace, we approach the question of the reopening of the trade of this city. In my last letter I mentioned the contradictory opinions existing upon this subject, and the interests wherein those opinions had their origin. Soon after it was despatched, I had an opportunity of seeing Howqua at his own house.

The principal Chinese merchants were present, and I was surprised at the fluency with which they all speak English. Howqua stands upon his dignity—or upon the advantage it gives him—and replies only through his linguist; but it is evident that he quite understands all that passes.

It was a point with the English merchants to know—first, whether the Canton merchants were prepared to trade; and if so—secondly, what stock they had on hand.

After a long time spent in questioning and answering, in discussing sponge-cakes and sweetmeats, and *parfait amour*, a list was produced of the teas in stock; and, making allowance for the somewhat elastic quantity of a Chinese "chop," we estimated the amount at twenty-one millions of pounds—all, as we were assured, good sound teas, ready for immediate delivery. There is a still larger quantity ready to come down. The Chinese, as sellers, are not likely to over-estimate the extent of their stock in hand; but, upon talking this matter over with the English merchants, they appear inclined to disbelieve both the amount and the quantity of the stock in hand; they say that what teas the Chinese have are chiefly those of previous seasons. I am at all times unwilling to state facts which may influence present markets, for these are subjects on which I am peculiarly liable to be misinformed; and I am without that knowledge of the details of Chinese commerce which would enable me to feel confidence in deciding between conflicting statements. I confine myself, therefore, to reporting the assertions on either side.

Upon the general question of trading, the Chinese merchants assembled at Howqua's seemed to think that, upon the authority of Peh-kwei's proclamation, they might recommence their business. "More better make that trade pigeon all one fashion—that mandarin pigeon all one fashion." The only difficulty they had was upon the subject of duties. They thought that if the allies collected duties Peh-kwei's only incentive to open the trade would be taken away, and that trade could not go on.

Lord Elgin decided this matter as they wished. It was found upon consideration that the difficulties in the way of collecting the duties ourselves were insuperable. Multitudes of international questions would arise, and as the correspon-

dence between Mr. Reed and Yeh had never been a great secret to anybody, it was known that a very small infraction would be eagerly laid hold of. Whenever this correspondence shall be made public you will find that it is precisely what I described it to be at the time,—possibly when Lord Elgin might have been quite ignorant of its existence or purport, —that the American approached the mandarin almost with servility, offering him the protection of his ship and of that flag which &c.—and that the mandarin met his offers with a curt snubbing and most mortifying contempt. However, the attitude of the Americans and the necessities of the Chinese government are the evident considerations which induced the allied Powers to restore the trade upon its old footing, leaving all money matters to be considered hereafter as an Imperial question.

On the 10th, as in my last letter I informed you would happen, the blockade was raised. Astonishing numbers of great junks had two or three days previously emerged from unnoticed creeks, and were fitted for sea with laudable activity. On the morning of the 10th the river seemed suddenly crowded with huge matted sails, the deserted pack-houses on Honan had been rented and refitted by European merchants; and in an hour, as though by enchantment, Canton seemed to be in full swing of commerce. Verily this commercial promptitude is a wonderful thing. Probably some portion of those 21,000,000 lbs. of tea is by this time a long way on towards England.

To protect this trade a water police has been established; Captain Edgell has this difficult task. Fifteen snake boats and three gunboats form what we here call the "piratical squadron." Nothing can be more ridiculous than to see half a dozen of these boats, crowded with dirty rascals and laden with useless guns, towed away by Lieutenant Graham or Lieutenant Rosen in the *Lee* or the *Kestrel*. If I dared employ the space necessary to describe some of the ridiculous embarrassments with which Captain Edgell has to deal, in managing his Chinese squadron, I should have laughable things to tell; however, if tact, and temper, and untiring industry can succeed in making an honest and effective Chinese water police, Edgell will do it.

The 14th of February has arrived, and it is the day of the Chinese new year. Lanterns are hung out before every door, business is closed, and the dark-haired race are employing all their energies in exploding crackers and eating pork. There is nothing picturesque or pleasant in this feast of lanterns. Your Chinaman is a monotonous animal, even in his saturnalia. The women crowd the temples, or light up with small red candles their domestic joss-houses. The men pull each other's tails, and play half-drunken practical jokes in the same temples, or strew the street in front of their doors with crackers and set them on fire, keeping up a constant detonation all over the city. Moreover, there are feasts at the eating-houses; and sing-song girls, with painted faces, sing tom-tom songs and make tom-tom music. If you want any work done you are told, "In two three day can do." If you want to buy anything, the shopkeeper tells you to come again two three day, for that he "too muchee drunkee that samshu." Yet there is very little or no riotous drunkenness. They act like stupid old children, without the innocence, the grace, or the natural freedom of childhood.

The site of the new British factory, or rather settlement, has been fixed upon. The old site is to be abandoned, for many reasons, but chiefly because other European nations have claims upon it.* The new site extends from the creek which formed the eastern boundary of the old factory eastwards along the bank of the river to a point opposite the Dutch Folly. The ground now taken is about four times the extent formerly occupied, and it extends from the river back to the city wall.

And now adieu to Canton and to its river. If ever a chastisement was merited, it was merited by the inhabitants of that city. If ever chastisement was mercifully inflicted, it was so inflicted by the expedition which, with so small amount of bloodshed, has humbled their barbarous conceit

* Some difficulties arose. The occurrence of the money panic in England and the low prices realized for tea, rendered the merchants less anxious to set about rebuilding their factories. Although the boundary stones of the new site had been set up when I left Canton, I think it very probable that some change will take place before the site is ultimately fixed upon.

and muzzled their dull ferocity. If we hold that city for two years we shall show them things by which even a Chinaman must learn.

Having done with Canton, I may now recur to the questions of general policy. Upon these I have much news to tell which may be curtly told.

In a former letter I suggested the possibility that the early spring might see all the great civilized powers in co-operation. This has happened. England, France, America, and Russia are now in cordial accord.

Ten days ago the American and Russian embassies were settled at Macao, doing nothing.

Soon after the intention of raising the blockade was announced, it became known that Mr. Reed had made preparations for departure northwards, and it was suggested that his object was to be out of the way while points of difficulty arose, and to allow them to fructify during his absence. Again, a little while, and they who were curious in watching symptoms noted that the Hon. F. Bruce, the secretary to the British embassy, was absent. It was not difficult to learn that he and the secretary to the French embassy proceeded in a gunboat to Macao, had an interview with Count Putiatin, then, finding that Mr. Reed had left and was already so far on his way as Hongkong, started for Hongkong, and after seeing the American minister returned to Lord Elgin at Canton. Following up this chain of public incidents—which were known, or might have been known, to every man in the fleet—we saw that after this interview Mr. Reed immediately returned to Macao and set his house in order, gave up all thoughts of his immediate journey northwards, sent the *Minnesota* up the river as far as she could safely go, and went on to Canton in the *Antelope* (a steamer of light draught which he had hired) and visited Lord Elgin on board the *Furious*.

About the same time a special courier arrived from Count Putiatin, and great activity was observable in the Russian embassy.

All these little facts, patent to the eyes of all the world, showed that some unity of action had been agreed upon, and set some of us inquiring.

I have great reason to believe that the overtures made by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were at once frankly and cordially accepted by the representatives both of America and Russia, and that every act yet done by the belligerent allies is now adopted and approved by the two hitherto neutral powers. I believe it has been agreed between the four powers that they shall proceed in the first instance to Shanghai, and there, if possible, make one general treaty. If the Court of Pekin should remain unimpressed by the union of the four first-class powers of the world, reinforcements are coming out. Russia will not be long represented by a single ship; America is sending; France has vessels on their way; and England, if she is to keep the lead which she has so worthily assumed and hitherto so wisely maintained, will also strengthen her force. It is, however, to be hoped that no further act of conquest will be required. Each of the four powers has, as I understand, sent to Pekin a general statement of grievances and demands. Mr. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's private secretary, and the Vicomte de Coutades, Baron Gros's private secretary, left Hongkong yesterday in the *Formosa* for Shanghai. Whether the Russian and American despatches went by the same steamer I have not heard; but that they are gone, or are immediately about to go, is undoubted. I think it will be found that the four powers, in these communications, invite the emperor to send to Shanghai a minister of high rank, properly accredited, to treat for a new treaty upon the basis of free transit throughout China under proper protection from Chinese authority; permanent diplomatic relations at Pekin; unrestricted commerce; and indemnity for losses and expenses incurred.

The result of these communications it would be very rash to attempt to predict, but it is comfortable to know that we are now acting, not as a single state, but in concurrence with all the civilization of the world. It is the end only which can crown the work, and I offer no unreserved congratulations until I see the treaty; but hitherto Lord Elgin and Baron Gros have certainly done well—our diplomatists have been as fully up to their work as our sailors and soldiers.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros will go north in about three weeks. The Count Putiatin goes almost immediately—for

his little steamer will have a long struggle against the monsoon. Mr. Reed goes to Manilla, to pass the interval between the present date and the time when he must proceed to the rendezvous at Shanghai.

The *Inflexible*, with Yeh on board, is gone down to Hongkong, and is preparing to proceed with that mandarin, who is now the prisoner of the four great powers, to Calcutta.

Notwithstanding all the work which we have upon our hands in India and elsewhere, the position which England holds in this movement of the civilization of the West against the barbarism of the East is worthy of her history.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### ADIEU TO CHINA.

Lord Elgin's Prospects in the North—Celebration of the Chinese New Year at Hongkong—Hongkong Races—Our True Policy in Dealing with the Chinese—The Sinologues and their Prejudices—The Chinese Teachers—The Author leaves China in company with Yeh.

HONGKONG, *Feb.* 22.

SOME months will probably elapse before any very important political event can occur in China. That the country round Canton is arming, there is no doubt, but the elders of Fatshan have in a formal petition assured the admiral that the purpose is only defence against the rebels, who threaten that rich city. They implore the admiral not to take any step that may frighten their braves. The general doubts, but I believe the admiral and Lord Elgin for once put faith in Chinese professions. I put implicit faith, not in their professions, but in their fears, and have no more idea that the Chinese will attack Canton than that they will attack the Tower of London.

Unless, therefore, this remote possibility should occur, China will for some little time present only a faint diplomatic and commercial interest.

The four great powers allow the emperor until the end of

March to send down his plenipotentiary to Shanghai, and in the mean time they cease from what diplomacy is pleased to call their "quasi-belligerent" proceedings.

If we employ this interval in speculations as to the future, we do so at great risk of being contradicted by events, for no country under heaven has been so unfortunate for political prophets. Perhaps the emperor may receive prudent counsels, and all may be settled at Shanghai. It is even upon the cards that Lord Elgin may never go northwards of that port, except to Japan. If he should get all he wants, he will have no pretence to force himself upon the reluctant court of Pekin; and in that case the permanent ambassador may come direct from England. Personally, Lord Elgin would very probably like to finish a successful embassy by a progress to the Chinese metropolis; but not at the expense of the real objects of his mission. I am, however, not quite inclined to think that the emperor will yield, and that the interest of the China expedition is over. You can tell better than I can what reinforcements are coming from Europe, and when we shall be prepared to commence war upon a great scale in the north. We may not forget that Chekiang has been retaken, or rather rebought from the rebels; and if this should render the passage of the grain-junks to Pekin open, it will increase the confidence and obstinacy of the imperial court. This, however, will still depend upon the repair of the Grand Canal in that part of its course.

During the *entr'acte* all China has been exploding crackers, and Hongkong has been celebrating its "Isthmian games." Towards the close of the three days of festivity, the Chinese holiday became almost exciting. If they had kept up half as sharp a fire at Canton on the 29th of December as they did on the 14th of February, we should never have got over the walls with a less loss than 500 men. The streets both of Canton and Hongkong were piled with myriads of exploded cracker-carcases. In Hongkong, where I passed the last day of these festivities, grave men and sedate children were from morning till midnight hanging strings of these noisy things from their balconies, and perpetually renewing them as they exploded. The sing-song women, in their rich,

handsome dresses, were screeching their shrill songs and twanging their two-stringed lutes on every verandah in the Chinese quarter; while the lords of creation assembled at a round table were cramming the day-long repast. The women—hired singing women of not doubtful reputation—in the intervals of their music take their seats at the table opposite the men. They do not eat; but, their business being to promote the conviviality of the feast, they challenge the men to the samshu-cup and drink with them. It is astonishing to see what a quantity of diluted samshu these painted and brocaded she-celestials can drink without any apparent effect. Ever and anon one of the company retires to a couch and takes an opium-pipe, and then returns and recommences his meal. I was invited to one of these feasts. The dishes were excellent; but it lasted till I loathed the sight of food. I believe the Chinese spend fabulous sums in these entertainments; the sing-song women are often brought from distances, and are certainly chosen with some discrimination. They are an imitation of the Chinese lady, and as the Chinese lady has no education and no duties, the difference between the sing-song girl and the poor abject wife is probably not observable in appearance or manner.

The dress is particularly modest and becoming. They all have great quantities of black hair. If they would let it fall dishevelled down their backs as the Manilla women do (those glorious ox-eyed Bacchantes, in whose quick pulses we can feel the blood of the eastern and the western south meet and riot), they would be more picturesque, but not formal and decent, as China is, even in its wantonness. The Chinawoman's hair is gummed and built up into a structure rather resembling a huge flat-iron, and the edifice is adorned with combs and jewels and flowers, arranged with a certain taste. An embroidered blue silk tunic reaches from her chin nearly to her ankles. Below the tunic appear the gay trousers, wrought with gold or silver thread. Then, if she be a large-footed woman, as they all are in Hongkong, we see the instep glancing through the thin white silk stocking, and a very small foot (when left to nature the Chinese have beautiful feet and hands) in a rich slipper, with a tremendous white

sole, in form of an inverted pyramid. In these sing-song girls you see the originals of the Chinese pictures,—the painted faces, the high-arched pencilled eyebrows, the small round mouth, the rather full and slightly sensual lip, naturally or artificially of a deep vermilion, the long slit-shaped, half-closed eyes, suggestive of indolence and slyness. It is, however, a *fête*, and not an orgie. What the voluble and jocose conversation addressed to them by the men may mean I cannot tell; but their manners are quite decent, their replies are short and reserved, and every gesture, or song, or cup of samshu, seems to be regulated by a known ceremonial. For the first time since I have been in China, I have seen Chinamen under the influence of samshu. They are not boisterous, or even jolly, when in this state, but only sheepish and good-humoured. I saw no quarrels.

The Englishman's holiday followed. If any one is desirous of seeing good, steady, old-fashioned racing, where there are no crosses and where every horse is started and ridden to win, I am afraid he must go to Hongkong for it. A Londoner cannot conceive the excitement caused in this little distant island by the race-week. It is the single holiday of the merchants. They spend weighty sums in importing horses from all parts and training them for the contest. We may smile at this truly English mania struggling against strong discouragement; but the means of amusement are not numerous at Hongkong. When we first see the racecourse in "the Happy Valley," we are half tempted to declare that it is the most picturesque spot in the whole world. The scenery, however, must not distract our attention while Snowdrop is making the running. The grand stand, and the booths, and the stables, and all the proprieties of the turf, by no means forgetting the luncheons and the champagne, are all in first-rate order. The one mile and a half of road between "the Happy Valley" and the city of Victoria is at the proper time crowded with vehicles and horsemen and pedestrians, and sometimes the pace is rapid, and sometimes one of the party blows a horn. The Wong-nei-chong stakes are of foreign sound, but so also is the Cesarewitch. Six Arabs come forth to dispute the Canton cup, the most important of the

six races of the first day: if the pace is not very fleet the contest is severe, and the run honest. Enthusiasts from Shanghai sometimes come down and win away the honours from the *great stables* of Victoria; the Capulets and Montagus of China meet here in friendly emulation, and "Sir Michael" and "Snowdon" are important champions. So also are the 9 st. 7 lb. men, the gentlemen jocks, who, principally supplied by her Majesty's army and navy, seem wonderfully brilliant to the eyes of the clustering thousands of Chinese. Three days of crisp sunshine, the only three days of really glorious weather that I have seen in Hong-kong, crown the spectacle. Jove looks down propitious upon the holiday of the exile, and smiles to see that his best happiness is to cheat himself with some semblance of his home.

Lord Elgin did not come down to patronize the races. He was too busy at Canton building up the mixed government of that city before he departs north. He came down on the evening of the 20th. Probably the next mail may bring you news that he is on his way to Shanghai.

Will he have the clearness to see through, and the strength of purpose to break through, the pompous nonsense of the Chinese ceremonial? Will he have the strength of mind to contemn the hollow pretensions of those weak and worthless mandarins? Will his rare union of strong common sense and polished subtlety lead him beyond the influence of those greatest dupes in all China, "the twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language" men? This is a question which nothing that has transpired enables me to answer. The grave mistake of these men is that they cannot learn that in China words are not things. Your English student in Chinese is, almost without exception, ignorant of the Western world and ignorant of his ignorance. He is also necessarily ignorant of the Eastern world in action. He believes, therefore, in books and in state papers, and has never learnt to judge men by what they do, and not by what they say. The Chinaman, although in a less degree, falls into the same error. Our Englishmen read that Confucius and Mencius taught a system of ethics; they also read that the Chinaman considers himself the superior of an English barbarian, and his officers infinitely the superiors

of all foreign officials. Words, mere words. The Chinaman's practice is not governed by his sacred books, and he does not for a moment believe that he is superior to the nations of the West. On the other hand, the Chinaman is told that we have a religion that teaches us to return good for evil, and he sometimes—as recently, after the Portuguese massacre, and still more recently in a proclamation issued at Honan—shows us that we have an opportunity of practising this precept.

Now, the Chinaman acts as if he did not believe his own professions, and we act, and shall continue to act, as if we did not believe ours, in the naked sense of the terms. The Chinaman, however, is more teachable than we are. The bombardment of Canton has fixed grave doubts in his mind as to the practical operation of our peace-breathing religion; but the flexibility of Peh-Kwei and the Tartar general; the submissive manner in which the Chinese of Canton take off their hats and let down their tails when foreigners pass; the presence of Howqua in his peacock's feathers standing among our marines in the general's antechamber—nay, the notes of the vermilion pencil showing the emperor's dread and terror of foreign powers, cannot teach our Chinese sciolists. They sigh still to be recognized, in words, as the equals of toutais and footais, and think that this recognition is the worthy object of all our spent treasure and spilt blood.

I hope that Lord Elgin will spend no time upon this idle folly, and yield no practical point for such silliness. I hope that he will openly declare he holds all such things as utterly unimportant, and that he is not come 16,000 miles to discuss such nonsense, although he is prepared to punish impertinence. If the Chinese can only get him to admit that there is something in these ridiculous pretensions—something to be combated—something to be given up, they will place the discussion upon a footing to barter soap bubbles for gold. They can blow these bubbles till all the plenipos die of old age. Who knows? The Chinese may at last begin themselves to believe that there is some intrinsic truth in their own vain boastings.

I shall, of course, be told that I am contemning a thing of which I am utterly ignorant. But if no one who is not able

to speak the Chinese language is entitled to a voice upon Chinese policy, the question is in very few hands, and, as events have shown, those few hands are not the safest. It does so happen that no one fact in all our recent affairs with Chinamen has occurred as we were led to believe it would occur by those who profess an acquaintance with the language and literature of China.

When I first came to this country I took infinite pains to collect information from Chinese scholars. "Sir, I have been fifteen years in the country and speak the language," was the stern and decisive interruption to a timidly interjected remark after half an hour of patient listening. How lovingly I sat at the feet of that Gamaliel, as in his generous affluence he poured forth a full stream of information as to what I should see—what I should investigate—but, more especially, what I *must* write. Yet, somehow, he did not talk as we are accustomed to fancy that Gamaliel must have talked. However, here at last was somebody who had given himself up to the study of China—some one who was *not* rather proud that he had been many years in the country without being able to speak one word of Chinese, and of knowing nothing of the people except that they were all a set of rascals. But my new master called for great sacrifices.

He insisted that I should disbelieve all that has yet been written on the subject, and nearly all that I had fondly fancied I had seen. In return he liberally supplied me with new facts, and theories of startling novelty, and he sent me away in a meditative and saddened mood. A few days after I conversed with a man who had been a shorter time in the country, but who could speak *and write* the language. In order to make place for the truths *he* had to tell, I must unlearn again all I had learnt just before. Faintly remonstrating—for you must not be argumentative with these long-time-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men—I was promptly asked, "Surely you do not mean to entertain the English public with the crotchets of *that* man? Why, sir, he is mad, stark mad." A little later—for I was diligent in inquiry and longed to rest myself upon the experience of some infallible teacher—I found a still older resident. He,

when I mentioned the name of my last friend, relaxed into an indulgent smile—"A smatterer, my good sir, a mere smatterer. It is very creditable to him to have got up a little Chinese, but all he has told you about that tract of the Tai-pings is based upon an utter misconception of the language." "But the Pekin gazettes?"—"He can't read them, and can't understand his teachers when they explain them."

Another, and another, and ten others, and still the same unsatisfactory result. I found at last that all these twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men—every one of whom is an oracle—destroy each other by their conflicting vaticinations. Some names there are which for knowledge of the language stand too high for scoffs to reach; and some others, good Chinese scholars, and working harmoniously together, are too much absorbed in public duties to look far abroad. Conscious of my own utter weakness, and anxious to twine round any prop—*ullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*—I could find none whom any other Chinese scholar would admit to be a safe stay. One was a merchant, I was told—an opium-dealer—one who can see but little of the Chinese, and that little of the baser kind; to a second it was objected that he was a missionary, whose only object was to cook up reports for Exeter Hall; a third was an official man, who could only look upon China through mandarin despatches, or at best out of his sedan chair; a fourth was a very good ornithologist, and had a smattering of geology and some acquaintance with beetles, but knew nothing of China; a fifth was a rabid rebel; a sixth a red-hot imperialist; a seventh used his Chinese learning as alchymists used their chymistry, only to work out some absurd theory; an eighth shut himself up and wrought a notion of Chinese character from the depths of his own inner consciousness; and a ninth was a Jesuit, who had lived too long among the Chinese to know anything about them. I am very far from saying that these objections are well founded. On the contrary, I believe that none of them are absolutely true, and that some of them have but small colour of truth. Each one of these men has valuable information to impart. To admit that they have their hobbies and their prejudices, is only to say that they

are men. I by no means judge them as they judge either themselves or each other. All that I affirm is, that even if I were the meekest of disciples, there is no received exponent of the views of Chinese scholars; and therefore I am not presumptuous in questioning opinions which are not only often falsified by the event, but which are also often hotly disputed among themselves.

We in England certainly do not want either to read or speak Chinese; we only want to know to what extent it is necessary for our interests that Chinese shall be spoken and written by Englishmen in China, and what are the conditions of the necessary supply.

In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach: where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet* and a language without a grammar. If we add that for countless centuries the government has been in the hands of state philosophers, and the vernacular dialects have been abandoned to the labouring classes (I am about in the next few words to call forth the execration of every sinologue in Europe and Asia), we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, and unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people.

There are eighteen distinct languages in China, besides the court dialect; and although, by a beautiful invention deserving of all imitation, the written language is so contrived

* The fact of there being no alphabet in the Chinese, accounts for the diversity of spelling which we find in the writings that reproduce Chinese words. Each man imitates the sound he wishes to repeat, in European letters. Not only, therefore, will an Englishman and a Frenchman spell the same Chinese word very differently, but two Englishmen will vary their spelling according as their ear may be more or less true.

as to denote by the same character the sounds of each of the nineteen different words, all of which it equally represents, this is of no great use among the multitude who cannot read. There is not a man among our Chinese scholars who can speak three of these languages with fluency, and there is not one who can safely either write or interpret an important state paper without the assistance of a "teacher."

These "teachers" are, necessarily, the very scum and refuse of the Chinese literary body—the plucked of the examinations, and the runagates from justice or tyranny. They are hired at a far lower salary than they would obtain in their own country as secretaries to a high official, and if they can write a fair hand, or speak a tolerable idiom, or pronounce with a certain purity of accent (although they may be known to be domestic spies, repeating all they see and hear), they are respected and almost venerated by the English sinologue who maintains them. If one of these learned persons should happen also to be the son of some small mandarin, he becomes to his pupil a great authority on Chinese politics and a Petronius of Chinese ceremonial. Papers are indited and English policy is shaped according to the response of the oracle. The sinologue who derives his inspirations from this source is again taken as an absolute authority by the poor helpless general, or admiral, or ambassador, who thinks it his duty to adopt what he is told are Chinese customs and to ape the Chinese ceremonial.

We want interpreters—plenty of them. We cannot pay too high for them; for we must bid high to have them of a good quality, and at present even our courts of justice are brought to a stand-still for want of them. We want also Chinese scholars. But we want them to interpret the policy of English statesmen, not to originate a policy of Chinese crotchets. They know nothing of the national interests of England, nothing of our commercial wants; they are trying all their lives, laudably and zealously, but rather vainly trying, to learn the Chinese forms of official writing, and the practice of Chinese ceremonial.

I labour this subject because it is all-important here; because it is all unknown to English minds; because it has

been my ambition, by means of these letters, to direct the public opinion, and to lead the minds of our rulers to the fact that our principal difficulties have arisen from adopting the Chinese practice of submitting questions of state policy to men of merely literary attainments. They are excellent, most valuable, most indispensable, in their proper sphere; but they are necessarily men who see atoms through microscopes, and lead us into national wars for matters not worth a sheet of foolscap.

Yeh is about to depart for Calcutta in the *Inflexible;* another black regiment (the 65th) is coming on to garrison Hongkong; and the diplomatic body is dispersing for the short recess which precedes the session at Shanghai. I shall take advantage of the general holiday to accompany Yeh to Calcutta. It will be interesting to study the character of a caged mandarin.

SINGAPORE, *March* 1.

P.S.—The *Inflexible* arrived here this morning on her way to Calcutta. Yeh has endured the discomfort of his sea-sickness much better than we expected. He eats a great deal, sleeps a great deal, and washes very little. He may be pronounced, therefore, to be in very good case, and we hope to deliver him over to the governor-general safe and sound. It was said at Hongkong that Lord Elgin had left it to the discretion of Lord Canning to detain him at Calcutta, or to send him to England. Should the governor-general resolve upon the latter course, Yeh will make but an intractable London lion. You will never get him to shake his mane and roar. In my next letter from Calcutta I hope to be able to give you the first full-length study of a first-class mandarin that has ever been submitted to the Western world.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CONVERSATIONS WITH YEH.

Description of Yeh—The Different Portraits of him—His Behaviour when taken—His Early Suspicions—His Private Life—His Diet—His Religion—His Dirtiness—Departure in the *Inflexible*—Sea-sickness—His Account of the Executions of the Rebels—Is Yeh a Fatalist?—His Reception of the Bishop of Victoria's Tracts—His Opinions on Dissection—His Knowledge in Geography and History—His Dislike of Competition—His Falsehood—Yeh's Account of his own Career—His Ignorance of Chinese Dialects—His Explanations of Chinese Philosophy—The Canton Affair—Yeh on Deck—Arrival in the Hooghly—Lands at Fort William.

CALCUTTA RIVER, *March* 17.

I TOLD you in my last letter from Hongkong that I intended to accompany Yeh to his place of captivity.

I cannot tell whether the public mind of England will take such interest in this man Yeh as I have taken. I have caught at the opportunity of accompanying him in this voyage as a chance of studying Chinese character which has never before happened, and which may not soon recur.

Hitherto, we have been told, and truly told, that we cannot judge the ruling class of Chinese from the coolies, the compradors, and the traders with whom we are brought into contact, nor from the half-educated "teachers," who are retained upon a scanty pittance by our sinologues; nor from the occasional interviews we have had with high mandarins. I have been shut up for many days with *the* great Chinaman of the present day. Yeh must be hereafter one of the men of Chinese history. He is the second man of the empire. He has exercised high offices for more than a quarter of a century. He has ruled with an absolute despotism 30,000,000 of souls. His sentences have been tortures, his lightest words have been death. He has been to China what Wentworth was to Ireland, and wished to be to

England. His policy has been "thorough," and he has been able to work it out in a reign of terror unrestrained. He tells, with a coarse laugh, that he has himself sentenced to death 100,000 of his countrymen and countrywomen, and he boasts that that estimate must be quadrupled if we take into account the towns and villages destroyed by his orders. Yet after this successful career of ruthless energy, he suddenly adopted towards us a conduct which appears in our eyes to have had no other qualities than sloth and insolence. He fell, earning from no Englishman the respect due to a gallant enemy, and he lives execrated by every Chinaman as a traitor to the ancient suicide-enjoining traditions of his country. He rose to his great position under a system of competitive examination, and in a state where executive ability alone is supposed to lead to high office, and he is acknowledged to be of the very first excellence in all the learning of China.

Such a man must be a great problem. If I fail to solve it, I may, at any rate, supply to others the materials for a solution. I hope this is sufficient excuse for having constituted myself the Boswell of this terrible Johnson.

In his personal appearance Yeh is a very stout and rather tall man, about five feet eleven, with the long thin Chinese moustache and beard, a remarkably receding forehead,* a skull in which what the phrenologists call "veneration" is much developed; a certain degree of rotundity behind the ear, and a moderate development of the back head. Shorn nearly to the crown, and very thinly covered with hair in that part where the Chinese mostly cultivate their hair, our mandarin offers every facility for craniological examination. His tail is very paltry, very short, and very thin. The smallest porker in China has a better tail than her highest mandarin.

His face is heavy: there is more chin than you usually

* The shape of Yeh's skull is very remarkable. It is shown in none of his portraits, for he is on these occasions particular in wearing his official cap. The forehead recedes at an angle of forty-five to the back of the skull, which is very high, and descends almost in a straight line to the neck.

see in a Chinaman—more jowl and jaw, indicative of will and obstinacy. The nose is long and flat, the nostrils forming one side of a very obtuse angle. Seen in profile, the nose is very remarkable and very ugly; in the front face this, the most simial expression of the man's countenance, is mitigated. The eye—that slit Mongolian eye—is the most expressive feature of the man who is sitting opposite to me, and looking rather suspiciously at me as I am now writing. In his ordinary mood there is only a look of shrewdness and quick cunning in this, the only mobile feature of his face; but I have seen him in the turning moments of his life, when those eyelids opened wide, and those eyeballs glared with terror and with fury. He has a large protruding mouth, thick lips, and very black teeth; for, as he remarks, "it never has been the custom of his family to use a toothbrush." It is, however, a very common custom in some Chinese families, as any one may see who walks the streets of Canton and notices the coolies and small traders at their ablutions.

He does not wear long nails; he says he has been too busy all his life to do so. His hands, as is almost universally the case in China, are small and well-shaped. The same occupations which have prevented him from growing his nails seem to have kept him from washing his hands. I think I can remember, however, that when first taken his nails were of Chinese growth.

No habit of looking at Yeh deadens the feeling of repulsion which the expression of his huge face inspires. The English public are by this time familiar with his features, chiefly through a profile sketched by Major Crealock at the moment when he was brought in a prisoner. This has been copied and re-copied and lithographed by the Chinamen of Hongkong, and sent home to England in hundreds of letters. It has been sometimes thought to be a caricature, and in the lithograph there is some exaggeration. But the original sketch is the most striking likeness I ever saw. I stood at the major's side while he was pencilling and we compared the portrait with the man. It is true, it was taken in a moment of mental terror, while the prisoner's eyes were ranging round a large room in quest of a headsman and his sword; but in his quiet moments the expression, although

mitigated in degree, is the same in character—a face of dull, heavy, stolid, impassible cruelty.*

There is strong will, there is dogmatic perseverance, there is immovable, inert resistance; but there is no active courage in that face, nor in that heart. When Captain Key seized him, his vast carcase shook with terror, and he completely lost all presence of mind. Perhaps this is not to be much wondered at. Fifty blue-jackets, with drawn swords and revolvers, were dancing round him like madmen, flourishing their cutlasses, throwing up their hats, and cheering at the top of their voices. He might well believe that his last moment was come. But a man who had sent so many thousands to their great account, might be expected to meet his own fate with dignity. Yeh was not equal to this. He shook, he made gestures of submission, he denied his identity, he would have fallen, had not Captain Key held him up. In the presence of the admirals his fright was ill concealed by an assumption of impudence. When Captain Hall took him on board the *Inflexible*, he trembled violently as he went up the ladder; and when on board, he eagerly inquired whether he was to be put to death. As soon as he had ascertained that it was not our custom to kill our prisoners, he seemed quite contented. As he had previously considered his death certain, so he now became convinced of his absolute security. During all these early scenes, however much he suffered from the infirmity of bodily fear, his arrogance never, after the first moment, forsook him. I have in a former letter related his behaviour to the admiral when interrogated by him as to the fate of Cooper and other European captives. This, however, was the impudence of despair. When Captain Hall took him off in his boat, he refused to sit by his side in the stern-sheets, but squatted on the thwart opposite, thereby rendering it necessary to lay in the stroke-

* As this sketch has been made public in various ways, I have inserted in this volume a copy of the photograph taken of him at Calcutta. Yeh is very fond of having his portrait taken, and manifested the greatest impatience to see this. He was tantalized by several days' delay, while the artist was preparing a fine frame. It must be remembered, however, that this is Yeh carefully "got up," in face and dress, for the purpose of being photographed. Major Crealock's sketch was taken in the moment of his mortal fright.

oar, but still not avoiding frequent digs in the back from the knuckles of No. 7 oarsman.

As soon as he became composed on board the *Inflexible*, he took up those childish tricks which have sometimes embarrassed our diplomatists by their simple impudence. He had come off to the ship solely to see Lord Elgin, and wondered he had not kept his appointment. He had determined not to wait for him much longer. He refused his autograph when Sir John Bowring asked him for it, because he said it was impossible to write an indifferent sentence in Chinese—every word can be distorted to some hidden meaning. The Chinese minister evidently believed that we considered him still as a person from whom a treaty might be obtained, and he was prepared to make a good diplomatic fight.

At first he treated Mr. Alabaster, the interpreter appointed to attend him, with infinite rudeness and contempt. He was magnificent and theatrical in his answer to Lord Elgin's message communicating to him that he was to go to Calcutta. He refused all conversation, telling Mr. Alabaster that he knew he was a spy put over him to report all he might say. Mr. Alabaster, of course, replied that he was not a spy, but a public servant; and that Yeh, himself a great officer, must know that it was his duty to report to his superiors. In one of the earliest interviews I had with him, I was careful to make him understand the functions which I was discharging. Mr. Alabaster exhibited to him a copy of the *Times*, at the size whereof he seemed greatly astonished. I told him that the learned men of the Western world were much perplexed upon questions of Chinese government and philosophy, and that I should consider myself fortunate if he thought fit through me to inform them upon these subjects. At this time his reply was usually either a grunt or a grin; he answered my appeal with a grunt.

This uncomfortable state of suspicion gave way under the judicious treatment of the high authorities. When he found that Lord Elgin took no notice of him, unless to send curt messages inquiring after his personal comfort,—when he saw that, while treating him with all respect, and doing all he could for his convenience, Captain Brooker paid no

attention to where he sat, or what he wore, or how he demeaned himself,—when he discovered that no one wished to make him sign any treaty, or to question him upon topics which he declined to enter upon, he gradually relaxed. I think that before we left Hongkong he had recognized his true position, and had convinced himself that the treatment he received was only the respect accorded to a prisoner of high rank, whose power for good or for evil had passed away. He gave up playing the high mandarin, conversed with affability upon indifferent subjects, preferred a request for a daily ration of six pounds of fresh pork, presented a portion of his stock of oranges to the ward-room mess, and begged to be allowed to send for a full supply of Chinese tobacco.

Up to this time the only occasions upon which he manifested any vivacity were upon discussions as to his food. His Chinese cook was sent for, and arrived at the last moment with great stores of Chinese comestibles, to his immense satisfaction. Visitors annoyed him. He was, or pretended to be, much shocked at the dress of an English lady. He kept his eyes studiously turned from her, and remarked afterwards that her throat was not covered. Mr. Alabaster showed him some portraits in an *Illustrated News* of ladies in ball-room dress. Yeh was scandalized; that women should wear bedgowns was proper, but that they should be painted in their bedgowns was atrocious.

When left alone, he would climb up to the stern-ports and look out upon Hongkong; but he never could be prevailed upon to say any more of the city of Victoria than that it was "Hao,"—"Good." If any one came down while he was looking out, he returned gravely to his seat, rather annoyed at being detected in so undignified a curiosity.

Yeh is in his private life a very respectable Chinaman. He is entirely free from all suspicion of those detestable habits common to his countrymen, and for which even the virtuous Keying was but too notorious. He smokes no opium; his ordinary drink is only warm tea; he uses samshu only as a medicine. He has sent his only wife, under the protection of his father, to his native village. He spoke of his concubines; but as I could not tell how far it

might be wrong in his eyes to show curiosity on this topic, I did not learn their number or destination. He has no son; but has adopted a nephew, who is now twenty-four years old, and is pursuing his studies at Pekin.

He eats twice a day of four or five succulent dishes, and he has the good sense to eat rice with each dish, not reserving it for the end of the dinner, as the Chinese do at their feasts. He drinks nothing while eating.

His devotions consist of sitting in the posture of a Chinese idol, his legs crossed, and his face to the east. He remains in an abstracted state for about ten minutes, and the act of devotion is accomplished. When he first came on board, he retired into this contemplative state several times a day. He afterwards became much more remiss, and once a day appeared to suffice him. He uses no idol, and when asked whether he wished for any facilities for performing his devotions privately, replied that he wanted nothing of the sort. I imagined that this was an act of devotion according to the custom of the higher sect of the Bhuddists; but one day, when he was in special good humour, he condescended to explain why he turned himself to the east, instead of to the west, which is the birthplace of Bhudda. He said, if he were praying, he should turn to the west; but he is not praying. He turns to the east because the east is the "sêng chi"—the principle of life, as the west is the principle of death. He says the four cardinal points agree with the four seasons: the north is the winter, the south is the summer, the east is the spring, and the west is the autumn.

We asked him what Taoli this was, "Confucian?"—"Yes." "Bhuddist?"—"Yes." "Taouist?"—"Yes. It is more ancient even than Confucius. It is the ancient ceremonial of China." "Are the Taoli of Confucius and Bhudda and Laou-tsze all subordinate to the ancient Taoli of China?"—"Yes; they are all included in it. From the time there was an east there was this Taoli."

In the practice of that virtue which we Westerns are glad to rank next to godliness, Yeh is certainly not conspicuous. A more undesirable messmate for the commander of a ship of war can scarcely be imagined. He spits, he smokes, he eructates, and he blows his nose with his fingers.

Captain Brooker has taught him the comfort of a pocket-handkerchief, but not to use it for this purpose. His daily ablutions consist of a slight rubbing of the face with a towel moistened in hot water. He has a horror of fresh air, and while in Chinese waters never willingly went on deck. He loved to have the ports closed and the skylights down.

He wears thickly-padded stockings, the long, blue, sleeved, quilted cape, and blue pantaloons tied at the ankle, common to all Chinamen. He boasts that he has worn his outer coat for ten years, and its appearance justifies his assertion,—it is stiff with grease. When we drew near to Singapore, within one degree of the line, the heat became frightful. His practice then was, while steaming from libations of hot tea, to strip off his coat and sit in his long yellow grass-cloth shirt, wet and discoloured—a most disgusting object.

Once, after six weeks' confinement, he gravely intimated his intention of taking a bath ; and he was eagerly reminded of what he had been more than once informed, that there was a most comfortable bath-room on deck, quite at his daily service. That was not at all Yeh's idea of a bath. The cabin was given up to him and his domestics, and a small pan of boiling water. We all hoped that he had cleansed himself ; but when we saw him again he was wearing his old greasy unwashed jacket.

Considerable alarm was at one time entertained as to whether the great man did not encourage a class of parasites not usually tolerated by great men. Mr. Alabaster saw to his horror an unknown, but most suspicious insect crawling within the sacred precincts of the captain's cabin. He pointed out the insect to Yeh, who looked at it with immovable gravity, and said sententiously, "It is a louse." It was not by the mandarin's agency that the action of Peter Pindar's great epic was re-enacted on board the *Inflexible*. Yeh's retinue consists of a cook, a barber, two waiting servants, and a military attendant. This last person we, with our usual absurd practice of dignifying Chinamen with European titles, call an aide-de-camp. He is a military mandarin of the sixth degree. He is also a dirty fellow, doing menial offices about the person of his chief, and messing with the other servants upon the meats that go from his

master's table. If he were an Englishman, we should call him at best a soldier servant, or an orderly.

After Yeh had thus manifested his acquaintance with entomology, the "aide-de-camp" and the domestics were compelled to wash, and some strong hints were thrown out to their master. The washing was grumbled at as a tyranny, and the hints were thrown away; so nothing was left but to hope almost against hope that the mandarin himself is free from vermin, and to continue to scrub the attendants. The southern Chinese are for the most part of cleanly habits; but the northerns are dirty. Yeh is from Hupeh, which is one of the five northern provinces.

Yeh sleeps in a recess in the captain's cabin, which he prefers to a separate sleeping-berth. He goes to bed about eight o'clock, and while we are reading or writing, or playing chess, he sleeps the sleep of infancy—an unbroken slumber, apparently undisturbed by visions of widowed women or wailing orphans. This man-killer, after slaying his hundred thousand human beings, enjoys sweeter sleep than an innocent London alderman after a turtle dinner. So false are traditions; so false are the remorseful scenes of Greek and English tragedies.

But, although our great mandarin is at peace with his own Chinese conscience, he has an evident horror of his living countrymen. He has "lost face" with them, and the greatest fear he has is the being made an exhibition to a Chinese rabble. We were malicious enough to ask whether he would like to go to the Hongkong races. He answered, just as the father of a serious family might answer, that it never had been the custom of his family to go to races.

The day before we started, many curious people came off to see him, and Yeh became very sulky. Sir John Bowring got very little out of his interview. He did not even reciprocate Sir John's compliment of asking him his age; and when Sir John asked whether he could do anything for him, Yeh only remarked that Mr. Alabaster was there, and he would tell him. The admiral was present at the same time. Yeh is very fond of the admiral, and spoke to him with more cordiality. The bishop of Victoria also sought an interview; not wishing, however, to be introduced to him

by his official title, lest he should be thought to be paying too much respect to such a man. The fear was ungrounded, for the Chinaman knows nothing of episcopal rank; and if there is any profession for which a proud Chinese literate entertains a supreme contempt, it is for that of the priesthood of all faiths, Bhuddist emphatically included.

On Monday, the 23rd of February, the *Inflexible* steamed out of Hongkong harbour, and Yeh might, if he had pleased, have taken his last look for some time of the shores of his native land. If he felt any of the bitterness of exile, he was successful in concealing it, for he was entirely occupied in smoking his pipe and settling himself comfortably. A few minutes after, and we had rounded Green Island, and the steamer danced to the piping of the strong north-west monsoon. I was on deck watching the familiar objects of the harbour as they receded, and thinking regretfully that some friendships which I most valued there might be dimmed by the strong line I had felt it my duty to take upon some public questions, when sounds came through the cabin skylight like the strains and groans of Etna. The pipe and the little cakes, flavoured potently with pork fat, even the frequent thimblefuls of samshu, had been unavailing to fortify the great stomach of the great mandarin. The "aide-de-camp" was incapable of aid; the servants and the cook had crept into corners to die. Poor Captain Brooker's cabin was in an awful state.

For three days this condition of things continued. Judging from the sounds, the viceroy might be throwing up his two provinces of Quangsi and Quangtung. It must be admitted, however, that he struggled manfully with his malady. To use his own expression, his stomach was excruciated and his bowels required nursing; but he manifested all a Chinaman's courage of endurance. On the fourth day he even returned to his pipe, and required his slowly-recovering cook to prepare him breakfast. He does not love mutton —it is Tartar food; he does not eat beef, for it is written by Confucius, "Thou shalt not slaughter the labouring ox." This is not a superstition, but an ethical and economical observance. It is ungrateful to slaughter the animal that produces rice, and it is contrary to Chinese notions of good

policy to kill creatures that till the earth. Yeh does not drink milk, nor will he eat biscuits prepared with milk; but he explains that this is not because he is a Bhuddist, for that many who are not Bhuddists do not drink milk, while the Bhuddists of Mantchouria are fond of it. If—which I very much doubt—he is of any religion, he belongs to that higher sect of Bhuddists who are above all forms of abstinence or idol-worship, and place their devotion in intense inner aspirations for perfection.

As he recovered from his sea-sickness, he grew more communicative and conversational than he had ever been before. As we left Singapore harbour, he looked like a man who had a load removed from his mind. I believe his feeling was that he had got away for a time from his own countrymen, and was no longer in danger of meeting the people in whose eyes he had "lost face." He now talked fluently upon every subject to which we led him; and I shall best convey his opinions by transcribing these conversations discursively as I noted them. Let me remark here, once for all, that Mr. Alabaster is, so far as my experience goes, a unique instance of a youth who has learnt to converse fluently in Mandarin after only two years' study. In terms of philosophy and art, difficulties of translation must of necessity occur; but apart from these, I never hear the interpreter obliged to ask Yeh to repeat what he has said, and very rarely find that Yeh requires the interpreter to repeat. I consider myself very fortunate in my medium of conversation with this great Confucian.

The topic upon which Yeh talks most freely is his success in putting down the rebellion in Quangtung. He insists that there was no one chief of these rebels, and that their only objects were rape and robbery.

He says that the persons executed by his order were over 100,000, and he reluctantly admits that he was unable to extirpate the whole class. He is able to estimate the numbers he sent to execution, because he was obliged to make periodical reports to Pekin of the progress of the work of extermination. The ordinary rule of Chinese law is, that no criminal can be put to death without the special warrant of the emperor; but this was an extraordinary case.

He was armed with a general warrant to destroy rebels, and he reported his proceedings under it. He declares that no individual was put to death without being previously examined by him. The course was this:—They were first examined by the local authorities, then they were tried before the judge, then they went before the lieutenant-governor, and lastly they were brought before Yeh himself. He says that he acquitted a small proportion. Notwithstanding my repeated questions, he would not commit himself to any specific proportion.—"They were not many, for they were generally accused upon good evidence."

I asked whether he ever spared any one on account of youth, or because she was a woman, or by reason of station or good character, or whether it was a mere question with him of innocence or guilt. The answer was—"I never spared the guilty."

I asked what the nature of the evidence usually was.

"We had our spies among them, and their neighbours informed."

"Was not this liable to abuse, and might not such testimony be adduced for purposes of extortion or revenge?"—"Impossible. They would have been afraid. Had I found such a case, I should have punished the witness and his wife and children."

"Would you have put the wife and children of a perjured witness to death?"—"No."

"Did you ever discover such cases?"—"Occasionally, but very seldom. If they perjured themselves deeply, I cut their heads off, and inflicted minor penalties on their families."

The treatment of European prisoners was a topic that required to be approached with great caution, or he would grunt or grin, and retire into silence. When he does talk upon this matter, he insists that no European was ever brought before him. They were buried, he says, in the malefactors' cemetery, outside the eastern gate, and marks were placed by which the local authorities can still point out the graves. I have sent a note of this statement to Mr. Parkes, and hope it may lead to an investigation that may clear up the mystery as to the identity of these persons, and may satisfy us as to the truth or falsehood of the story of the

poisonings.* To the latter I never dared allude. It would have been of no use. Yeh's talent for adroit lying amounts, as I shall hereafter have more special occasion to note, to high genius. It is only upon indifferent topics that his information is in the slightest degree trustworthy.

We were very anxious to know whether Yeh is really a fatalist, but he fences with my questions. He undoubtedly does consult his Chinese almanack for the lucky day to shave his head, but it is not easy to ascertain from him whether he does so attaching any belief to such superstitions, or whether he merely follows a popular custom. If he believes in "luck," he certainly has the sense to be ashamed of it. He is also evidently aware that it is derogatory to the dignity of a high literate of the Han-lin-Yuan to lean too much on superstitious books, even those of Taouism or Bhuddism, owning thereby that the philosophy of Confucius and Mencius is not all-sufficient.

I asked why, if the philosophy of Confucius was sufficient for all purposes, men became followers of Bhudda also.

"There is one great universal truth, but it has many truths within it. The Taoli of Confucius is at one with the Taoli of Bhudda."

"But Bhuddism was not known in China until long after the time of Confucius?"—"The Taoli of Bhudda was in China, although men knew not the form."

"Confucius knew nothing of the religion of Bhudda?"—"The men of those days knew not the forms."

"If the Taoli of Bhudda is good and necessary, why is it not included in the public examinations?"—"In ancient times it was not so."

This reply is with Yeh the ending of all controversy. I once tried to drive him out of it by saying that the custom he spoke of was only of the age of the Han dynasty, and that, even in our eyes, was comparatively modern. He became very sulky, and would not continue the conversation.

Mr. Wade has found a great many divination schemes among the papers seized at the time of Yeh's capture. I asked him if he had cast any horoscopes with a view to foretell political events. He said "No." I then told him it

* The graves have been identified, but the corpses had not been disinterred when I last heard from Canton.

was understood that papers of this kind were among his documents. He emphatically denied that this was possible. I said it was unfortunate, that some mistake had been made, for that these papers had been translated and reported to the British authorities, and would be looked upon as his. He said—

"I was always busy with official duties; how could I have time for such things?"

"Do people in China generally believe in them?"—"Some people among the Chinese believe in such things, and some do not."

"What is your excellency's opinion?"—"I can't tell you. Sometimes I believe in them, sometimes I do not. The English have no such customs. so I cannot make you comprehend."

"On the contrary, we have such customs. With us the learned sometimes have recourse to divination as an amusement; but the ignorant and illiterate only really believe that events can be foretold by such schemes. Perhaps that may be the case also in China?"—"To some extent that is the case in China."

As I was confident as to the fact of the horoscopes having been found, I returned to this point. He grew rather angry, and repeated:—

"My hours were occupied with official business; how on earth could I find time to cast horoscopes? It is true that fortune-tellers have been sent to me on various occasions: such things have been, but they never influenced public affairs."

"The finding of these horoscopes has led some persons to the opinion that they influenced you to neglect the defence of Canton?"

The answer very emphatically given was "No."

I ventured one other question, for I felt that I should never get him on the topic again. The answer was, "Such things were never considered in public business."

The bishop of Victoria, after his visit to Yeh, sent off a Chinese Bible and some tracts wrapped in a newspaper, begging Captain Brooker to present them. The captain did so. Yeh said he had long ago read the Bible; it was a good book—all books of that kind were good—they tend to purify the heart, as do the Bhuddist and the Taouist books. He begged of Captain Brooker to put the parcel by for him

until some convenient season. This time never came, but on the fifth day of our voyage Mr. Alabaster reproduced the package, and begged to have his opinion upon some of the tracts. Yeh opened one of them with an evident effort of politeness, but soon closed it with a slight grimace. He had apparently been shocked by some solecism of style. Mr. Alabaster proposed to put the Bible and tracts among some Bhuddist books which Yeh's father had sent on board for him; but Yeh, affecting to misunderstand this proposition, replied, "Yes, I think it will be convenient that you replace them in the captain's drawer." Mr. Alabaster continuing to turn them over, Yeh got up from his chair and said, "If you will not put them up in the packet as I received them, I will do so myself." There was no more to be done. The books were returned to their envelope and consigned to the oblivion of one of the lockers, and the mandarin looked pleased at being relieved from an unpleasant importunity.

This was the only time we attempted to force the attention of the old dignitary to this matter. Upon one other occasion we invited him towards the subject by asking him why, since Bhuddism was introduced into China in the Han dynasty, Christianity should not be introduced in the reign of the sixth emperor of the Mantchou Tartar dynasty. "Lilai meiyu chêko yangtsu" ("Hitherto this has not been so"). It is the same answer as you constantly get from Chinamen of Hongkong in Canton English—"Before time no catchee."

This is the answer with which he always terminates a discussion, when he finds it taking the form of an argument. We then always leave him undisturbed to his own occupations. These are to smoke his pipe, to choose out the rotten oranges from his large store, and distribute them among his domestics, carefully replacing the sound fruit; to give directions about his dinner, or to expostulate with the captain that if he and his officers will not eat some portion of his Chinese cakes, they will only be spoiled.

He never reads, and he very seldom inquires. He has condescended to inquire concerning the French, whether they are not a nation who drink a good deal of coffee and make a great deal of wine, and he seems quite satisfied with

this amount of information concerning the most polite people of the world. He is fond, also, of exhibiting his stock of quack medicines to Mr. Cotton, the ship's surgeon. Report says, although we have been unable to get Yeh to tell us this, that the viceroy's father was an apothecary. The son manifests great interest in European surgery. The most liberal admission I ever heard him make was upon this subject. Mr. Cotton asked him whether the Chinese surgeons study anatomy. He answered "No; it would be impossible to do so in China." Mr. Cotton replied that in former times it was so with our people. Their objection to dissection was so great that surgeons were obliged to study by stealth; but now people were so alarmed at having to be attended by surgeons who had not studied the human body, that the practice is rendered legal.

Yeh answered, that he could only say the people would not endure such a thing in China.

"But do you think it objectionable?"—"My individual opinion is, that dissection for knowledge-sake is not wrong."

He has asked also from time to time questions about the distances from point to point, the situation of Calcutta, and the distance to England. He remarked also, when he saw me writing with a gold pen, "What extravagance!" He generally, however, declines all argument, and believes no explanation. When I explained that we use gold pens, not because that metal is more valuable, but because it is more flexible, and therefore better adapted to the purpose than any other metal, this reply only elicited an unpleasant laugh, which in its different modifications sounds sometimes like an angry sneer, sometimes like an exclamation of "Fudge!" or "Humbug!" When Mr. Alabaster told him that at Calcutta he would find among the state captives the last of the ancient emperors of India and a king of a great Indian kingdom, Yeh laughed his bitterest and most incredulous sneer. When I told him that if we were going to England instead of Calcutta, his voyage would extend over 45,000 lei, and that at every spot where the ship cast anchor he would find a British governor, British soldiers, and the British flag, he unmistakably laughed "Fudge!"

We asked him one day what his estimate was of the

difference between the English and Chinese character; he said "The English are 'Ning-kau'—ready and able to do anything. The Chinese must have teaching ('ying-kai yu chiao')." This he explained to mean that they must have precedent. The first, he said, was a good quality, but the latter was not a bad one.

He once manifested some desire to know something of the history of British India. Whether his curiosity was awakened by religious or political reasons, he did not explain; but Mr. Alabaster offered to make a compact with him to read together a short history of India, if Yeh would agree to read with him the four sacred books of China. Here is a chance which all the sinologues of Europe and China may envy this young man. I doubt, however, whether it will be much to our advantage to teach Yeh the history of British India. Suppose we tell him that about a hundred and fifty years ago the head of the Mongol race ruled over the great peninsula of Hindostan, disturbed in his dominion only by occasional rebellions and by disobedient satraps; that some humble English merchants had obtained leave to build a few factories on the seaboard, and a few French troops had occupied some islands on the coast and one station on the mainland; that the English had at this time no idea of any territorial conquest, and would have treated any such suggestion as the most absurd of calumnies; that just 110 years ago the French opened their eyes to a career of conquest, while the English were still suing for privileges as humble traders; that thirteen years later saw the French driven out of all their conquests by the poor traders, who, without any ambition on their part, were forced into a path of conquest, winning battles in self-defence, overrunning kingdoms contrary to their own wishes, forced by circumstances, against which they vainly struggled and ceaselessly complained, to supplant the Great Mogul and become the suzerain of all India. This quick succession of strange facts might suggest a parallel to the mind of Yeh. He might even be so prejudiced as to imagine some coincidence between the present position of the English and Russians in China, and that of the English and French in early days in India.

Yeh, however, is a practiser of what I am so evil-minded

as to think is the real great Taoli of China—"Procrastination is the soul of business." He puts off India and the four books from day to day, and Mr. Alabaster importunes in vain. He was for several succeeding days engaged in deep consideration whether he should allow Mr. Cotton to cut off a wart which disfigures his very well-shaped hand.

I mentioned to him the fact that the Shanghai custom-house pays annually two and a half millions of taels to the imperial treasury. Careful not to commit himself, he merely observed, "It is good." I added that this must be a great benefit to the emperor. He said the imperial treasury was not wanting in money. I produced some *Pekin Gazettes*, from which it appeared that the emperor was of a different opinion. He grunted. I mentioned that the imperial troops, who had just obtained possession of Chekiang Foo, had been maintained entirely by the Shanghai customs. He had not heard of it; it was not in his provinces. I drew an inference that a greater facility of access would increase commerce and be beneficial to the imperial treasury and the Chinese people. He did not agree. For once he condescended to argue. He said the opening of the four ports had increased competition, and competition disarranges all things. In former times, he said, the foreigners imported good watches, but since competition had been allowed no more good watches had been imported. He himself had a very good watch before the ports were open. He lost it, and was obliged to buy another; it was always out of repair. I innocently attempted to explain that it depended upon the consumer whether competition produced cheapness or quality, but was met only by an incredulous grin.

Sometimes I ventured to talk about the opium matters, but there is very little to be got by leading him to talk upon affairs of public policy. He is not only very naturally determined to say nothing that may be remembered against him, but he lies with an *aplomb* and oily placidity which make one's face burn, remembering that it is a man of high office and great learning who is emitting the ridiculous falsehood.

We must ever recollect, in dealing with the Chinese, that the shibboleth of Western chivalry—the scorn of a lie as a cowardly and dishonouring thing—is to them unknown.

Yeh most usually expresses his disbelief by a grunt or a grin, but he has no hesitation in giving you the lie direct. Once or twice he did this in a very coarse way, after asking a question about some matter of fact occurring on deck. The Englishmen about him, with every feeling for his position as a prisoner, were not inclined to endure this, and he was told that it was considered by our nation as the gravest discourtesy to use such language. He could not understand this. "I don't intend to offend you," he said, "but you say it is, and I say it is not; that is all." It was evident that he himself cared no more for being discovered in a falsehood than for being beaten at a game of chess.

Thus, when I told him that proclamations had been issued levying duties upon opium, he said, "That is not so." I produced copies of the proclamation. He simply remarked that this was out of his provinces, and he had never heard of it; he believed that the emperor knew nothing about it. I regretted to hear that high Chinese officials put forth proclamations and received duties without the sanction of the emperor. He said that this was impossible. I asked whether these duties ever reached the emperor's treasury, or whether they were embezzled? He said that embezzlement by a public officer was an impossibility in China. I produced half a dozen *Pekin Gazettes*, which recounted such embezzlements and referred the crime to the proper board. He said that these instances were not within his viceroyalty. I asked how it happened that public officers receiving almost nominal salaries made large fortunes. He said that no man in office ever did make a large fortune. I read to him from Williams's *Middle Kingdom* the emperor's rescript and the estimate of the wealth of Duke Ho (one hundred and five millions of dollars). He said this was before his time.

He was never in the smallest degree disconcerted by being directly contradicted by a public document, and I ventured upon no subject upon which I was not well fortified by *Pekin Gazettes*. It is true he never disputed the authority of a public document. That would have been to damage the official infallibility. It was a curious spectacle to see this Chinese mandarin, versed for twenty-five years in all the iniquity of official corruption, enjoying at this moment its

proceeds in the shape of an unlimited credit upon Howqua's house for any moneys he may think fit to spend, yet gravely asserting the incorruptibility of all Chinese magistrates, and even reasoning upon this most notorious falsehood as an axiom so thoroughly true that no fact inconsistent with it could be true, and every proposition contradictory to it must be absurd. To talk with Yeh upon such subjects was of no possible use for the purpose of information, although it was psychologically interesting to see a great Chinese gentleman shifting and shuffling, and not at all conscious that it was disgraceful to abandon as a discovered falsehood propositions which he had just before asserted as undoubted truths.

We traversed the Bay of Bengal upon an unruffled sea, and Yeh was comfortable in his stomach, and during some portion of each day ready for conversation. One subject upon which it was never difficult to draw him out was that of his own career.

He tells us that he is fifty-two years old; that he is the son of a public officer now eighty years old, who was secretary of the Board of War (of which Yeh is now president) for fourteen years, and who has now for some years retired.

He recounted the different high offices he has held. The list is too numerous for insertion, but it includes every kind of judicial and political duty. He declares that he owed his first appointment as prefect entirely to his success in the public examinations. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the nature of these examinations, about which so much has been written and so little is known.

Yeh has taken four degrees; he has passed seven examinations. In three he was unsuccessful, in the other four he was successful. In the last his distinction was so great that he was named the second wrangler of the empire—he was No. 2 on the list of all the candidates who passed at that imperial examination.

He says that the first examination is held in the departmental city, and consists of one day's work upon essays on the true doctrine of the four ancient books.

The second examination is held in the provincial city, and lasts three days. The first day is appropriated to the four sacred books, the second to the five classics, the third to the

history of China. This is all that ever is required. I asked whether the history of Mantchouria, or Thibet, or Japan, was included. He said, "No; the history of China." I told him we had heard that the examination comprised practical matters, such as the science necessary to restrain rivers within their channels. He said, "We are only expected to speak Taoli—to talk true doctrine."

"Nothing about natural history, or trade, or the foreign relations of China?"—"We are only expected to speak Taoli. The only thing required is to explain right principles, which existed at the beginning of all things."

The examination for the third degree is held at Pekin: it lasts nine days, and the requirements are the same as for the second degree, only the proficiency must be greater.

The fourth examination is held at Pekin, and generally in the palace before the emperor himself, assisted by the members of the college of the Forest of Pencils (Han-lin-Yuan). This examination also continues for nine days. It embraces all the ancient books,—meaning thereby only the Confucian books, for the Bhuddist and Taouist books are excluded,—and also correct writing and official style.

It was probably proficiency in official-paper writing which gained Yeh his high degree. He practised this talent with great effect upon Parkes and Bowring, but was not in a happy vein when he wrote his replies to Mr. Reed and Lord Elgin and Baron Gros.

I asked, "Your excellency was judge of Yunnan for four years. Did you pass any examination in the Ta Tsing Loo Lee (the Chinese code) before you took upon you that office?"—"No; I told you before we are only expected to speak Taoli."

"Then did your excellency never study Chinese law?"—"Never."

"Did you never read the Chinese code?"—"No."

"Did not your want of reading in Chinese law make your judicial duties onerous?"—"No."

"Perhaps you were assisted by good secretaries?"—"Sometimes I was; sometimes not."

"Is there any class in China who know the code?"—"Those who fail in our higher examinations often apply themselves

to study law and other matters. They sometimes become our secretaries."

"Is it a proper question to ask your excellency how much you paid your secretaries?"—"Usually a hundred taels a month (33*l.*)."

"And what did they make by perquisites?"—"300 or 400 taels more." He afterwards withdrew this reply, and substituted "30 or 40"; but this was an after-thought. The first was the true estimate.

"Your excellency will excuse my importunity, for we are talking upon matters foreign to our Western ideas. May I believe that a man who understands the four books and the five classics is thereby, and without any other study, fitted for every public office in China?"—"From the very commencement of the Chinese empire, it has been the custom to depend entirely on the four books."

"Do you never, upon becoming an officer, read up the duties of the office?"—"The high officers often use secretaries to look up such matters."

I took up a Mantchou book.

"Can your excellency speak or read Mantchou?"—"No."

"Nor the Cantonese dialect?"—"No."

"You speak your own native dialect of Hupeh?"—"No. I was educated at Pekin, as my ancestors were, and I speak only the language of Pekin."

It would be impertinent in me to point the moral of this conversation. It tells more of the inner workings of the Chinese system than all that has hitherto been written on the subject.

The question remains, what is this "Taoli," which is the sole knowledge of the governing classes of China? I do not ask what is the exact English word which will convey the meaning of the compound Chinese word. It is of small importance to humble practical inquirers whether we are to translate it "true doctrine," "truth," or "reason," or the "ultimate principle," or "the way of the universe," or "the rule of right." All this has been sufficiently fought out by dreamy sophists and scholiast pedants. My inquiry is whether this word "Taoli" is a term comprehending a cycle of knowledge which will tend to make the student an

honest man, an intelligent officer, and an efficient magistrate.

I look in vain to all the European books on Chinese philosophy for an answer to this question. "Absolute truth," or "the ultimate principle," conveys no tangible idea to the European mind. If we attempt to read the four books by the light of mere common sense, we utterly fail to deduce any system of philosophy, or even of ethics, from them. I have toiled through the Latin translation of "*Y king*," and find it as unintelligible to me as a sheet of algebraic signs would be to a man who has not learnt their meaning. I have no doubt, however, that it is quite capable of explanation; and I suspect that, under the tuition of a learned Chinese doctor, these to me nonsensical apophthegms about "the dragon" would resolve themselves into some fine-spun speculative system of cosmogony, producing itself in some fanciful moral philosophy, some subtle web of objective truths, hung upon some ridiculous æsthetic conceits. I believe that, stolid, gainseeking, and matter-of-fact as they appear to us, there *is* an *αἴσθησις* in the mind of a Chinaman, that it is more generally diffused than we imagine, and that it contributes greatly to the marvellous conceit of the national character. I believe there is in this people a habit of dreamy cogitation upon a self-generating system, and upon abstract truths, deducible from what they assume to be the laws of the universe, and that they consider this the highest occupation of the mind of man. They imagine that they alone have this faculty, and that the barbarians, who are without it, are scarcely thinking creatures. We see this cropping out at every footstep in their towns. Go into a shoemaker's shop, and you find his walls adorned with mysterious characters—very large golden characters at top, and scrolls of smaller writing pendent below. You expect that this large character means the man's name, or, at any rate, the sign of his shop; but the Chinese scholar at your side informs you that it means, "May the pencil and the ink flow fragrantly." You continue to imagine that the smaller characters mean, "Boots and shoes mended on the shortest notice." No; they mean, "Ten thousand unities to all eternity." These things are nearly universal in China. The examples I have just cited I take

from twenty which I noted at Singapore. I believe that every Chinaman above the condition of a coolie talks Taoli, or affects to talk Taoli, in his little way—not with that application of an affectation of learning to his trade which would induce an English shoemaker to register his "podosokyan" pumps, but from real reverence for Taoli.

This preface is not to introduce any theory of my own upon the subject of Taoli—although, of course, I have one—but only to explain the importance of getting Yeh to talk upon the subject.

"What does your excellency mean by Taoli?—What you ought to do is Taoli; what you ought not to do is not Taoli.

"Has Taoli no more extended meaning?—Taoli has the most comprehensive meaning—it comprehends everything.

"Does Taoli teach of a Creator? — There are many Taoli. There is heaven's Taoli, and earth's Taoli, and man's Taoli.

"Are these Taoli distinct?—No; they are all parts of one Taoli.

"Can you explain to me what you mean by Heaven's Taoli?—If the sun shines out it becomes hot.

"It has relation only to the material heaven?—'Tien' means properly only the material heaven, but it also means 'Shangti' (Upper Spirit); for, as it is not lawful to use his name lightly, we name him by his residence, which is in Tien.

"One of our Christian sects uses the word 'Tien-chu.' Is that a Chinese word?—It is not a word known to the Chinese language.

"Your excellency used the word 'Shangti.' What does that word mean? Our people dispute about it.—Shangti is a Shun, but Shun is not necessarily Shangti, for the Shun are very many.

"Have Shangti and Taoli any connection?—When you discourse about Shangti you discourse about Taoli. Shangti and Taoli are one and the same thing.

"Is Taoli a corporeal being?—In things that are done by it, it is a thing having body; but when you discourse of it, it is a thing having no body; it is a principle.

"Has that body any visible form?—No; it has no form. Different people have notions that it has different forms.

"And do those people worship those forms?—Yes.

"Has Shangti any visible form?—Shangti is produced by the Yin and Yang, the Tai-chi—the male and female principle. It has no visible form. It has never been represented under any form.

"Were there men in existence before this production of the Shangti?—There were men.

"Is there authority for this?—That is what everybody says from ancient time; it is said so in the books.

"Is Shangti Confucian?—It is hinted at by Confucius, but not explained. Shangti is a Taouist Taoli.

"Which is superior, Tai-chi or Shangti?—Tai-chi.

"So that the Upper Spirit, or ruler, is only a created being, emanating from the ultimate laws of nature?—Yes.

"What produced Tai-chi?—It came of itself." (Tzu-jan-rhjan.)

I deduce from this that the Roman Catholics have chosen the best word for God. They have made a new word, whereas our Protestant missionaries have adopted a word known to the Chinese as the name of a created being.

I asked, "Has Tai-chi any form?—Its form is a circle divided into two parts, male and female.

"Has any one seen Tai-chi?—No.

"How, then, do you know that it is of that form?—Men have agreed to represent it by that form."

The Confucian philosophy, therefore, recognizes only nature self-produced, active, but will-less and unintelligent. The disciples of Confucius tolerate the idea of the existence of ruling spirits born of the operations of nature—the creatures, and not the creators, of the universe. In this way they are able to engraft Taouism and Buddhism upon Confucianism.*

When Yeh turns to the east, and remains in contemplation, he is adoring nature, and not the spiritual Creator of nature. He is contemplating nature in her best aspect.

I was anxious to learn something of the practical working of this system of philosophy.

"If a man who has learnt to talk Taoli, does not do Taoli,

* I am told that when the Germans read this conversation in the columns of the *Times*, they exclaimed with astonishment, "These Chinese are nearly as far advanced as we are!"

does any punishment arise to him?—Such a man would be very bad.

"Would Shangti punish him?—The things of heaven, how can we tell?

"Does your excellency recollect a saying of Confucius, 'That which you would not that another should do to you, that do not to him?'—It is Confucian Taoli. I forget the exact expression in the four books.

"In our Western Taoli we have a more extended Taoli, which commands a duty as well as forbids an offence. It runs, 'Do unto others everything that you would wish others to do to you.' Is there anything equivalent to this in your four books?—Such is not said in the four books?

"Is not benevolence spoken of in the four books?—Yes.

"What is benevolence?—If you desire men to love you, you must love them. If you do not wish men to hate you, you must not hate them.

"Would not the saying of Confucius before referred to forbid punishment to criminals?—The Taoli does not mean that.

"Or revenging an injury?—That would depend on the man.

"Would it not be wrong?—Yes.

"Does not this Taoli give an advantage to bad people who commit injuries?—The knowledge of Taoli is nevertheless the better.

"Why?—The object of our wishes is to come to a knowledge of Taoli.

"Are murder, robbery, and adultery forbidden in the four books?—Not directly; but it results from the Taoli.

"If these doctrines are influential in China, how does it become necessary to punish so many?—The good are in the majority; it is impossible for all to be good.

"You have spoken of benevolence as a part of Taoli; is the benevolence you speak of merely a condition of the mind, or is it a course of action dictated from within?—Benevolence is Taoli—Taoli is benevolence."

He was evidently getting tired of a lecture which had interested him at its commencement. It was necessary to drop the subject. We made many subsequent attempts to

talk with him on the same subject, but he had evidently reconsidered the matter, and had made up his mind to give us no further information.

On a day subsequent to our last conversation we referred to a previous conversation which had been interrupted, and said,—

"Your excellency said the other day that it was not by your will that the English were excluded from Canton city. —It was the will of the emperor and the people.

"Who are the people?—The hundred surnames.

"Not only the gentry?—The feeling was not only that of the inhabitants of the city, but of the villages all round about.

"What was that feeling based upon?—That you must ask the people, you must not ask me.

"There is no demonstration of such a feeling now?—I know nothing about that.

"When Captain Pym, the captain of the police, goes about the city, the people come to him and say, 'We are glad to see you here, you preserve our property.'"—No answer.

"Does your excellency understand the two systems of collecting duties as in exercise at Canton and Shanghai, and would you think fit to give an opinion upon them.—I do not know."

He returned of his own accord to the Canton topic.

"It was not my city; how could I let you in?

"But the treaty was express?—I do not remember."

I only cite this conversation to note that, although Yeh is willing, and indeed anxious, to have it reported that he adheres to the transparent fables he put forth in his state papers, yet he will enter into no discussion upon them.

He afterwards added of his own accord:—

"I did make preparations.* A man would have no sense

* In the *Pekin Gazette* of July 26, we find a note from Yeh to the emperor, stating, "in continuation of previous reports" (not contained in the *Gazettes*), that he has attended to the barbarian business, and collected soldiers from all quarters, summoned the marines, put the fleet in order, and got ready an immense amount of military *matériel*. He previously informed the emperor that 300,000 taels had been sent in from the Canton custom-house to defray the military expenses, and

who did not. It was not that my preparations were insufficient, nor that my soldiers were cowardly, nor that the officers were inefficient, but only because your guns are so tremendous (li-hai)."

One night Captain Brooker beat to night-quarters, and we went down to forewarn Yeh, lest he should suffer by being startled from sleep by the sound of heavy guns. He and his servant were already up and inquiring. They had heard the sudden bustle upon deck. Having been told that the men were going to exercise with the great guns, he quietly turned in again. He actually affected to be fast asleep while the 68lb. pivot-gun was blazing away just over his head, and the broadsides were shaking the ship from stem to stern. He had the impudence to declare next morning that he had slept quite through the firing.

One day, after he had been sitting fanning himself for seven hours without saying a word, or even smoking a pipe, I asked him whether it did not disconcert him to see every one else around him engaged in some occupation. He said, "It did not surprise him. He knew that the English were always busy; but such was not the Chinese custom."

I asked him why he did not smoke. He said, "The hot principle is in the ascendant."

There is in the day of these blue tropical seas one hour of beauty, when the plain of waters is just heaving to the light

subsequently had given notice of 288,292 taels and 2 mace from the Chau-kiau salt revenues for the same purpose; to all of which the imperial reply has been received, "We agree to it." Yeh now adds that, as the barbarian matters are not yet settled, the current expenses will still be very heavy. Should the present supplies be inadequate, it will be necessary, from the grave importance of the affair, to make all possible preparation (to meet the emergency). "I have already," he says, "consulted with the different officers, who all acknowledge that they have largely shared in the imperial favour, and that in these times of extreme difficulty they ought to exert their utmost strength in expression of their gratitude, without daring to look for aught in return (in the way of future honour and emolument). Accordingly, we have unitedly contributed 45,000 taels for the above purpose, which sum has been deposited in the general military office, that it may be at hand when required for the barbarian business. Of this matter it behoves me duly to inform you, and all the particulars of each subscription will be found in a separate note." His majesty having examined the papers, replies, "It is on record."

head breeze, and the only visible object is the red, round sun, falling down the western heavens so rapidly that it seems at last to drop, and quench in the reddened waters. Our captain chooses this cool healthy moment to put the men through their exercise; and Yeh, full of dinner, waddles upon deck and sits in a big bamboo chair, with his two attendants behind them. What a wild turmoil of well-regulated confusion immediately takes place on board the *Inflexible!* Mr. Beavan, the first lieutenant, is dictating an interminable series of manœuvres, more rapidly, I believe, than man ever before talked; three hundred men are in perpetual motion, moving in every different direction, but with purpose in their heads and speed in their hands and feet. In a few seconds the naked ship is clad in canvas. Another order, and, before the expanded sails can feel the gently opposing zephyr, she is again naked to her spars. Then a whistle, and a hoarse boatswain's call, and the bees swarm again. In a moment every gun is manned. Every man in that straining crowd seems to have a special work to do, knows it, and does it. Handspikes are worked with a will, the bluejackets bending to the labour as though a real enemy were at our yardarm. The broadside guns are run in and out like children's gocarts, and the huge pivot-guns are spun round as though they were dummies of cork instead of mountains of cast iron. But the captain's sharp eye is not always satisfied, and ever and anon comes a voice from the paddle-box, awarding extra drill to No. 2 or No. 5 of some designated gun for not being smart enough or for being in his wrong place.

What is Yeh doing all this time? Is he marking this orderly energy, this discipline, this zeal of art, this heartiness of work, this scene of a multitude in motion with one object, and is he pondering over the lesson? Not at all. Two middies, hidden by the awning from the eye of the captain, are skylarking together, and the bigger one has just forced his smaller comrade, breech foremost, into the tub of the log-reel. Yeh is slyly watching those scapegraces through the corner of his thin eyes, and when the young gentleman goes souse into the full tub, he chuckles, but immediately turns away his head, to hide the undignified

enjoyment. Then in a moment it is night. Twenty minutes after the sun is down, nothing can be seen but the tall wind-sails glancing to and fro like ghosts in the gloaming. Yeh has gone down to drink tea and sleep; remembering, as I believe, nothing of what he saw on deck, except only the whimsical face of the "small boy" who was forced backwards into the tub of water.

On the ninth day of our voyage from Singapore we sighted the two pilot brigs which lie out of sight of land, but gave notice of our approach to the Sandheads. Then, having taken a pilot on board and pursued our course for some hours, a distant streak of red sandy coast-line (such as we may see on some of our own eastern coasts, but still more like the first glimpse of Egypt from the Mediterranean) vouched the land of Ind. Yeh was told this—and he went to bed.

Next morning we steamed up the muddy Hooghly, with its low green banks like Essex, or like the shores of the mouth of the Rhine—if those lands would only grow a few palm-trees among their other foliage. I tried to interest Yeh in the customs of the Hindoos, and he listened so far as to remark that the drowning of aged parents in this river was "a strange Taoli." He had heard of the Ganges, and thought it might be true that in the Han dynasty water might have been brought from this river for the coronation of the Chinese emperors; but, "in learning the history of China, he had not attended to such trivial matters." I answered, "We Westerns have a proverb that whatever is worth doing is worth doing thoroughly." He thought for a moment, and said, "That is not a Chinese Taoli." He had never heard that the Ganges was a sacred river. I talked to him about it with the hope of inducing him to go upon deck and look at it. He sat and fanned himself in the cabin, immovable.

Some of us were not sorry that he would not come on deck. The distant approach to the City of Palaces is not prepossessing. The river contracts almost to the dimensions of our Thames at Mortlake. Though the palms are still beautiful, the flat landscape wants relief; occasionally a great, square, brick-built, window-pierced factory — own

brother to a dozen I could pick out in Derby—appears horrid in the sun glare. A factory is not a picturesque object even in the glens of Glossop—it always suggests hard work and close breathing; and here, in scorching India, that idea must be abhorrent even to the Chinese unities. The bungalows come in sight higher up, but the stains of mildew upon their white plaster pillars hint of disrepair. That dead Hindoo floating past with four carrion birds perched upon him, driving their heavy beaks into the corruption, does not suggest absolute security and good order. Yeh would think of the Canton river heavy with dead bodies after one of his great *battues* up above.

Yeh, however, sees none of these things; everybody, even the steward, seems to think it a shame that a man should miss the first sight of India, and little stratagems are tried to make him look. Once an exclamation made him turn his eyes upon a bungalow that was visible through a little port-hole opposite to him. Mr. Alabaster asked him what he thought of it. "He was not thinking about it at all." There he sat; not now like a statue of Buddha, but a flabby mass of greasy, discoloured nightshirt.

At last, he was left quite alone, and—O victory!—one of the shipboys comes up and tells us that "the governor" has climbed up and is peering through the stern ports. Let him peep in peace. If he were not a great lump of mean artifice, he would come on deck like a man, and admire the glories of this great city. He might learn something by looking at Garden Reach, so crowded with great ships that such vessels of war as the *Shannon*, the *Pearl*, and the *Roebuck* have to be sought for. He would see a sight quite new to Chinese eyes in that great park which comes down to the river quay, a park larger than our Hyde Park, and intersected with rides and drives broad as Rotten Row; with monuments to Ochterlonies and Prinseps and Bentincks, and other names honoured in the East; and with its three sides of forts and palaces.

In Fort William, which occupies the hither side that strikes the river, so trim in its green embrasures, so white in its lines of barracks, so formidable with its heavy guns and zigzag ditches, he might note the difference between a bar-

barian and a Chinese fortification. The distant dome of Government House only suggests the magnitude of the palace that occupies the opposite boundary of the park; but somebody would have told him that the far away and long drawn line of great and lofty edifices, all columns and green verandahs, parallel to the river, are the private residences of merchants and civil servants, and that these last have earned for Calcutta the name of the City of Palaces. Yeh, however, thinks it more to his dignity to peep stealthily out of the stern ports, hoping that he has cozened his captors into the belief that he has no sentiment but that of sublime indifference both to them and to their creations.

So soon as the *Inflexible* dropped her anchor, Major Herbert, to whose care Yeh had been assigned, came on board with a retinue of red-vested Hindoos,—a glare of scarlet which much impressed the vulgar Chinamen. The old mandarin, however, was not to be caught. He received the major in his greasy coat, went on with his dinner, replied to his many bows with a carefully modulated curtsy, and decided that it would take three days to make his preparations for disembarking.

This morning at daybreak Yeh landed. He is located for the present in Fort William, but a convenient house is being furnished for him some little way out of the city. Before he went he presented Captain Brooker with a written certificate of his presence and good treatment on board the *Inflexible*. This was done in a grave official manner, and Yeh, no doubt, thinks it a most valuable document. He is now in the best place in the whole world to teach a mandarin a useful lesson. The Calcutta people seem to have a very general contempt for most things, but a special contempt for China. The indifference which Yeh laboriously feigns, they honestly feel. Yeh would be a lion in London; he will not attract more notice than a five-legged poodle in India.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### YEH AT CALCUTTA.

Conversations with Mr. Layard—Contempt for Indian Potentates, and for Company's Servants—Yeh takes to Reading the Debates—His Account of the Murder of the French Missionary—Reception of the News of his Degradation.

CALCUTTA, *April* 10.

LET me finish what I have to say of Yeh—no longer "Commissioner" Yeh, for his degradation has come down.

Since I last wrote, a change has come over the behaviour of our Chinese *détenu*. At that time he would scarcely answer a question. A celebrated Eastern scholar called upon him to try to learn Buddhism from him. Yeh would not know anything about it. Mr. Layard tried to get him to admit that he knew of such a man as Lord Palmerston, or of such a thing as public opinion in England. Yeh knew not of such a person as Palmerston. "Who is he?" he asked, with unblushing falsehood. Mr. Layard told him that, thinking he was in the right, he tried to prevent the expedition to China. Yeh answered him only by a grunt. The fat unwieldy king of Oude, who occupies the house immediately opposite, and grumbles all day long at being deprived of the solace of his zenana, manifested a curiosity, from which it seems crowned heads are not always exempt, and actually applied to the town major to have some trees cut down which intercept the view of Yeh's verandah. The king would have called upon the mandarin if the latter had given him the least encouragement; but Yeh treated all mention of him with the utmost scorn, refused to believe that he ever had been a king, and would not look towards

his dwelling. An Englishman pointed out to Yeh the minister of the king of Oude, Ally Nucky Khan, the Talleyrand of the East. He was told that this thin wily Asiatic was known to have been deeply implicated in all the intrigues which preceded the late mutiny, yet he has trod the maze so cautiously that not a foot-trace of his presence can be found. "I will make a report upon your application," said Dr. Macnamara the other day, in answer to Nucky Khan. "Report!" said the minister, with much scorn. "I withdraw my application; and take my advice, young man, never make reports, never write a letter." Yeh, however, could not be interested in these black potentates. He has great contempt for us that we have left any of their heads on.

Suddenly, however, all this apathy has given way. The mandarin now converses with freedom: he condescends to deny all knowledge of the Hongkong poisonings. He endeavours to explain away his proclamation for English heads. He expresses a special contempt for the East-India Company and their magnates. "That is a very stupid man," was his short observation after he had chin-chinned to the door of his apartment an official of high rank, who had paid him a visit of ceremony; "it is evident that he has no talent."

The change has been brought about by the Calcutta journals and the British House of Commons. With the desperate hope of amusing his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Alabaster translated to him a few phrases from the debate upon the India Bill. From that moment Yeh has been a transformed man. He gets up early, and is restless until the *Calcutta Englishman* is brought; he is miserable if it does not contain its usual modicum of parliamentary eloquence. His particular delight is in the speeches which are most vehement against the Company. He thought Mr. Ayrton a great orator. When the interpreter came to that paragraph of Lord Palmerston's speech wherein he says that nations have suffered much by ill-considered changes, he was much excited, and said, "Good, good, good!" but when the translator completed the sentence, "But they have suffered much more by obstinate resistance to necessary reforms," he threw

himself back and grunted. He was delighted to hear that Lord Palmerston had been turned out, and he chuckled all through his great body when he heard Lord Derby's declaration that he hoped for a speedy peace with China.

These readings are interspersed with many explanations and inquiries, and Yeh is really beginning to acquire some glimmering notion of the British constitution.

"I am afraid I weary your excellency," says the interpreter, himself weary with two hours' arduous translation.

"No; go on! I understand it all now. It is much better than I used to get it from Hongkong. I never could understand them."

"Then you did get translations at Canton?"

"Of course I did—from your teachers." Had he forgotten what he had said to Mr. Layard upon this, or was he simply indifferent to the admission of having stated an untruth?

Yeh was never so palpably moved as by the information that the letter which Mr. Oliphant delivered at Soochow* contained enclosures from the ambassadors of England, of America, and also of *Russia*. He started and rose from his seat. It was quite evident that he had some secret cause for great surprise, if not for great indignation. You will recollect what the Chinese believed and told me as to an understanding between Russia and China. I cannot help recurring to my early belief that Count Putiatin has cards in his hand which he does not show Lord Elgin.

Yeh gave us his version of the murder of the French missionary. He says the man was dressed as a Chinaman and spoke Chinese, and no one suspected him of being a Frenchman; that the people accused him of having stolen women, and also of being a rebel; so his head was cut off. "If," said Yeh, "any one had had a notion that he was a Frenchman he would have been sent to the French consul."

There is probably not one word of truth in this. The two common, stock accusations by the Chinese against the mis-

* While I was at Calcutta the news arrived that Mr. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's private secretary, who had preceded his chief to Shanghai with the letters mentioned at p. 384 of this volume, had delivered them to the authorities at Soochow.

sionaries of all denominations is that they steal women, and that "they pick out sick men's eyes." What they mean by this latter imputation I could not discover, but I believe it is intended literally and not figuratively.

Yeh received the edict which degraded him, with great equanimity. Sir John Bowring had forwarded a copy in the original Chinese. "I expected this," he said. "May I keep it some time to consider it?"

"As long as your excellency pleases."

"Then I will keep it a week."

The decree merited some consideration. It is much milder than was anticipated—much milder than the translation which went to Europe would lead us to think; for the translator has interpolated some words of censure not in the Chinese. It does not appear that, although Yeh is removed from his government, he is degraded from his rank, or from his post as grand councillor. He read it so; for he remarked, "Henceforward then, I have nothing to do with foreign affairs."

"Your excellency must be glad to have escaped from so troublesome a post?"

"I am neither glad nor sorry. It was at the emperor's command I took them up, and at his command I lay them down."

Yeh has been tenderly dealt with. He has evidently some great protecting interest in Pekin, and will probably become again a great power in China.

Thus ends this episode of the Chinese expedition. Subsequent accounts tell me that Yeh is still happy and contented in his villa at Tolly Gunge. Mr. Alabaster is forcing upon his mind the principles of international law as enounced by Wheatley, and Yeh battles with them stoutly. I doubt, however, whether Yeh will remember much of his Western experiences when he goes back to Pekin. He has, hitherto, taken kindly to nothing except the parliamentary debates. If we can conceive Lord Eldon to have been taken prisoner by the Cherookies, imprisoned in a wigwam, and instructed in the red-skin mysteries by a juvenile medicine-man, we should still not expect to find much of the Cherookie

learning in Lord Eldon's decisions. I am afraid that Yeh is stolid enough to persist in affecting to consider that he is spending a portion of his life as a captive to people who are no better than barbarians; and that, when he returns to his position at Pekin, he will import no Western ideas into Chinese policy.

## CONCLUSION.

I employed a few weeks in seeing the province of Bengal, and then returned home. But in India I was acting without any commission for a public correspondence. The experiences I gained as to the home life of the peasantry were, to me, most interesting; but I am not justified in placing in a book professedly written upon China the depositions which I took among the villages of Bengal. Meanwhile the Chinese expedition took another departure—the ambassadors and the fleets went northwards, the terrible bar at the mouth of the Peiho was passed, the forts at the mouth of the river were not capable of long resistance to the navies which have so often battered down the Bogue, and the city of Tien-sin was occupied without a contest. The water-way to Pekin is now open. As circumstances prevented me from describing the operations in the north, and as these letters are a narrative of personal experience, I may not assume the privilege of the historian to collate and compile. I now, therefore, take leave of the gallant and genial spirits of this fleet and army, wishing them God speed; and of their chiefs, both of the gown and of the sword, hoping for them a happy issue to their difficult and not always agreeable labours.

# APPENDIX.

## TSANG WANG-YEN ON THE ORIGIN OF THE REBELLION.

I AM indebted to my friend Mr. Wade, the "Chinese Secretary" at Hongkong (but at this moment attached to Lord Elgin as principal interpreter to the embassy), for the following very interesting document. Mr. Wade remarks upon it, that it has not been, and probably will not be, published by the Chinese government. It was obtained, not without difficulty, from an imperialist tradesman at Canton, in whose shop it was seen lying. The author, Tsang Wáng-yen, is a distinguished member of the Han-Lin Academy. In former years he filled one of the higher clerkships in the Board of Revenue, was subsequently Executive Prefect of the Metropolitan department, and, later, Commissioner of Finance for Fuh-Kien. The discovery of some immense deficit in the State Treasury, in or about 1839, led to the degradation of all whose official position ought to have made them earlier aware of the fraud or error detected, and Tsang Wáng-yen was cashiered with some two hundred others of various degree. It was about this time that he addressed a celebrated memorial to the throne, recommending government to close Canton and limit trade to Macao, there to be enjoyed by the Portuguese only; the many years' residence of this people at the port in question entitling them to such indulgence, so long as they

traded for themselves alone, and not as the factors of other nations. If, however, the English repented them of opium, &c., the "Macao foreigners" might become their sureties. He was also made the medium of charges against Kishen and Lin for their want of energy and neglect of advantages, when Sir Hugh Gough advanced on Canton. Mr. Wade saw him at Shanghai when on his way to Peking, whither he had been summoned by the emperor. He appeared to Mr. Wade to be a plain, dignified old man, near seventy years of age, but vigorous and intelligent. He has been restored to rank as an expectant of the 5th grade, and will doubtless be gazetted ere long to some post of importance. His outspokenness is not at all without precedent: general denunciations of official falsity and cowardice have been frequent even in this short reign; but unless some individual delinquent be pointed out, they rarely produce any effect. The notes are by Mr. Wade.

"Your Majesty's servant Tsang Wáng-yen, expectant of a metropolitan office of the 5th grade, presents a memorial, in which he honestly declares the cause of the troubles in Kwang Tung; with reverence setting forth his limited views, he looks upward hoping for the Sacred Glance thereon.

"The reason why brigandage, existing always and in all parts of the province, is now worse in Kwang Tung than it ever was before, is simply that for a series of years no steps have been taken against the members of lawless societies; the real criminals have never been apprehended; the facts have been utterly concealed or glossed over. Accordingly, the ill-savour of brigandage has daily increased; lawless societies have daily multiplied. Gradually spreading to the provinces adjoining Kwang Tung, the evil has affected the whole empire; Kwang Tung itself is still, as it were, inundated by it. To speak of it is truly matter of pain.

"The Sán-Hoh Hwui (Triad Society) already existed as a denomination before the first year of Táu Kwáng (1820),

but its members were enrolled in secret, nor were their proceedings as yet such as to attract attention. In the eleventh year of Táu Kwáng (1831), the Censor Fung Tsáhhiun reported that he had ascertained that in five provinces this society had its seals, flags, and registers. In reply to his memorial the imperial pleasure was received that [the guilty] should be sought for and punished; and although, not to mention the punishment of one gang [or case] in Kwei Chau, to which the aforesaid memorial did not relate, not a single seizure or prosecution was heard of in Kwang Tung or any of the other provinces [to which it did refer]; still [the society] did not as yet venture to throw off all restraint. In the eighth moon of the twenty-third year of Tau Kwang (1843), a thousand men or more, Triads and members of the Ngo Lung Hwui (Sleeping Dragon Society) fought together with arms in the village of Yung-ki, in the district of Shun-teh. Three of them were killed; but their lives having been lost in private feud of lawless persons, no report was made to the authorities, and they took no more notice of it than if it had never occurred.

"In the first moon of the twenty-fourth year of Tau Kwang (December, 1843), the feud revived, and members of both Triad and Sleeping Dragon societies, natives of several districts, numbering some thousands, had a second fight at the village of Kwei Chau, in Shun-teh, in which above a hundred were killed and several hundreds wounded. The magistrate of the district, Han Fun-siang, who had but just taken charge, repaired to the spot as soon as he heard of the matter, and, having restored order, hurried to the city and made his report to the high authorities. They instructed him not to allow the thing to be noised abroad.

"Some time after this a representation was made by the Censor Chu-ki, in answer to which an imperial decree was transmitted [through the Council] directing inquiry to be made and punishment inflicted. On the receipt of this at Canton, the draft of an undertaking was made out and sent to the district magistrate, who was to call on the gentry to sign it, as if of their own accord, and thereby certify that there had been no affray with arms between members of such societies. The gentry refusing, the intendant Kichingeh was

sent to them. He repaired in person to the village of Kwei-chau, and constrained them to sign it, by threatening to report them to the Throne as recusants if they did not. At the same time he got up a story to the effect that, it being an annual practice with the people of the locality in question to form themselves into societies (*hwui*), with the object of outdoing one the other in the show made at their religious festivals, there had been a collision between some of the boats employed in a contest of this kind at Kwei-chau, but that the result had been merely an altercation, and not an affray. And from this time forth [the authorities] allowed no man to mention the words *hwui-fi* (*lit.* confederated villains, *se.* lawless societies). Thus, with sedition of an unusual character disturbing the country, they had the audacity so to dress the facts [as to make the substance appear to have] vanished utterly [the chasm to have been] completely filled up. It was delinquency of this kind that was denounced by your servant, being then examiner in chief for the Metropolitan Prefecture, in a memorial presented by him in the 15th year (1835). He therein declared that in the increasing degeneracy of the official establishment, the members of which, in any and every case, were so intent on escaping the penalty [of mal-administration], that they never scrupled to keep to their sovereign in the dark. He saw with alarm the progress of an evil which ought in no wise to be allowed to extend itself. And it was doubtless owing to this [official delinquency] that the lawless persons in question lost all respect of the law ; the high authorities, they argued, do not prohibit our enrolment in secret societies, and we are only too well pleased to enrol ourselves. Hence did the mischief, weed-like, spread throughout the province, and thence to Kwang Si, until it included, as at present, both Kiang Nan and Hu Nan.

"In the autumn of the 24th year (1844) certain of these vagabonds, belonging to other provinces, came to the villages of Kiang-k'au and Lung-ta, in your servant's native district, Hiang-shan, to entice people into the society. At first but a few scores would assemble for the purpose, and by night ; but, in course of time, bodies of several hundreds held their meetings publicly and in broad day. The place of these

assemblies was always a cross road, and here those assembled would post themselves with guns and small arms, to keep off the troops, should any attempt to surround or seize them. Every new member, on entering, subscribed three hundred cash, and members were allotted twenty cash for every recruit they induced to join. Members already sworn attending at subsequent meetings, which was termed 'going to the play,' were allotted each man ten cash. When members were sworn, a paper tent was set up; on the wall hung a large horizontal label, which the memorialist is unable to describe. By the side of it sat a man in white clothes and cap, who was called the Amá. The new members passed in by a sword-gate (*i. e.* under two swords crossed), and kneeling down, were instructed by the Amá in the mystic language of the society. Each one pricked the tip of his finger with a needle till blood was drawn, and then took a sup from a bowl in which this blood was mixed with water. The Amá then with a loud voice read certain words of rebellious import, responses to which were repeated by the whole of the initiated together. They then rose. The chief in degree at each place of meeting was styled the Red Staff; the second, the Paper Fan; the third, Straw Shoes. The Red Staff might preside over some score, some hundreds, or some thousands of members. The prefecture of the provincial city, the outer prefectures, the districts, and the village, were all recognized as the lodges of such and such a president; the lodge being considered a great or a small one according to the number presided over. The Red Staff pretended to the title of *yuenshwai*, generalissimo, as he was styled in the secret language of the society; the Paper Fan, to that of *kiun-shwai*, general of the grand division; and the Straw Shoes to that of *tsau-páu-t'ung-sin*, intelligencer-general. The military and runners attached to the official establishments were all members, and while the poor, who knew no better, were seduced to become so by their eagerness for a trifle of gain, some even of the orderly agricultural population as well, and respectable people in trade, were forced to enlist themselves in self-defence against the persecution to which they were exposed. They found, however, that even then they were as liable to exactions

as before ; on every occasion they were called on to supply the funds ; and as their treatment grew more and more vexatious, bringing with it repentance, which was now too late, they would have been disposed, one and all, to face the authorities and denounce themselves. None of the official establishment, alas ! would have cognizance of the matter. On the contrary, one ignored it in the other's interest, and the other in his.*

"In the winter of the same year, some houses in the great South Street of the city of Hiang-shan, your servant's native district, were entered in broad day by a hundred and more Triads armed with swords, who threatened the dwellers, and kept them in until they had extorted money of them. It happened fortunately that Lin Kien, a magistrate chosen from among the twelfth-year masters,† having temporarily vacated his post to mourn for a parent, was at home in his district ; he put himself at the head of the gentry of Sz'-ta, Teh-nang, and other places, and with them drew up a code of regulations, in which it was strictly provided that any Triad coming from any other part of the country and attempting to induce men to join, as also any son or younger brother of any family in the aforesaid places, who should enlist in the Triad Society, should be seized and delivered up to the authorities for trial and punishment. A proclamation was likewise obtained from the Imperial Commissioner, Kiying, authorizing the people to kill any persons committing robbery with arms, without fear of prosecution. But, though Hung Ming-hiang, brigadier of Chinese troops in Hiang-shan, and Luh Sun-ting, magistrate of that district, did on different occasions seize Káu Wang-yuen, Chan Pei-kü,

* The crime should have been detected by the district magistrate, by him denounced to the prefect ; by the prefect to the intendant, and so upwards ; but the disclosure would have made some, if not all, punishable for non-prevention. There was therefore an understanding that none should impeach the other for wilful concealment.

† *Kü-jin*, or masters of arts, who have thrice failed at the triennial examination to pass as *tsin-sz'*, and have not as yet served the state may present themselves at court as candidates for official employment. They are introduced by twenties, and, in each twenty, four are selected to serve as district magistrates, and ten as officers of instruction of districts or prefectures.

and Li Atwán, Triad leaders, who were so severely dealt with, that for a time little more was seen of Triads in Hiang-shan, yet they were punished only as if they had been robbers in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The authorities dared not utter the word *hwui*, and the consequence was, that not only throughout the major and minor districts of the province were other confederacies formed, and Triads enlisted in untold numbers, but even on the White Cloud Mountains, close to the provincial city, meetings for enlistment were held at all times and seasons; and from this period not only were merchants, travelling by sea and land, carried off and plundered, but walled cities and villages were entered, the pawnbrokers' and other shops, as well as private houses, ransacked, and their proprietors held to ransom. Not above one or two in a hundred pawn-shops formerly existing in this province now remain. When these things were complained of to the authorities, so far from immediately pursuing and capturing the guilty parties, they subjected the persons robbed to every description of annoyance; let many days pass before they had the scene of the robbery inspected; extorted fees for the employment of man and horse on that mission of the complainants; until, in most cases, the latter kept their loss to themselves for fear of worse trouble, and not one robbery in a hundred was reported at all. Even where a gang or two were seized and punished, the case was modified as one of robbery; there never was any property that would have identified the prisoner as a Triad produced. But a more extraordinary circumstance is the following:—When it was known that these lawless persons were in a particular locality, the military and police never went there in pursuit of them, but called on the gentry of the place in question to deliver them up; and when the gentry, being without either military or police at their disposal, were unable to do this, and the real delinquents had vanished to a distance, the local authorities would bind the spirit-tablet, representing the progenitor of a tribe in the ancestral hall, with chains, and carry it to their official residence, there to be kept in durance.

"By the empire's established law, provision is made that

the man of crime shall be without descendants; but such administration of the law as this [now cited] in Kwang Tung, whereby crime is visited on the ancestors of a race, is indeed what one has rarely heard of; and while the magistrates are going all lengths of illegality, no question is ever raised by the higher authorities. For instance, requisition is made in a criminal prosecution, not for the chief delinquents in particular, but for a certain number, who are to be delivered up; the really guilty having long before this betaken themselves to such a distance as will keep them clear of the case, a shift is made to complete the number required by purchasing substitutes. Thus in the Tungkwan case last year, there were actually blind men and boys of tender years sent up to Canton, nor were they released until the governor passed through his court [to make inspection of the prisoners under sentence of death]. There is no saying what number of guiltless people have suffered the penalty (*lit.* the woe) of guilt. And this is a reason why the members of these societies are enabled to go forth and induce the people, incensed and execrating [their superiors], to join their ranks.

"In the 27th and 28th years of TauKwang (1847-8) members of unlawful societies in hundreds and thousands, carrying tents and armed, took up whatever positions they pleased, first at one place and then at another, throughout districts of Ung-yuen, Jü-yuen, Ying-teh, and Tsing-yuen, barred the ways, made prisoners, and committed robbery. The authorities feigned ignorance of this. In the 29th year (1849) they did proceed against some parties in Ying-teh and Tsing-yuen, but they still described them as outlaws of particular gangs, or as roving outlaws. On no account would they utter the word *hwui*. It was in view of this demeanour on the part of the authorities that these villains became more reckless than ever. They proceeded accordingly with their secret enlistments, and in the spring of the present year they commenced disturbing in the prefecture of Chan-chau. The districts of Lien-chau and Ying-teh were overrun by large bodies of them committing robbery in all directions. In the 5th moon the city of Tung-kwan was lost, but subsequently retaken. The village

of Ta-shih in Pwan-yü was harassed by these people, and before they could be exterminated, Fuh-shan in Nan-hai was regularly occupied by outlaws, while Liang-lung and Chin-tsun in Shunteh, Kiang-mun and Lo-ti in Sin-hwui, and Shaping-yü and other places in Hoh-shan,* joined in the cry. In the 7th moon the cities of the prefecture of Sháu-king, and the districts of Shun-teh, Ho-shan, Tsang, Tsung-hwa, Hwa, and Ying-teh, were all taken, and those of the prefectures of Hwuichan and of Sháu-chau, and the major district of Lien-ping, invested; the government couriers and official communications being stopped along every line of road. Now, the outlaws from other provinces were not more than a hundred or a few hundred men, while those of Kwang Tung, turbaned in red and with banners of red, as a signal to their friends, were in bands of such force as to occupy positions. How could it have come to pass, unless enlistment had been going on for several tens of years before, that a rising in one place should have been responded to in so many others?—that those partaking in it should have had the audacity to attack provincial cities and seize district towns? should have, flood-like, inundated [the land] as at present? All that he narrates has been witnessed in his own country by your servant himself; he is in nowise indebted to rumour for his information.

"With matters at their present pass, it may seem difficult to handle them rightly. In the affair of the Tung-kwan district, however, your servant made the following observations. The acting magistrate, Hwa Ting-tsiun, who had always been more or less popular, had been some days removed† from his office when the troubles in Tung-kwan broke out; he was immediately reinstated as acting magistrate, and within a few days the rebels of the district were hiding their heads,‡ those of other districts had dispersed, and all was quiet. Your servant made a similar observation in the troubles which disturbed Hiang-shan, his native district. The acting magistrate, Kin Tsai-ying, took charge

* Hoh-shan, in Sháu-king Fu, is said to be the birthplace of Triadism.

† Removed, not for any offence.

‡ *Lit.*, sparing of their foot-prints.

of his post in the third moon. His frugal and unpretending habits readily inclined the people to him. On hearing of the disturbances in Tung-kwan, he went to different villages, and himself mustered and inspected the militia, bestowing handsome rewards on the more deserving. He also earnestly pressed on Si-hiang and Lung-tu the adoption of certain regulations which Lin-kien, one of the gentry, had carried out in Sz'-ta and Nang-teh, as also of some others respecting which a number of villages had submitted to him in a joint petition. Your servant is further informed that, when the alarm was fresh at Fuh-shan and in Shun-teh, and communications with the city were intercepted, this officer went day and night to the different river ports, directing the gentry as to the method of defending their several localities, and that on several occasions he seized parties of spies, to the number of some tens, who were immediately executed. Between the 10th and 15th of the seventh intercalary moon (about September 10, 1854), the outlaws seized Kiang-k'au (Kong-hau), in the north of the district, and beset the district city itself. The day after the investment had begun, he advanced at the head of the militia of Chang-chau, Yuen-fung, and Chang-ki, and at once relieved the city, killing several hundreds of the enemy. Several attacks, subsequently made from the west, were vigorously repulsed by the same magistrate at the head of the militia of Lung-tu and other villages; and at Hiang-kioh, and Hai-kau (Hoi-hau), he sunk several vessels and killed a hundred or more of the enemy. Again, when Yuen-fu, Chang-ki, and other places on the water east of the district city, were attacked, he headed the militia maintained by the safety committee of the district, sunk several vessels, and destroyed large numbers of the enemy.

"The magistrate in question, thus exerting himself with all his heart and with all his might, so won the affections of the literati and people, that not only did the well-conducted put forth their strength in his service, but those who had been ever before unruly, repented them, and joined him in the destruction of the enemy, and in keeping him off when he pressed on the district city. It may hence be seen that while there is one good man a magistrate, he will be

able so to encourage the literati and the people as to defend and preserve his jurisdiction.

"Your servant observed the same thing in the troubles of Sin-hwui. The town of Kiang-mun was taken, and the district city besieged by the outlaws; but Ho-yoh-chung, a general officer past seventy years of age, who was residing in the district, of which he is a native, acting in concert with one or two gentlemen of energy, had laid in a supply of food, arms, and ammunition long before the enemy appeared, and with some picked militia, made a stout defence of the city. He maintained strict discipline, and so found means, although the outlaws several times assaulted the city at all points at once, to beat them off with his artillery: after losing some thousands of men, they kept themselves at a distance. Thus is it that, if there be one gentleman of capacity in a city exposed to danger, he will be enabled to hold it.

"In Nanhai, again, a joint effort was made by the gentry and people of ninety-six villages. Strict discipline was maintained amongst them, and the offers of the enemy, who would have purchased a way through their country, rejected. The enemy attacked them several times, but was always driven back by their fire with great loss. Thus did the effort of the loyal population of a single spot bar the passage of the rebel van.

"Your servant observes that the chief and only object of the measures now being adopted is the dispersion of the members of these societies; [not their reform or restoration to useful purposes]. Would but the high authorities of the province, with sincerity and in a public spirit, make search in all directions, and assembling all persons, whether officials or gentry, whether of high or low estate, whom they might find it useful so to employ, cause them to deliberate together with the advantage incident to numbers in council; then, putting away all consideration of self, would they but listen impartially to the suggestions these might submit to them, employing as their own the talent that they found most commanding in the multitude; not esteeming themselves and depreciating others; but where efforts had been made by the gentry or the people, recommending them, without reference to their status, to the favour of your

Majesty, and then making public to all men by proclamation throughout the poorer villages and retired hamlets what encouragement had been bestowed on these, your good subjects would be more than ever stimulated to exertion, and even the degenerate would repent and reform. It was said on your servant's journey [to the capital], that the object of these outlaws is plunder. But the booty taken being retained by the leaders, the multitude who follow are left without any, are consequently unable to obtain food, and as many are continually destroyed by the troops and militia, great numbers are penitent and anxious to regain the right way without loss of time. The present, then, is an opportunity which it becomes more than ever a duty to seize, to invite the people far and wide [to come back to their allegiance], and to console them; forgiving them the past, enjoining them to renew themselves. They should be authorized to return to their labours in the field, and such inquiry should then be instituted as would thoroughly effect a dispersion of the body of these societies. The body once dispersed, the sanguinary leaders who might be left, and who are not above a hundred in number, might be exterminated without much difficulty: such men, for instance, as Chin-Kwang-lung, Ho Aluh, and Kau Shi-teh, of Fuh-shan; Ta Chun-keih, Ying the matbuilder, Hai-chun Kwan (Kwan, the Shrimp's-egg), A-kwa Sz', and A-shing San of Shun-teh; Chin Afa-tsai, and Fung Tiau-t'au-tsai (the head-wagger) of Hoh-shan; Kau-shih-siang (the flea-elephant), single-eyed Chin, and Liang of the Little Bridge of Kiang-mun; and Kin A-kwang, and Kiang Ahan of Pwan-yü; with others who have got a name in the provinces.

"But unless those in office combine in earnest with the upright gentry of their jurisdiction, they assuredly cannot discharge this duty. If in everything there is to be concealment and misrepresentation, if a real effect be not the object sought, if the only aim of officials be the name of action without the reality, the satisfaction of their responsibility so as to answer the purpose of the moment only, the end of these things cannot be told.

"His feelings towards his home (*lit.* his mulberry and *tsz'* trees) would not suffer him to refrain from exposing with

sincerity the fountain of these troubles. With respectful earnestness he has put forth his limited views. It will be for your Majesty to decide whether his suggestions can be adopted, and an imperial commission sent to the governor-general and governor of the jurisdiction to inquire into the facts detailed by him, and take steps accordingly.

"He respectfully tenders his memorial, and prostrate prays for the sacred glance of your Imperial Majesty thereon."

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*Publishing Monthly.*

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If anything can be more extraordinary than the genius of William Shakespeare, it is the enthusiastic manner in which his works are now received, and the daily-increasing magnitude of his fame. Other authors achieve popularity,—have their season of boisterous admiration,—are talked about, lauded, and sometimes even studied, and then settle down in a very quiet matter-of-fact renown; but it is not thus with our great dramatist. After a short period of comparative neglect, he emerged suddenly into eminence, and has since been hourly and daily gaining upon the mind of the public. The more his writings are read, and the keener the criticism brought to bear upon them, the more valuable do they become. By the aid of modern inventions, spots have been discovered upon the face of the sun, but the telescope of criticism only serves to bring out more fully the splendours of our great literary luminary. The severest scrutiny, instead of detecting blemishes, finds nothing but fresh beauties. In the universality of his fame, Shakespeare stands alone and unapproachable. He is the poet to whom mankind, by general acclaim, have awarded the richest crown.

The first part of a new illustrated edition of Shakespeare is now before us. It contains the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, splendidly illustrated, with foot-notes at each page by Mr. Howard Staunton, giving just the kind of information the general reader requires; a preliminary notice, and illustrative comments upon the more difficult passages in each act. How excellence in so many respects can be combined is wonder enough, and how it can be offered to the public at so small a cost is a marvel that we shall not seek to explain. We have only to deal with the fact, that this is not only the best, but actually the cheapest edition of our great dramatist's works that we have yet seen. Other publishers have shown how far they could go towards producing an edition of Shakespeare worthy of his world-wide renown; but Messrs. Routledge have boldly taken such a stride in advance, that henceforward the difficulty will be not to surpass, but to come within a reasonable distance of their successful effort. For general excellence in so many particulars, at a remarkably low price, we know of no publication that can be compared with these forty-eight pages of elegant letter-press, beautifully illustrated by John Gilbert. Many will be inclined to imagine that no single artist is equal to the difficult task of illustrating the varied and numerous dramas of Shakespeare, but

a glance at the specimen number, which contains illustrations from four different plays, will convince such people that the idea is erroneous. Indeed, we hardly know which to admire most, the calm and dignified beauty of *Julia* in the illustration of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the quaint group from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, and *Nym* are drawn to the life, or the idiotic appearance of that

> "Abhorred slave,
> Which any print of goodness will not take,
> Being capable of all ill,"

the *Caliban* of the *Tempest*. The fair woman, the portly and humorous *Falstaff*, and the savage being, the wonder of successive generations, are all equally well delineated, proving that John Gilbert possesses genius of the highest order. Nor can we forget the beautiful design that appears upon the cover of the first part, in which *Launce* and his dog *Crab* form a picture upon which the eye dwells with delight. It is eminently suggestive; it might, indeed, be called a revelation of character. Both the master and his ill-mannered cur are seized with a graphic power perfectly astonishing. If no poet but Shakespeare could have imagined such a scene, so rich in truth and humour, surely John Gilbert is the only artist that could have thus interpreted the poet, and given his creations a life-like reality.

In the Brothers Dalziel, the illustrator found kindred spirits; nor can we withhold our tribute of commendation from the printer. The manner in which this part is got up is highly creditable to his establishment. Shakespeare wrote for all time, and at length we have a reasonable hope of getting an edition of his works equally enduring. There must be some standard, and we fancy that this will become the Shakespeare of the people. Within the reach of all classes, it will serve every purpose; while the beautiful illustrations show the characters that Shakespeare drew. These delightful conceptions live anew under the pencil of John Gilbert; and in reading the poet with such an interpreter, we could almost fancy that the characters of our great dramatist had passed from their ideal state, to enter our dwellings, sit down at our hearths, and plot and converse just as they did before the mental eyes of that magician who called them into existence to be the delight, the wonder, and the instruction of successive generations.

This edition of Shakespeare is another great triumph achieved by those publishers who have made literature, once the feast of the rich and the learned, a banquet for all classes; and who, in extending the influence of the good and the beautiful, have done more for the general advancement of the human race than hosts of noisy benefactors.

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